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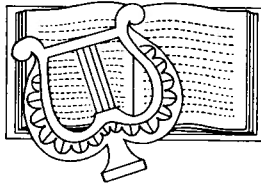
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# BALLYHO BEY

OR

THE POWER OF WOMAN

*A Sequel to "Susan Turnbull."*

BY

ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER

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GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LIMITED

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL

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# THE POWER OF WOMAN.

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## PART II.

### BALLYHO BEY.

#### BOOK I.

### LOVING THE MAN.

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### LETTERS FROM GREECE.

IT is toward the end of the year of our Lord 1769. In Andrew Turnbull, the English speculator and colonizer's, hamlet of New Smyrna in the British Plantations of Florida, there is a season of gayety and revelry—a saturnalia of torture and punishment. Gayety and revelry at the autocrat's pretty cottage, where his gallant soldier defenders are entertained by his piquant niece, Miss Susan, with much feasting and wine-bibbing—torture and punishment in Turnbull's barracoons, where his unhappy Greeks, enticed from their native country by his specious promises and made absolute slaves by their articles of indenture, are chastened for their late rebellion with much flogging of cat-o'-nine tails and cowhide. Also in the court-room of Justice Cutter, Turnbull's tool and sycophant, who is now drinking himself to death in despair over the

loss of his cut-off ear, vengeance is being done upon the despairing Greeks who have *dared* to run away.

In the course of time a Grand Jury is appointed from St. Augustine. But it is not half as severe as the English speculator wishes; it only sentences *five* to death! and two General Grant, the British governor of the province of Florida, pardons, though he would like to be more severe with the rebellious slaves of his friend Turnbull, whom he is supporting with all the power England has placed in his hands—*i.e.*, part of the Ninth regiment, sent down from St. Augustine to subdue the escaping Greeks.

To Irene Vannos, the beautiful daughter of the Greek merchant, transplanted so suddenly from London luxury and wealth to a state of absolute slavery, all this seems like a hideous nightmare. Even when suffering the smart and agonies of the whip—for her imperious mistress, Miss Susan Turnbull, still visits each disobedience or mistake of service on the beautiful object of her vengeance with cruel chastisement—it seems to Irene as if it were a horrible hallucination, from which she *must* awake.

She cries to herself: “It is not possible that I have been brought *so low*!” She cannot realize that she will never see again, in all this life, Marco Trefussis, the hero she loves, who is even now leading the Greeks, striving for freedom in the Peloponnesus. That despair is too great to be possible.

From this catalepsy she awakes with a start. The red-coated soldiers of England putting down the rebellion of those who have been enslaved by the same subtle arts that have made her flesh and blood the property of Miss Susan Turnbull, the judgments passed upon them by the Grand Jury, the *legal* hangings, the *legal* floggings, finally make Irene realize in all its immensity of horror the awful truth.

Gazing at the British officers, as they lounge about the veranda of the Turnbull house while she is employed in her mistress's chamber, the frantic girl mutters: "The POWER OF ENGLAND is against me!"

The *de jure* hanging of her fellow-slaves makes her cry out despairingly: "My God! I am *legally* a bondmaid! I am the *lawful chattel* of Miss Susan Turnbull. Even were Marco here, he could not rescue me from the power of my absolute owner, as enforced by the slave law of this colony;" for despite herself she has had some wild hopes of the message she had sent by the departing privateersman, Bocock, reaching her lover in far-away Greece, though between them roll all the Atlantic—all the Mediterranean.

With this conviction of her helpless captivity, her cruel divorce from even *hope* of love; of her father's and mother's and sister's enslavement; of the filching from them of their fortune by their cruel mistress; of the selling of her little sister, Clyte, to the Spanish slave-dealer—would come a despair that might drive the girl to madness or to suicide, were it not for the consolations of her religion, as she tells her beads; for Susan has never after her first day of slavery demanded her rosary. In addition, her servile duties are too severe to permit her time, *even for thought*.

Not that her tasks are so physically crushing; for Miss Susan compels from her maid only personal service to herself; but the unceasing alertness necessary to catch the orders of her capricious mistress, given sometimes even by careless gesture, and their absolute accuracy of fulfillment, compel the girl's mind to constant attention upon every movement of Miss Turnbull when in attendance upon her, so as to save herself from slave's correction. And when relieved from fanning her luxurious autocrat through hot days and



long nights, from the numerous deckings of her dainty mistress's body for *fête* and supper party, and for rides and drives with her attendant officer cavaliers, kindly nature gives the girl's wearied body sleep—the dreamless sleep of exhaustion, which relieves the tortured mind.

Besides, a slave is everybody's slave. Irene is compelled to courtesy and to hearken to the orders of the mulatto woman, Mrs. Catto, Susan's matron at the barracoon. If Miss Ross or Miss Penman, the daughters of near-by planters, visit her mistress, she is called from one to the other at their will. Likewise the British officers, lounging on the veranda, would amorously bid the beautiful slave bring lights for their cigars—if Miss Turnbull would permit it.

But guessing the treatment her lovely bondmaids would be apt to receive, their mistress keeps Irene, Natalie, Chloris and the rest, very closely and sedately when military gallants are about her mansion.

Perchance also Miss Turnbull would not care to see Irene's exquisite charms too constantly placed before the admiring eyes of these gentlemen of epaulet and sword; for, from the dangers of war, she has now turned to the delights of flirtation. The three officers, Baker, Brookes, and Fosdyke, are lounging about her pretty elbows, also Lieutenant Barrowe, of the British war-schooner *Rattler*, all trying to make her forget the departed blue-jacket privateer, Captain Dick Boccock.

The girl now feels herself a veritable queen in New Smyrna. Great compliments have been paid to her about her handling of the rebellion. Her success in this affair tends to give this young lady extreme confidence in herself. She believes she is born to rule, not only over slave barracoons, but over men in general—also her uncle, bluff, honest, tender-hearted Andrew Turnbull.

To him little Susan pertly says: "You're not a good business man."

"And why not, you saucy jade?"

"You starve valuable flesh and blood—sometimes to death. How do you expect these Greeks in a hot climate, without sufficient food, to do tasks which would require the strength of able-bodied Jamaica negroes?"

"Starvation keeps them under, my saucebox."

"Starvation kills them, and we want more hands. Instead of three thousand acres in indigo we should have six thousand, at least, this year, and more the next. We must double our working force."

"You mean more slaves from the Mediterranean?"

"Yes; more Greek and Minorcan colonists," she jeers. "And when we get them we must feed more and flog less."

"Rule by moral suasion?" gasps Turnbull astonished.

"Oh, not at all. It is the certainty of punishment, rather than its severity, that makes it efficacious. Look at my wenches; not one would dare disobey even my glance of eye, and yet my ladies are all plump and pretty. Every morning I pray Heaven: More slaves! I'm going soon to make a shipment to the Havannah, and shall need," she laughs, "new goods in my barracoon. You know I'm having all my Greek and Minorcan women taught English; it adds greatly to their value, and gives me a wider market for my chattels," continues this little female slave-trader.\*

While Miss Susan has been crying out for more slaves, a favoring wind—fortune is now very kind to this young lady—is bearing to her a company of rich

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\* For account of Turnbull's extraordinary and novel colonization scheme at New Smyrna, Florida, A. D. 1767, when he made all his Greek emigrants his absolute slaves, see appendix to Susan Turnbull, Part I of the Power of Woman.

trading Greeks. These, frightened by the first deep rumbles of war in the Peloponnesus, between the Hellenic patriots, aided by the Russian fleet, and their tyrant ruler, the unspeakable Turk, have taken passage on the *Hope*, one of Turnbull's vessels—the one that brought poor Alceste Vannos to New Smyrna—the one commanded by the stout, bluff, bullying Bullock.

It is not a large party, but quite a rich one. Some twenty or thirty men, with their wives and children—in all some sixty people—who have come, bringing their property with them, and believing in the English speculator's scheme for colonization, have signed his enslaving indentures.

The vessel drops anchor late at night. Turnbull, being summoned privately, goes on board and returns rubbing his hands, and very joyous.

"Here's something that will amuse you," chuckles Andrew. "A letter from our Eastern friend, Ballyho Bey," and puts the following under her eyes:

MODON, GREECE, June 21, 1769.

MY WELL BELOVED ANDREW TURNBULL:

Greeting you in the name of Allah, I give the Christian date; for, dash me, if I don't forget what year of Mahomet this is, though, by St. Patrick, I mean no disrespect to him.

But the truth is the infernal Greeks, aided by the Russians, are cutting up such a row here that I am thinking more of approaching plunder than of dates. Just wait—there's a good time coming for the poor Bey; though they talk about making me a Pasha soon, chiefly because I have put a stop to the doings of a certain Greek captain named Papasoglou, the agent of the bloody, Czar-murdering Orloffs, up in Maina, also a priest named Stephen, who pretends to be the assassinated husband of that Jezebel, Catherine of Russia. If I get hold of him, it will be the second time that gentleman will be murdered in his lifetime.

Likewise I am very much bothered by a beast named Tre-

fussis, who has a band of Greek cut-throats up in the mountains back of me, and it is in that regard, friend Turnbull, that I write to you.

The rebel Trefussis came out from England with that spalpeen Alceste Vannos, who, as far as I can learn from my guardboats, escaped to your vessel the night you left here. You remember, you both had dinner with me. After accepting my hospitality, the ungrateful scoundrel betrayed me. Now, I am anxious to lay my fingers on Vannos. His eldest daughter Irene is a very pretty girl, and perhaps I will pardon her father for her sweet sake, if he'll give her dower enough.

It is in this view I write you, to ask you to kindly forward Vannos by return ship to me. I have got better uses for the spalpeen in Greece than you can have for him in Florida.

Hoping you are having less trouble with your Greeks than I have been having with mine, for nothing here seems to please the beasts but killing them, I remain,

Yours, under Allah,

BALLYHO BEY.

P. S.—There is also a balance of a hundred and fifty pounds due me. I let Bullock have half the last load on tick. BALLY.

Over this Miss Turnbull laughs quite merrily.

Then she says significantly: "Ballyho seems still enamored of my maid, Irene;" next asks earnestly: "What does Captain Bullock report as to affairs in Greece?"

"They're simply awful! Between the coming Russians and the despoiling Turks, the trading population who have any property are wildly crazy to leave their country," chuckles Andrew.

"Bravo!" cries Susan. "More slaves for us!" and murmurs: "These Greeks should be grateful to us for taking charge of them and saving them from their murderous Ottoman masters."

"Apropos of that," guffaws Turnbull, "here is a letter Bullock brought over from Greece for your slave-girl Irene, who, lured from London gayety, is not probably as grateful to you as you suggest."



"For Irene?" cries Miss Turnbull; and seizing the packet, reads:

*For*

MISS IRENE VANNOS,  
38 Mincing Lane,  
London,  
England.

The captain of the *Hope* is petitioned to deposit this in the General Post at Malta or Gibraltar, if he touches at those points; if not, to deliver it to some passing vessel; failing this, to take it to New Smyrna and from there forward it to England, and he will have the blessings and, God permitting, the good offices of Marco Trefussis.

"Why, this *is* fun!" it's from my wench's lover, the Greek insurgent leader!" laughs Susan, who remembers the name. Then she inspects the packet, which bears the signs of difficult carriage through rough roads, having apparently been immersed in some mountain stream and being soiled with the finger-marks of some dirty though faithful Mainote mountainer. Its seal, still unbroken, is stamped with the same Greek cross and motto, "Sweetheart and Country," that is upon her slave-girl's betrothal ring, which Miss Turnbull even now wears upon her dainty finger.

"I'll give that minx's heart another twist," she thinks savagely. "This will sting her more than my rod!"

Then the tyrant breaks the seal, to read a letter which makes her for a moment shiver: "Should he ever know the slavery and tormenting of this being he loves so dearly, this Trefussis is a man who would avenge her wrongs!"

For it is the letter of a patriot hero to his sweetheart, who has bidden him go forth to meet the op-

pressors of his country. Apparently almost a journal of Marco's life for the last few months, it depicts the awful state of Greece. The patriots in the mountains getting ready for the coming of the Russian fleet and uprising against the Ottomans. The commercial classes on the coast of the Peloponnesus and the islands of the Ægean, in panic to escape and save their goods and chattels, and themselves from the slave-markets of Constantinople and the chances of barbarous war between their oppressors and the coming Muscovite.

Withal the letter bears the impress of true love for the woman whom he addresses, and of that determined manhood in the writer that makes Miss Turnbull say, with a sigh of relief: "This indicates he thinks his sweetheart is living a safe and luxurious London life. Thank God he does not guess Irene is now my abject slave at New Smyrna, Florida!"

"You think there's no danger of this man Trefussis ever knowing?" mutters Andrew. "From what you've read to me of his letter, he seems to be one of those surly dogs that would make trouble for us with the English ministry in London."

"No! He would kill us, if I read his letter right," answers Susan, her face for one moment growing pale. Then she laughs: "Pish! In a year or two this Marco Trefussis will have been butchered by the Turks. Perhaps even now he is carrion;" adding with a dainty jeer: "But his note will serve to give Irene another pang."

With this ignoble idea in her mind, the little sybaritic tyrant passes to her luxurious chamber, and, ringing her bell, Irene and Chloris run in to her attendance.

"Chloris, get my bath ready, and my gown laid

out for to-morrow morning," she orders imperiously. "Irene, disrobe me as I read this letter."

And her maid sinking at her feet, Miss Susan begins to again peruse the love words written to her chattel, who is now employed removing her autocrat's slippers and stockings.

Suddenly the mistress feels the delicate fingers which are even now unclasping her silken garters, tremble and clutch themselves upon her limbs, and glancing down, notes the eyes of Irene, beaming in agony like stars, fixed upon the handwriting of the manuscript in her hand.

"Oho!" she laughs. "You have noticed, my jade, that I am not only wearing your betrothal ring, but reading your *billet-doux* from the man who once pledged his troth to a free-born maid, who is now my slave-girl!"

"O my God! From Marco!" gasps the girl, springing to her feet. "Marco! Give it to me—it is mine!" And forgetting bonds and stripes and fear of punishment, Irene Vannos seizes from her mistress's hand the letter of the man she loves. Then reading on it: "Yours till death, Marco Trefussis," she falls to kissing it and mocks her tyrant by ecstatic words: "Thank God, you've given me at least one moment's happiness!"

"Beware!" mutters Susan, menacingly. "My whip is nearer to you than your Greek *evzone*."

"Not nearer to my heart, Madame!" And Irene devours the words of love that have come to her from far away Greece.

"La! if you had left me to marry as I wished—had your babbling tongue allowed me to become my Lady Marchioness, I might have permitted you to wed the man you love!" mutters Susan. Then some little pity coming to her as she notes the beauty of the creature

who, robed as her slave, shows in her exquisite face, radiant with true, undying love, the graces and beauties that make her the adored of the man whose letter she is feasting upon, not only with eyes but with heart and soul, her mistress murmurs: "Go, gloat over your *billet-doux*. I pardon your insolence, for the valuable information your lost sweetheart has given me."

And Irene darting away, Miss Turnbull goes to musing on the state of Greece. For Marco Trefussis's letter, stating the fear of all the rich and trading portion of the population, and their desperate efforts to fly from the coming war 'twixt Turkish tyranny and Muscovite barbarism, has put into this young lady's head a very bold ambition, such as would fly into a flippant brain made greedy by small successes—one of those dear little feminine strokes of genius that would be grandly successful in a petty plot, yet made dangerous by reason of its grandeur—which must array against it opposing outside interests, of which her woman's instinct takes no count.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE DREAM OF EMPIRE.

THIS project very shortly is enforced upon Miss Turnbull by a very subtle feminine mind.

The next morning, dawdling over her dainty breakfast, Susan is joined by her uncle, who has come cheerily from the barracoon. To him she says eagerly: "How are the new importations—those that have just arrived on the *Hope*? Their papers are all made out and signed correctly?"



"Straight as a trivet and legal as Blackstone," chuckles Andrew. "This morning at sunrise I had the new emigrants brought on shore. My gentlemen, screaming that they have been tricked, duped, and betrayed, are now at work under the overseers in my indigo fields."

"Before our friends, the Grand Jury, have opened their sleepy eyes this morning," laughs Miss Susan. "Especially that Bernard Romans, their foreman, who asks impertinent questions." Then she suggests to the butler: "Antoine, some more pompano *à la Creole*," and asks sweetly "Another cup of coffee, my dear uncle?" next queries eagerly: "And my new ladies?"

"Safe under lock and key in the cells of your barracoön," answers Turnbull. "They're a fine lot of women; some are very beautiful, and several vastly accomplished."

"Ah, then some of them'll do for sale in Havannah and the West Indies!"

"Quite right, my little slave-trader," laughs her uncle, patting her fair cheek; next adds jovially: "I have a present for you, Susie—a new slave-girl that will delight your eyes."

"Yes, I have need of one or two other minxes to give me proper state and attendance," languidly remarks Miss Turnbull, whose pride of station has grown with her success. "You say she is beautiful?"

"Venus and Hebe mixed! Educated at a French convent; jabbbers Italian, Spanish, and French perfectly, and English passably—so she told me with tears in her eyes. Sings like an opera woman, and dances like a play actress. Captain Bullock says she intended to go upon the stage, if she had not accompanied her brother to accept our New Smyrna hospitality," chuckles Andrew. "Besides, she styles herself 'La Comtesse Marie Rasselli!'"

"Pish! Titles are cheap in foreign parts," jeers Susan. "Send the wench up for inspection."

So, some two hours after this, Marie Rasselli enters into Susan Turnbull's life, producing in it some weird effects that make her tyrant, at various times, wish she had never seen her.

Miss Susan is in her library when the young lady is brought in to her. To her astonishment, Mademoiselle Rasselli drops a most humble courtesy and says, meekly: "My—my mistress, I believe, Madame."

"And you are?"

"Your—your slave-girl, Marie!" The answer is given with drooping eyes and trembling lips.

"Then your servitude has been explained to you," says Susan, astonished at her captive's meekness.

"Certainly, Madame. It has been impressed upon me that I am your chattel, your personal property," replies the girl, apparently schooling herself to humility. Then, as if unable to restrain her anguish, she breaks out, jeering herself: "I, who was yesterday La Comtesse Marie Rasselli, of the best blood in Greece by my mother, and the noblest Venetian lineage through my father, have been compelled to know that I am your humble slave, my mistress," and makes obeisance even more abjectly than before.

"Oho! A mixture of the Doges and the Alcibiades and Epaminondases," laughs Miss Turnbull, who has little respect for any birth save Norman, Battle-of-Hastings descent, to which she bows down with middle class British reverence, as was the custom at that day.

"*Diable*, don't taunt me, Madame, with my gentle blood!" mutters the girl, then cries out: "Beware of my despair!" And tears fly into her lovely eyes, that are dried up suddenly by two wondrous

sparks of some subtle passion, which Susan, gazing on, cannot understand; though she has seen many women—some of great refinement and education—enduring the first agony of enslavement.

“You naughty creature, don’t dare to swear to me,” says Miss Turnbull sternly.

But here her captive astonishes her again. She falters, as if frightened: “Please—please pardon me, my mistress; but it is not easy within a—a few hours, to thoroughly realize I am your personal property and humble serf.” And Susan can see the slight hands tremble as Mademoiselle Rasselli drapes her dress humbly and sinks on one knee before her.

Feeling she is supreme, and wishing to impress her dominion, Miss Turnbull gives her chattel a half-playful, half-menacing slap upon the cheek, and says cheerfully, but commandingly: “Stand up! Let’s have a look at you, wench!”

Suddenly, at the smart—for Susan has meant her delicate fingers to sting—Marie’s cheeks, which were pale as lilies, blaze red as poppies, and the exquisite eyes, drooping before, again glow with that subtle fire. But, as if by mighty resolution, Mademoiselle Rasselli murmurs: “Certainly, my mistress!” then adds, half meekly, half sneeringly: “I hope my figure, face, and mind will please you, Madame.”

At command the new chattel, though there are now tears in her lovely eyes, stepping to a magnificent Broadwood harpsichord, accompanying herself, sings a French *chanson* with an execution, confidence, and voice so beyond the amateur that her mistress can’t forbear exclaiming: “Magnificent! I like your singing very much!”

“Oh, that is what I desire, Madame! Of course my whole object in life must now be to please you, for

from your hands I am to receive reward or punishment as you elect." Next she remarks, almost philosophically: "Though it is not so strange that I sing well, for, after leaving the convent, I took special lessons in music, thinking perhaps I would go upon the operatic stage. They tell me I would have made a success there; that I have that peculiar, careless, reckless, *bizarre* disposition necessary for artistic triumph. But I suppose you, my mistress," she goes on, a slight sarcasm in her soft voice, "will destroy all emotions in me, save those of obedience and fear."

"I will if you are pert!" returns Susan, severely, scarce thinking the tone of some of these remarks is sufficiently humble.

Then she commands: "Come to my chamber with me."

"A—aah! The—the examination of a slave," sighs Marie, biting her lip. Then suddenly she adds, in a kind of laughing jeer, though her cheeks are very pale and her lips twitching: "Of course, Madame wishes to know the full value of her property," and obediently follows Miss Turnbull to her private apartment, where she makes sweeping courtesy and murmurs: "At your very humble service, my—my owner."

To this Susan doesn't answer. She is too busy admiring the modish yet striking beauty of the girl, for Mademoiselle Rasselli, not having been placed in slave's uniform nor maid's livery, stands before her mistress, an example of fashion that is almost Parisian, and beauty that is vivaciously ethereal.

Dressed for landing in a summery clime, her serf is robed in lightest muslins, which draping, yet not concealing, the graceful symmetry of her superb bust and shoulders, are gathered together round a slight, graceful waist by zone of silk, embroidered with delicate

wild flowers. From this belt float the light gauzes of her robe, looped up over an ample petticoat of white shimmering satin, extended by most fashionable hoop, from beneath which peep feet of fairy proportions and ankles of exquisite mould, hosed and booted in latest Parisian style.

Like most feminine faces of extreme loveliness, Marie Rasselli's is a mass of charming contradictions.

Piquantly vivacious, her exquisite *brune* eyes would be audaciously bright did not the knowledge of her just announced serfdom give a pathetic appealing expression to them.

Her cheeks would be lilies, were they not made roses by blushes of excitement mixed with the fear, the humiliation, and the shame of feeling she is in the presence of the being who owns her, body and soul. For all Mademoiselle Rasselli's actions this morning show she knows thoroughly Miss Turnbull's absolute power over her; as well she may, her brother, who had come out with her to this land, having been driven to slave's labor by the overseer's lash this very morning before her eyes.

Her lips also contradict each other; the upper one, a thin curve of beauty like an archer's bow, looking firm enough to repress the emotions of its more sensuous mate, which seems full of all the passions to which female flesh is heir.

Beneath is a figure of such superb proportions that it would be statuesque were it not lightened by a dozen piquancies of gesture and movement, that are fairy-like in agile grace, yet almost at times Oriental in subtlety.

A moment later, at stern command, the girl, blushing divinely, discards the great white satin hooped petticoat, and letting fall from her shining statuesque

shoulders the muslins of her robe, gives to her mistress's admiring eyes the glorious beauty of an ivory Venus.

"La ! How docile my countess is !" jeers Susan.

"Madame," says her chattel humbly, "I do not presume to dispute with you the manner in which you wish *your own* flesh and blood arrayed. Would you like *your* hair unbound ?" and she lets fall her shining tresses about her graceful figure. "Or your stays removed, and your shoes and stockings taken off your pretty feet ?"

"No, you funny girl !" cries her mistress laughingly, passing her hands through wavy locks that, floating about the graceful head, are almost black in the shadows, yet golden bronze when tinted by the sun. "*Pardie*, you look handsome enough now."

So gazing on her fair captive, into Susan's slave-dealing eyes come joy, pride and avarice. Joy at the loveliness of her new slave ; pride that Marie is her property ; and avarice because she sees here a beauty that will fill the order of Don Sancho, the Spanish slave-dealer of Havannah, for the opulent planter of Guadeloupe.

Just here, into her *bizarre* mind there flies what she considers a novel idea ; she laughs : "La ! A countess and so modish ! I shall treat you as one in private. I shan't put you into maids' livery. You shall wear your own pretty gowns and attend me, not as a waiting maid, but maid of honor. But," she goes on, sternly, "la Comtesse Rasselli must understand that she is Susan Turnbull's slave as much as if she were a blackamoor brought from the African gold coast and sold on Charleston jetty to the highest bidder."

"Madame, you have placed before me my situation

most accurately and most pathetically," sighs her new serf. "But I shall try to remember my subjugation."

"Be careful that you do!" says Susan, sternly, and, calling Irene, she orders Marie taken to a little chamber, whither her boxes have been already consigned, directing her beautiful captive to rest and refresh herself after the labor of landing, and be ready to amuse her in the afternoon.

Alone in this room, the girl suddenly strides to a mirror, and, gazing at the lovely picture, shudders: "I am looking at a slave!" Then mutters: "*Maledetta!* I had hoped to twist my tyrant round my finger. But those cold, steel-blue eyes! Mademoiselle la Comtesse Rasselli will have to bend to that low-born plebeian's very breath." Next shudders: "I know her kind; the rod and scourge for every slight mistake." And throwing up her hands despairingly to heaven, she sobs: "Mercy—pity—for a poor little caged canary!" and grovels despairingly upon the cot bed of her humble chamber.

But a moment later she starts up, crying desperately: "Italian tact and Greek subtlety shall win yet!"

Three hours afterward, being summoned, Marie Rasselli flits into Miss Turnbull's chamber looking like a fairy, to drop humbly at the feet of her mistress, who is reclining languidly in a hammock, and murmur: "How can thy slave please thee?"

"La! What a pretty creature you are!" says Susan approvingly. "And so modestly and discreetly frocked." For with rare discernment, Mademoiselle la Comtesse, discarding a court train with which she had desperately longed to assert her rank, though she wears a modish evening gown as regards bodice, has with her own deft fingers carefully curtailed its light, floating petticoats to maids' length, midway between

the ankles and the knees, a costume which, making her most girlishly graceful, still indicates her servile station.

"Now chat with me, Marie," commands her owner, and falls to asking the girl about the recent commotions in Greece, a subject on which she is very anxious to obtain full and accurate information.

A moment after, discovering with Attic tact why Miss Turnbull wishes to know about the Morea, a very astute idea for her tyrant's undoing and destruction coming into Marie's subtle mind, she goes to prattling to her mistress how anxious her compatriots are to escape from barbarous Turkish tyranny, suggesting deftly how many thousands could be brought from the Peloponnesus to the shores of Florida; but growing over eager, receives a sudden check.

"If you will go yourself, Madame, you can obtain all you want!" Marie cries excitedly.

"Can I?—such as you, my pretty creature?" says Susan, her covetous eyes growing big with the idea.

"And take me with you, as your interpreter?"

"Oho!" laughs her mistress, suspicion flying into her face. "So you can run away from me, my young lady of Italian mind."

"Madame, that was not in my thought. Have I not been humble enough to you to-day?" And the girl sinks upon her knees and kisses her autocrat's hand, though there is a wondrous light in her dark eyes.

So from now on, the whole object of Marie Raselli seems to be to gain the favor and confidence of Susan Turnbull by absolute obedience, humility, and the thousand kindred arts of serfdom. Though all the time she is craftily insinuating the wondrous number of Greeks now seeking a land of refuge from combating Russians and barbarous Turks, to her greedy



mistress, whose laws, rigid as those of the Medes and Persians, press iron-bound upon vivacious Marie, who flutters like a butterfly in her captor's gripping fingers.

For with the strict régime of slavery have come many personal pangs. La Comtesse Rasselli fondly loves fine wines and generous living, and the odor of the Turnbull dinners and supper parties and the clink of glasses and pop of champagne corks come faintly to her nostrils and her ears. But of these feasts of Lucullus naught touches her pretty lips that literally water for them.

Besides, Marie adores masculine society, but never is permitted word with men; for when gentlemen are in the house, Mademoiselle is sharply relegated to her little chamber and sternly interdicted from the attentions of these warriors of epaulet and sword that she longs for with her whole soul, and will have, by hook or by crook, by fair means or foul, despite fear of chiding—ay, even of the whip.

She looks at herself daintily decked for her mistress's honor, and murmurs: "If they but saw me, the love of some of these fine dandies might give me freedom," and prepares a few eccentricities of despair that will some time make her mistress shed tears almost of blood.

One of these comes very soon!

The Grand Jury is now finishing its term in a manner quite pleasing to Andrew Turnbull, its course indicating there is no cloud upon his title to his indentured slaves. To this action they have been most potently won by the graces and hospitality of his charming niece, whose liberality and fascinations are at present the gossip of every one about New Smyrna.

She is now busied about a farewell banquet for the Grand Jury, to take place this very evening.

Therefore Susan has given but little attention to her household, spending one night with Miss Penman, from whom she is getting great masses of flowers to deck her rooms and porticoes ; another evening at the Rosses, who have promised her, from the hands of their negro snarer, terrapin in any quantity she likes. This morning she is driving for the De Castros' plantation, which, being a Spanish one of much older origin, furnishes beautiful oranges and fresh limes, to learn why these fruits have not been sent ; but meeting Pépe, the muleteer, on the way with them in his panniers, Miss Turnbull returns to her home, two hours before she is expected.

Entering the hallway, the young lady's bright eyes catch sight of a visiting card bearing the name of Lieutenant Pitt Cheltenham Brookes, Ninth Fusiliers. "La! I'm glad I was out," she thinks. "Had I been at home to him at such an early hour, the conceited noodle would have chatted about his conquest at mess-table."

For this gentleman, who is a military coxcomb, flatters himself he is as good a lady-killer as if he strutted Pall Mall in Foot-Guards uniform, and as such has had a heart-breaking flirtation with Miss Susan, who has encouraged him just enough to afford herself amusement.

So, passing into her chamber, Miss Autocrat finds Irene, Natalie, and Chloris busy over the laying out and arranging of her robes for the coming festival. "Here, quick, you wenches!" she cries, "make me comfortable." And her commands being very quickly and expertly obeyed, reclining in a hammock in the shadow of the room, fanned by Irene, Miss Turnbull remarks lazily: "Send Marie to me ; Mademoiselle la Comtesse shall sing me to sleep."

At her words, she notes dreamily a change in the faces of her maids. Chloris is looking as amused as she dares; Irene seems sympathetic, and Susan knows it is not sympathy *for her*.

With this she starts up, and the instinct of the task-mistress, which has wonderfully developed in this young lady, coming to her, she demands, shortly and sternly: "Natalie, where is Marie?"

Now this lady, despite her education and accomplishments, has a slavish mind, and Miss Rasselli's apparent elevation has brought into it a servile envy of her sister-bondmaid. Therefore she answers, with low courtesy: "In the kiosk, Madame; taking your place with a military gallant."

"What! Has she *dared*?" mutters Susan hoarsely, and gives some orders that make her maids shudder.

It is but a step to the summer-house which, shaded by convenient vines and climbing honeysuckle, is cooled by the waters of a babbling fountain. Gathering up her skirts, Miss Turnbull flits along the gravel walk with almost noiseless steps, and a moment later is at the entrance, to find that Marie—her slave, her chattel—has dared!—dared *many times*!

For the girl is saying sentimentally: "You're ordered away so soon? This will be our last meeting, Pitt! Think of what I have risked, that I, La Comtesse Marie Rasselli, might permit you to kiss my hand."

"Ay, but I will kiss your lips too, you dapper, alluring witch," says the dandy lieutenant.

The answer that comes makes Susan white with anger. "You can, if you swear to me you will use all your influence to release me from unjust servitude!" murmurs Marie, holding up enticing lips.

"Dash it! The Grand Jury have settled all you

Greeks are Turnbull's property; but still I'll try, my beauty!" And the amorous warrior would put encircling arm round the lithe waist, did not her mistress's voice make her slave girl start from him with a smothered, frightened cry, and the military hero murmur: "Ah! by Jove, this is fortunate, Miss Turnbull. I was just giving Mademoiselle a message to deliver to you!"

"Were you?" says Susan, laughingly. "Your communication must have been a kiss, and I do not receive such message from the lips of Mr. Pitt Cheltenham Brookes even by deputy, though that would make it more endurable."

"Curse it!" mutters the young man. "Don't sneer at me!"

"Why not? When next you honor Marie with a visit, apply at the servants' entrance. My slave-girl has been telling you she is a countess—her usual formula. I have never yet applied *my* formula to her, but shall this afternoon. Your servant, Mr. Brookes." And she would bow the disconcerted officer away.

But he turns upon her and mutters: "A rare story you have given me to tell in mess-hall: the mistress jealous of her maid!" chewing his moustache angrily, for he is very savage at being deprived of the piquant beauty of Marie, who stands, blushing, and trembling, and looking beautiful as a fairy goddess; some dark locks which have escaped from the bands of her hair, floating about her, lighted by the sun into golden bronze; her arms and shoulders fair as alabaster, her little feet in petite slippers and silken stockings.

For, thinking that her mistress would be absent for several hours, she had made a toilet for this military dandy's conquest; the girl having a wild hope that he—this officer who had helped put down rebellion—may

have influence enough in some way to aid her to regain the freedom she feels has been filched from her.

"A rare story that your tongue will never babble," says Miss Turnbull, confidently. "Your brother officers would jeer too mockingly at Lieutenant Brookes being discovered wearing His Majesty's uniform, gallivanting with a servant."

"Egad! I think we will neither of us tell it!" remarks the lieutenant uneasily.

"Neither will Marie," laughs Miss Susan merrily. "Bygones are bygones. Don't fail to come to our banquet, Lieutenant Brookes." For the young lady knows friends are always more useful than enemies.

So the two commence to laugh and chat together. A moment later the mistress prattles quite archly: "Just one word of command to my disobedient maid—then take lunch with me; won't you—Pitt?"

"With all the pleasure in the world, dear Miss Susan," replies the warrior, and steps along the path.

Then, whispering a few words that make her slave-girl tremble, Susan cries: "Coming, Lieutenant!" adding archly: "You must be *very* hungry to walk so far ahead of *me*."

With her hand upon his arm, the two stroll off together to the dining-room, from whence come such laughter and sounds of happy converse that Marie, whose face is now twitching with indescribable chagrin at loss of beau and certainty of chastisement, sighs piteously: "Treated as a nonentity! My tyrant doesn't even deign to be jealous of her chattel;" then suddenly mutters, trembling in every limb: "O God of heaven! Mrs. Catto is beckoning to me from the veranda! *Misericorde!* That black fiend has a new rawhide in her hand! Two dozen stripes, my tyrant said; *Diable*, how it will smart!"

"Heah yo'—youse wanted, Marie!" cries Sulky sharply from the veranda.

"Coming, ma'am!" moans the culprit in abject answer, and looks about despairingly as if to fly, even to the wilderness.

"Heah, yo'! Step spry, Marie!"

"Yes, ma'am! I'm—I'm coming!" Then draping up her light skirts about her fair, dainty limbs, and shuddering at the thought of the agony that will come upon them, Mademoiselle la Comtesse Rasselli staggers up the garden walk, to endure her first slave's chastisement.

Heedless of her maid's torture, Miss Turnbull makes herself very coquettish and alluring to Lieutenant Pitt Cheltenham Brookes, and over a merry meal these two perchance become better friends than ever; the young lady well knowing the absolute importance of the good wishes and friendship of every one in this colony in the grand game she has but just commenced to play. For Marie has most adroitly added to the ambitious scheme in her mistress's mind in regard to Florida, another—that of going in person to Greece, to superintend the execution of her gigantic project.

\* \* \* \* \*

That evening at the Turnbull cottage, melody from the Greek musicians is floating in the air. Champagne is flowing merrily, and there is laughter from the ladies present, Miss Ross, Miss Penman, and the wife of one of the officers, old Major Arbuckle, who has come down with him to New Smyrna. They are fêteing the Grand Jury, who are bowing down before pretty Miss Turnbull's airs and graces.

Even the conservative Bernard Romans, its foreman, is toasting his charming little hostess, Mistress Susan, who in a few words thanks them all, speaking

with the bashful modesty so pleasant to see in young maidens, and telling them she purposes soon—the agony of this rebellion having been so severe upon her girlish nerves—to take a little journey to the Havanah in search of quiet, rest and health.

At this announcement the unmarried officers look very solemn.

To them she says pleadingly: “Oh, don’t stab me with such heart-breaking glances. I expect shortly to be back in St. Augustine to renew our friendship;” next laughs: “Fie, you naughty fellows! You’ve played with the mistress’s heart, while all of you have been making eyes at her maids, Irene and Marie. Ah, don’t deny it, Mr. Brookes; I’ve had to keep a very strict eye on my wenches since you red-coated gallants have been philandering about my house.”

Then the revelry being over, stout Andrew Turnbull, listening to the last carriage wheels of departing guests, smoking his pipe in contented spirit upon the veranda, cries: “Susan, you witch; come to your doting unkie. ’Fore heaven, how you’ve twisted, by your arts and graces, that Grand Jury round thy pretty little finger!” Then, admiration coming into his trading soul, he mutters: “Oh, you sweet minx—how subtle, how keen, how shrewd you are!”

“’Tis easy to be keen, and shrewd, and subtle,” laughs the girl, “when one is not conventional. You will notice,” she goes on, “that most great generals, all supreme diplomats, all tremendous money-getters, those who make fortunes beyond the extent that legitimate commerce would permit, have been quite unconventional, when success demanded it.”

“By the Lord Harry, you charming little female Clive!” mutters Turnbull, and taking her in his arms, kisses her tenderly and lovingly.

"You think me a female Clive?" she cries, her eyes fighting up. "I'd sooner be that than a Cleopatra!" For to become like unto Robert, Lord Clive, who has just returned to England from his second triumph in India, where he has filched an empire for the British crown and enormous private wealth for himself, is Miss Susan Turnbull's ambition. "You think I could seize a kingdom?" she murmurs contemplatively.

"Good lud! Find me the kingdom, Susie, and I'll find the girl to juggle it."

"Find the kingdom? *We have one here!*"

And looking around in the soft night, the little hamlet sleeping at her feet—about it on every side, except where the ocean plays upon the beach, wilderness, unconquered wilderness, but a wilderness that can be made fruitful as the Garden of Hesperides—a dream of empire comes to Susan Turnbull, and she whispers: "This shall be my kingdom!" Then thinking of her thousand serfs asleep, worn out by the merciless tasks of this burning day, no pity for them entering her heart, she cries: "We must have more slaves!"

"More slaves! How many?"

"ALL OF GREECE, IF I CAN GET THEM! Enough to make these plantations a principality that will send fruits and flowers and dyes and cotton to the whole world. Will you go to Greece for them?"

But her uncle mutters, aghast: "There's war there now; it would be too dangerous. The honest merchantman gets plundered, robbed and clipped by either side. Russians and Turks—a goodly pair of combatants to get between!—'Fore Gad, no!—not for Andrew Turnbull!"

Here, made reckless by triumph, Miss Susan thinks she can rule in the East as well as in the West, and



cries : " Pisha ! If you're afraid, I'LL GO ! I'll charter a fleet and bring over every wretch who wishes to escape from Thessaly, Epirus, or the Peloponnesus ! "

" The money ? "

" Our friend Vannos's order on the Bank of England. "

" His order on the Bank of England, " dissents Turnbull, " should be sent by the schooner that sails in a day or two. "

" No ; I will collect that myself ! "

" And why ? " asks Andrew, very eager to get his hand upon the fifty odd thousand pounds. " Do you not trust your old uncle, my darling girl ? " he adds cajolingly.

" Not as thoroughly as I trust myself, " she laughs ; then to change the theme, murmurs : " A lucky wind-fall these slaves which came a few weeks ago. Marie will bring a good deal of money from Don Sancho, the slave-dealer in Havannah. "

" Ah ! That is the reason you are going there ? "

" Partly. To bring over ten thousand Greeks will cost a good deal of money. I must have enough guineas before I go to the Morea, therefore I visit the Havannah first. With me, of course, I shall take a valuable cargo of these Greek wenches, and in addition, " she jeers, " shall sell *Mademoiselle la Comtesse*, though she is as beautiful a creature as I ever owned. "

" Why ? "

" I do not understand her eyes. "

" You should flog her well. "

" I have ! " says Susan coldly, then whispers : " That is the reason why I do not understand her. "

" Was she rebellious ? "

" Pshaw ! Obedient as a spaniel. But, after her correction, *Mademoiselle Marie* said a curious thing to

me: 'Madame, don't you wish you could flay my mind as mercilessly as you have flayed my body?' I don't like dealing in unknown quantities," continues Susan, with a shudder. "I shall sell her quick, though she's as beautiful as Irene."

"You sell Irene, too?"

"Never! She is my revenge. When I go to Greece, Irene shall be my peace-offering to our friend Ballyho Bey, the Irish-Turko satrap. He loves her, and ever since our school-girl episode has intended her for his harem."

"By Jove, you're a deep jade!"

"At present, Irene's humiliation is my triumph. Next Sunday she fans me during the service in the little meeting-house. I believe you have religious exercises there?"

"Yes, a priest."

"Ah! Then *both* Marie and Irene shall attend me. That will make Jemima, Miss Penman's quadroon, and Mary Ross's single mulatto maid look *very* poor. And a priest, too! There'll be a crowd to see my triumph."

"Yes, a Catholic friar."

"Oh, not an *awful* Jesuit! I'm afraid of Jesuits!" and the little diplomatist affects a playful shudder.

"No! This man is an itinerant Dominican. Don't let him convert you," chuckles Turnbull.

"Well, it might do me *good*," says Susan, airily. "I have *some* faults," and goes away, laughing very merrily.

And Turnbull, looking after her, mutters: "Good Gad! I wonder if she knows she is a fiend. But—damn it!—I do, and some day I will burn in hell for this!"

For this man had some strange spasms of repentance—though they did not last long.

And Susan—did she know she sinned, poor thing? Her sleep, calm as an infant's all this night, indicates she has an easy conscience.

But she has none—which is the easiest of all.

Though perchance her slumber might be more troubled, her dreams not quite so sweet, did she hear her exquisite bondmaid who, writhing in her cell of punishment, her butterfly pride humiliated, her beautiful body tortured by chastisement, sighs in her agony: "Let her beware—she has scoured noble blood! O God, I pray thee my dainty, self-conceited, jeering despot goes to Greece, where both Turks and Russians battle and spare not! *Where there are better tyrants than even she!*"

And the subtle something flames very bright in the dark eyes of Marie Rasselli.

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## CHAPTER III.

### FOR THE GLORY OF GOD.

THE next Sunday being a blazing day, the little meeting-house which Andrew Turnbull has erected in New Smyrna to his own glory, is quite early in the morning well filled with a rather motley audience, to listen to Lucas de Alvarado, an itinerant priest of the Order of St. Dominic, who, under the Spanish rule but lately passed from Florida, has been proselyting among the Indians.

Held in high esteem and sanctity throughout the colony, he is generally spoken of as Friar Luke.

For this young man has forsaken friends and kindred in far-away Spain to devote his life to the service of

the Most High, in the Western wilderness, thinking one soul is as good as another before the Throne of God ; the conversion of an Indian being to his eyes as grand a glory to his Master as the redemption of a kingly potentate.

The meeting-house, being a place of general discussion of things temporal as well as spiritual, has not been dedicated. And though Turnbull, who is a Presbyterian, *when he is anything*, had some doubt as to the wisdom of permitting the friar to hold services there, this young man's winning address, exquisite manner and diplomatic argument had persuaded him, as they had many others in this world ; Lucas having converted even Seminole warriors, also some buccaneers on the Lower Coast whom he has turned from pirates into fishermen.

During the preceding day or two, this Dominican has been confessing and absolving the members of some Spanish and Catholic families in the neighborhood—who have taken advantage of the presence of a priest to cast from themselves the burden of sins long unatoned for. These all crowd to hear his words, Friar Luke's eloquence being famed in St. Augustine, Pensacola, and the other settlements of Florida. Therefore, despite the heat, he has on this occasion a good-sized audience, though of considerable variety of color, rank, and station.

The extreme back seats and little balcony are filled by negroes of various tinges, from creamy chocolate to India ink, for piety always impresses the simple African. His soul cries always for a God ! Whether it is his Voodoo or his Fetish or our own Jehovah, his worship is always devout, sincere and passionate. He *believes !*

A few Indians are mixed with these. But they, hav-

ing come in the morning to sell game, have simply followed the crowd and wandered in, though one remarks: "Heap talk come soon!"

In front of these, near the little reading-desk and platform, are seated the various dignitaries of the place: Mr. Justice Cutter and his constables, the constables nearer the negroes than the justice; Tim Johnson, the superintendent of the estate, and some of his overseers, for the slaves rest upon the Sabbath, needing that time to recuperate for the next week's tasks. One or two of these drivers have their wives with them.

There are also some clerks from the storehouses, likewise young Cutter and Mr. Jeffrey, and a sprinkling of redcoat non-commissioned officers and men. Besides these, of course, all the Spaniards in the place and neighboring plantations, from Madame Ysabel de Castro, the rich widow, to Pépe Frio, the humble muleteer, who drives his pack animals to some cattle farms on the savannahs, further to the west.

The near by planters, their wives and children, complete the gathering; among these the Penmans, father, son, and daughter, Miss Olivia being carefully attended by her quadroon maid Jemima, who is dressed in white to make a pretty showing for her mistress, and sits at her feet fanning her, the day being very hot. Miss Mary Ross's wench is also there in humble attitude, and fanning likewise. Most of the other ladies are similarly attended by their maids, though these are all of mixed blood, save one, who is an Indian girl.

A few teamsters and one cattleman who has some wandering herds on the prairies nearer the St. John, together with Andrew Turnbull himself and the commissioned officers of the troops, Baker, Fosdyke, and

Brookes, make up the balance of the little gathering.

A modest spinet stands in the corner of the platform. At this Miss Susan's maid Chloris sits, with some sacred music before her: a mass of Piccini, and a processional, by Gluck. Candles are burning on an improvised altar.

A young man of about thirty, in the plain robes of the Dominican priesthood, sits looking at the people as they enter. At his signal, Chloris begins to play softly the processional, and the hum of the listeners dies away; for, with sacred music, even to the undevout, comes solemnity and quiet.

While this is floating through the hot and heavy air, there is a noise of wheels at the door, where some half-dozen carriages of the neighboring planters are gathered. A moment after, Miss Susan Turnbull comes in. She has planned her time of advent to the worship of God, for her own glory, and even in the house of the Lord her entrance brings to the on-lookers, sensation. Robed in a delicate, floating white muslin, she comes up the aisle, so simply, and O, so demurely! with her bright eyes cast penitently down; a missal in her hand, the gilded cross upon its binding sparkling in the sunlight.

Behind her, to bring envy and covetousness to the hearts of others—especially Miss Olivia Penman and Miss Mary Ross—walk side by side her two maids, Irene and Marie, dressed in latest London fashion, all in pure white, but much more elaborately arrayed than their mistress. In truth, were it not that these two beautiful girls' skirts are cut severely to maids' length, midway between the knee and ankle, *they* might seem the mistresses, Miss Susan the attendant.

So the little autocrat walks modestly up the aisle; in her train *the fashion and the glory*. Both Marie and

Irene wear hoops of great extent and are in full Pall Mall adornment as regards hair ornaments, furbelows, laces, and ribbons. Their bodices are of glistening white satin, outlining accurately their rounded busts and slender waists, being laced as tightly up the back as two strong maids can pull them.

In great contrast to this, Miss Turnbull's robe is plain, though of the finest texture and almost sweeping length. Her slippers, peeping in and out just beneath her petticoat, are modest black, and with meek little buckles; but her two maids' shoes have high French heels, and are of white satin, fitting closely, to show the girls' small and delicate feet. On them are blazing jeweled buckles, and above them gleam the tightest white silk stockings, whose delicate web, strained over rounded limbs, permits faint flesh tints from the glistening skin beneath; this hosiery, clocked with silver to the knees, being presented quite piquantly and fully by the short skirts and swaying hoops, as the beautiful girls crowd through the narrow aisle side by side behind their mistress; Irene, holding Miss Susan's muslin robe most carefully from chance of soiling; Marie bearing in her hands a cushion for the resting of her lady's dainty feet, and also two large feathered fans to keep the fair Susan cool and refreshed by frequent agitation, likewise a scent bottle of cut Venetian glass to sooth the penitent, if her nerves are overstrained by too much scriptural text or exhortation.

This spectacle seems to impress all present, save the priest, who is in silent prayer; young Fosdyke whispering to the near-by Brookes: "Good Lud! No woman in Europe save the Empress Catherine, who has princesses for her flunkies, could put out two such wenches for her handmaids!"

"And do you mark," says Brookes, "the fashion the beauteous Miss Gunnings introduced: gown, hose and shoes all of the same white tint."\*

So they come up the aisle: Miss Susan, her eyes cast down in meek and humble devotion; her two maids likewise with drooping heads; the great burning blushes on their cheeks showing they feel in every trembling limb that they are being exhibited in all this finery to add to their mistress's grandeur by their humiliation.

Their abasement grows ever greater, as Miss Susan, reaching her pew, quite near the reading desk, sinks into the seat, and Marie having humbly placed before her the cushion and arranged her mistress's little feet upon it, Susan makes sign for her maids to kneel in abject attitude, one on either side of her, and use their fans for her refreshment.

Now all this is not done without much rustling of stiff silks and satins and enormous hoops, in the confines of the little pew.

Perchance the priest thinks the noise unseemly, and raising his eyes from his meditation, a group that seems celestially beautiful, meets his view. Susan, in her soft, floating muslin, gazing towards him, a dreamy penitence in her blue eyes; Irene on one side, in her semi-brunette loveliness, brown orbs, brown hair, and Marie upon the other, in strictest brunette beauty, dark eyes and raven tresses.

This pose striking her as effective, Miss Turnbull whispers to each maid: "Retain your position throughout the service." A cruel penance, for her slave-girl's tender knees are pressing unprotected on the bare floor.

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\* The celebrated and beautiful Miss Gunnings had a great deal to do with the introduction in England of the fashion of ladies having their shoes and slippers made of the same color and material as their gowns.—ED.



But even as she speaks, Susan seems to see something new in Irene. The girl's eyes are no longer turned to her, but on the priest, the burning candles and the little improvised altar which bears the Host; a look of rapture is in her face. Forgetful of her duties, Irene crosses herself and begins to pray with all her soul.

With a half savage glance at her bondmaid, who seems to fear God more than she fears her, this dainty mass of conceited pride, heartless ambition, and self-adoration, permits herself to listen to the man who has given up all she values, for love of God. Doing this, she looks even more immaculate, if not more holy, than the friar, for Miss Susan has now a dovelike innocence, a saintly modesty in her soft blue eyes.

Then Father Lucas rises, robed to administer the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist to such as have prepared themselves to partake of the body and blood of Christ. The *amice* is on his head. Over his long white *alb* girt round his waist by flaxen cord, floats a *stole* of simplest make; above this is the silken *chasuble*, with brodered golden cross—the only sign of luxury about him, and this an offering from some good sisters of the convent at St. Augustine.

To Susan's wandering eye, which notes this son of the Church, not as a priest but as a man, these vestments of his vocation conceal a form graceful with youthful virility and impressive with patrician dignity. Above this is a face that startles her by its nobility, yet wins her with its gentleness. The eyes, darkly beautiful, are commanding, except when they are pleading to the human heart; then they are soft with pathos as a woman's in her travail. The nose is slightly aquiline, but clean-cut; the nostrils haughty; the mouth flexible, yet firm; the upper lip thin, inci-

sive, dominant, but made tender by the fullness of the lower ; the chin precise but forcible. In all, a countenance to dominate, yet one made strangely winning by the love of God that fills it, and the love of mankind which cometh from the love of God.

Then he speaks.

Miss Turnbull's blue eyes are now lighted, too, and her lips are slightly parted in a smile of pleasure.

The priest's words are very simple. He explains that under the privileges granted by the Pontiff to him, a missionary, he is empowered, even in an unconsecrated place, to administer the Holy Eucharist, and will therefore solemnize such portions of the mass as are necessary for a fit preparation for the most holy Sacrament of the Altar.

This service he carries on severely, yet very devoutly, using no more of the ceremonials of the Roman Church than are made essential by its rule of mass. As he proceeds he grows more earnest, his voice ringing clear as a silver bell, yet strangely sonorous, its timbre always musical, and sometimes triumphant, as he speaks of the glorious mercy of the God that he adores.

To his tones Susan listens, at first listlessly—the day being very hot—but soon eagerly, fearing to lose their sweetness and their grandeur; for she is a sybarite in the pleasuring of her senses.

Marie, hearkening also, ceases her fanning, but this her mistress doesn't even chide, though she motions for the girl, as Fra Lucas kneels in prayer, to bow her head lower and more devoutly, yet listens all the time, as if fearing to miss a single breath of this man's soft intoning.

He finishes, and Miss Turnbull gives a long, low, drawn-out sigh, then waits to hear again.

A few moments after, Fra Lucas steps to the little reading-desk to deliver his sermon. Speaking from no written words, but simply from his soul, he says: "God forbid that I, in administering the coming Sacrament to those who have sought the Lord in the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church, should be content with only ministering to *them*. My mission is far wider. I come to preach Christ crucified to *all*, so that they may turn from their unbelief to the true and only church—the Church of Rome. I want souls—souls for the living God—souls who shall fly from their unrighteousness and do penance for their sins, and make confession and be absolved, baptized, and confirmed, so that they can come without sin to partake with us of the body and blood of our Lord Christ Jesus. For, no matter though you yearn for it as Mary Magdalene, it would be a grievous sin for you to partake of what I shall offer to your lips, without atonement and the necessary purification that is brought to men by confession and absolution.

"Believe!—so that you may come with me to the blood and body of Christ Jesus. Therefore I say unto you, as Saint Paul did to the Galatians: 'There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female; but you are all one in Christ Jesus.'"

From this text, like all great savers of souls, this man begins to preach with all his heart and all his eloquence Christ *crucified*: the only plea that has ever brought mankind unto His love—mankind unto His worship—Christ, the Redeemer; Christ, *who gave Himself to save the world*. He tells them that they are all one before the throne of God; that no matter what may be their station in this world, at the Judgment Day it will not be race, nor exaltation, nor

riches, nor pomp, but simply the grace of God that will save them.

Then Lucas becomes, as all truly great preachers do, *practical*. He commences to strike very close to the minds, if not the hearts, of many of those who listen.

Drawing a glowing picture of the grandeur and infinite power of our Lord Jesus, he dwells on His wondrous goodness, humility, and sacrifice for a sinful world, concluding: "Would any of you who hold high places give up your bodies to the torture of the cross to save from torment those whom you hold in your hands, for good or evil, with so much less potency than Christ holds you? Would you *suffer*—any man or woman of you—that your bond slaves might be *saved*?"

And Susan, glancing down at her two maids and noting the extreme beauty of their poses as they kneel at her feet, cannot help thinking how thoroughly these two belong to *her*; how their graceful limbs writhe under her corrections; how their eyes, suffused with tears, have been turned to her, entreating forgiveness; how their voices have pleaded to her, sobbing out appeals for mercy, which came not.

"Give myself to torment to save *them*?" she thinks half sneeringly: "Not I!—not little Susan Turnbull!"

But this affects her very little. She has got to thinking, *not* of what the priest says, but of *the man who says it*. She notices the grace of his gestures, the winsomeness of his smile when his face lights up at the thought of celestial glory; the sternness of his glance when he thunders anathema upon those who do not believe—the benignity of his expression when he proclaims eternal life for those who do.

As she gazes she thinks pityingly of him: This man

is a martyr for his faith; this man who looks like a noble, and should be a ruler of this earth—not a poor, wandering friar.

In this judgment she is quite correct. For Lucas de Alvarado comes of a great Spanish family, and has given up the glory of this world for the glory of God, and taken his sandals, like the apostles of old, to preach Christ crucified unto the high and the low, unto the far and the near, unto the ends of the earth.

Even as Susan thinks this, he goes on in practical illustration : “ I should not be true to my vocation, did I not say that you who control men’s bodies, you masters of slaves, you potentates of the earth, that you are responsible for the souls of those you hold by temporal power ; perchance not for the redemption of them *all*, but for giving to *all* of them the *opportunities* of salvation. Had you done your duty by the Lord, I should not this day be preaching to *only* the free and the untrammelled, but listening to me would be every slave now sleeping off the arduous labors of last week in yonder barracoons. For there is *neither* bond nor free, but you are all *one* in Christ Jesus. And on the Judgment Day the King shall answer unto you all : ‘ Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it not to one of these least ones, neither did you do it unto me—’ your God.”

Here, Andrew Turnbull thinks this priest’s eyes are upon him in condemnation, and grows red in his fat features. And old Penman, who has many slaves, knows the friar means him, and looks down at his buckled shoes. And Susan is sure his eyes are on her, and at first pouts mutinously, but suddenly her face grows pale as she thinks : “ O, heavens ! Fra Lucas seems displeased with me ! ”

A few moments after, the missionary calls upon those who are prepared to accept the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist to come in front of him, and there gather together some twenty, mostly members of Spanish families of various ranks and classes, from Señora de Castro and her daughter, who hold great possessions, to Pépe, the muleteer.

Suddenly Miss Turnbull starts, for her maid Irene, forgetful of her mistress's injunctions, leaving her position on her knees before her autocrat, rises and steps to the front, where before the holy man she sinks on her knees to God.

The priest looks astonished, not at the beauty of the girl, dressed in such fashionable attire—though had it not been for her acts and pose of servitude he might have thought her some fair young lady of the highest rank—but because he knows she has not confessed to him and been absolved before coming to partake of the body of our Lord. He has already administered the sacrament to some of the penitents; he now stands in front of Irene, and bending down to her, says in kindly voice: “Your face is not one stained with sin. You have been educated in the Catholic Church?”

“Yes, father.”

“You know its laws?”

“Yes; I was confirmed by Father Aloysius, in St. Mary's Chapel, London.”

“Then you must know that you must be purified and absolved from sin to partake of the body and blood of Christ,” and he holds out to her the *hostia oblata*, the sacred wafer.

But suddenly the girl stammers, as if struck by crushing and awful thought: “Free from sin?” and whispers to him.

As he listens, a look of horror, then of supreme

compassion, comes into Fra Lucas's face. He says, sorrowfully, but decisively: "No!"

"Father!" pleadingly.

"No! Not without absolution. I will come to you to-day, and after confession and your sins have been forgiven, administer this sacrament you crave."

"To-day?"

"Yes."

He lifts up his hands and moves on to the next postulant, and Irene, still kneeling, shudders to think she is denied participation in the Eucharist for the first time since she joined the Church of Rome. Yet at the close, when the glorious Canticle of Joy, called forth by the Lord's Resurrection, and the *Ite Missa est*, Christ's farewell to earth, are played by Chloris on the spinet to the priest's low intonation, Irene Vannos, with the promise of absolution in her heart, raises up her voice and sings with such devout joy that the whole assemblage listen impressed, and Fra Lucas gazes at her, thinking that even in St. Peter's great cathedral he had heard no music like what comes to him from this girl's heart in this Western wilderness.

For the hum of the jungle is entering the open windows, and borne by the breezes can be heard the low bellowing bark of alligators from the neighboring swamps and bayous.

But one is impressed more than all the rest, and that is Susan—and she is impressed by rage—rage, that her slave should disobey her and leave her place of humility at her feet, even to bow to Jehovah; rage, that this girl, her bondmaid, who is for her pride and glory, should have sung so divinely that all think of her music—not of the mistress who owns that voice. And she mutters to herself: "Irene has demanded sacrament from the priest; she shall have penance from me!"

But she starts even as she says this; for into her subtle mind has come: "Why am I so angry? Was it the look of admiration in Fra Lucas's face, the glance of supreme pity that he gave my slave? Oh, merciful goodness! Have I, who came to conquer, remained for my own captivity?"

For the graces of this young priest, his fervid gestures, his impassioned face, have aroused a passion in this young lady who plays the penitent so meekly—and she knows it is *not* the love of God.

But shall she be effaced by her bonds slave in the eyes of this man?—NEVER!

The congregation are passing out. Friar Luke, there being no vestry to which he can retire, is in meditation. Irene would return to her mistress; but Susan, taking her maid's hand leads her in front of the Dominican.

There is a dovelike trust in Susan's blue eyes that makes her look even more innocent, if not more saintly than the churchman whom she addresses, as she says, a dainty blush upon her cheeks: "Holy father, you come to-day to receive confession and give absolution to my servant Irene. Would you, in your vocation, deign to look upon me, her mistress, another sinner, and though I am not *yet* of your church, give me consolation also?"

"You feel the need of spiritual instruction?"

"Yes, father." And Susan sinks on her knees before him and makes the sign of the cross as she has seen him make it. Over her he puts his hands and blesses her; and the glory of God comes into his face, for here is another soul that he may save.

Then she rises and there is a subtle something in her eyes that Fra Lucas doesn't understand, but thinks it must be love for the Deity, and as she goes out, followed



by her maids, mutters to himself : "She came here in her pride; she is going away humble. An innocent girl, perchance too much exalted in her arrogance of station, but withal very generous."

For Miss Turnbull has left in the priest's hands a purse heavy with gold, murmuring as she turned away: "*To be used for the glory of God.*"

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## CHAPTER IV

"FATHER, I WANT YOU TO THINK ME GOOD!"

BUT the friar might have a different opinion, did he hear little Miss Susan as she hustles her maids into her carriage whisper sharply to Marie: "You shameless jade—handle your petticoat modestly, or I will switch those silk stockings off your dainty shanks! Irene, you careless trollop, you've got your skirts soiled against the wheels. To-morrow morning, both of you, my ladies, come to me and I will cane you into better manners."

Leaving the bondmaids sitting dismayed in the wagon, for Susan's sentences are always carried out, their mistress turns with a smile of arch coquetry to Baker of the Ninth, murmuring: "You've been such a good young man, you naughty Captain, I'll take you up to breakfast with me."

"Not eaten yet?" asks the officer unbelievably—for Susan rather affects the pleasures of the table.

"No; I thought it better to listen to the man of God with fasting stomach," she returns, demurely. "Come up with me; surely you can pick a bit." For Miss Turnbull is now playing a curious game with her

own mind. Her rating of Marie was simply to show to herself that she was not jealous of Irene; she is now desperately anxious, by flirting with some other man, to prove to her inner consciousness that Fra Lucas has made no impression on her heart.

Still, all through the breakfast, in which they are joined by Andrew Turnbull, Susan cannot help thinking her military dandy is very commonplace, though decked in the full-dress uniform of his regiment, compared with the fascinations of the priesthood, as shown in Lucas de Alvarado's inspired face.

The father has mentioned to her that he will not be able to come ~~until~~ the evening, and this she watches for eagerly through the heat of the whole day, in so restless and nervous a mood that Chloris and Natalie, who keep this dainty sybarite's *siesta* free from mosquitoes, tremble at their mistress's petulance.

Irene and Marie are kept at some embroidery and still in the fine gowns they wore at mass, Susan wishing Fra Lucas to judge that she has not robed her women especially for display at church. Somehow the girl thinks this priest's condemnation would be very terrible, yet curses herself for a coward, thinking it.

"Perhaps I should not care for him, were he not a monk who is forbidden to love," she jeers herself; and curiously is half right in her suggestion; Miss Turnbull's *bizarre* mind generally turning to things prohibited—she is so grand an autocrat it is an insult to deny her anything.

At last he comes !

It is in the evening, and Miss Turnbull goes to meet him at her portals and, bowing before him, thinks his figure must be very fine, for she notes beneath his priest's frock his feet are small and aristocratic, and with high-heeled buckle shoes and silk stockings look

rather like those of a nobleman than a wandering friar.

"Will you not accept some refreshment, Father?" she asks, eagerly; for the young man looks wearied with the labors of this burning day.

"No, my daughter, though I thank you," is his answer; "not until my ministry is finished for the evening."

"Whom will you deal with first?" she murmurs, meekly. "My maid, Irene, who awaits your coming, or with me?"

"Either. Both are equal before God."

Though in her mind she resents this principle, Susan follows the priest to her library, and there sinking on her knees before him, says: "Teach me thy faith, that I may believe also."

"You are a member of some heretical sect?" he asks.

"No, father."

"Then your heart is virgin soil," he remarks. "I like that best. I have not to cast out the untruths of a false education. You have been baptized?"

"I do not know, father."

"Thy mother?" There is condemnation in the priest's voice.

"She died to give me life."

"Ah, my poor child."

Then he asks her name, and she says to him: "Susan Emma Turnbull," and he baptizes her as such. With this he commences to explain to her the Catholic faith, and, impressed by his fervid eloquence, she murmurs: "I believe!"

"Bless you, my daughter!" and joy lights up Fra Lucas's face at the thought of another soul brought to the Redeemer.

But he is not satisfied with this, saying: "As a mis-

sionary empowered by the pontiff to confirm without probation or sponsors, I must teach thee more fully." Doing so, Father Luke is astounded at the brilliant mind to which he is expounding the truths of the Church of God, and looks in admiration at his penitent as she kneels so devoutly, so inquiringly, so receptively, before him.

"With your bright soul you should become a glory to the Lord," he remarks, and confirms her in the religion of the Church of Rome, giving the postulant, as is usual in this sacrament, a slight blow upon the cheek.

For one moment Susan's eyes flame angrily. The next minute her face becomes a mass of blushes, for it is the first time Lucas's hand has touched her. And now, unknowing the reason of this ceremonial, she astounds the father by turning her other cheek to him, and saying penitently: "Do you think I am so wicked I require chastisement? If so, I will most humbly and meekly receive from thy hands, father, as penance for my sins, the discipline."

For a moment he gazes at her, touched by her humility, then says: "No, my daughter, such atonement is not necessary. Our church is a church of love to those who believe. This light blow upon your cheek is to remind you that victory is obtained, not by repelling violence by violence, but by bearing patiently insult, indignity, and injustice for Christ's sake, as it is written of the Apostles. But you're a good child," he adds, "and have a contrite spirit."

Susan, feeling even as she speaks the bliss of the touch of his hand that has come to her, murmurs: "How great are the consolations of religion!" and deceives herself, thinking that she believes. But she believes, *not* in the Holy Catholic Church, neither *in God*, but simply *in this man* who preaches God.

And now he says : " Confession ! This must be entire, sincere, explicit, contrite, humble, and respectful."

Here she astounds him again, for she answers : " Father, I cannot think of any sins."

" No sin ! None that have come upon this earth are so pure as to be free—except the Virgin Mary, the Mother of God. Have you a sleeping conscience, my daughter ? Think !"

" Oh, yes ; one sin, holy father. I think of one. I kissed a pirate."

" Kissed a pirate ! *O infelix puella !*"

" Yes ; but that was to protect my innocence from his defilement—a lesser sin to avoid a greater." And she blushes mightily and hangs her head, as she tells her confessor of Dick Boccock, thinking her kisses now an *awful* sin, not against God, but against Fra Lucas.

To her he says : " Your contrition does much to take away the guilt, my daughter ;" for there are tears in Susan's blue eyes, that somehow become softer as they gaze upon this priest. " Think again ; you must have other sins."

" Oh, father, do I look so wicked ?"

" No, my child ; but none are stainless. Reflect. Have you no sins of habit—so long persisted in that you do not recognize the transgression ?"

" I—I hope not !"

" Remember—thy pride—thy appearance at mass this morning."

" I ?—my glance was humble ; my dress was likewise plain."

" Pride in thy wealth—ostentation in thy maid-servants, who were arrayed to give thee glory."

" No, no ; that is their usual Sunday dress, as you will see."

But her spiritual director will not permit her to escape, and makes her acknowledge the sin of pride, saying sternly: "My daughter, this confession, before you partake for the first time of the holy Eucharist, should be a general one, commencing at your first recollection," and suggests Miss Turnbull may have sometimes let anger overcome her during her life.

"But I—I have been very meek and humble to-day," she pleads.

"But yesterday—and the day before." And Fra Lucas makes his pretty convert confess to the sin of anger. Then he calls to her mind avarice.

"I—did I not give to the church? I will give *more!*" And Susan, remembering the gold she had placed in this good man's hands this very day came from Irene's purse, grows red and falters: "Yes, I—I suppose I like money;" then adds divinely: "You can do so much good with it."

"Yes; charity covers a multitude of sins. But *laus propria sordet*; your very contention that you have committed so few sins, makes me doubt that you are as stainless as you think yourself. My daughter, you are either very innocent, or else so hardened that you do not know when you transgress."

"Hardened, father?" and there is so touching a reproach in the beautiful eyes that even Fra Lucas, strong churchman as he is, feels that he is perhaps too severe in his treatment of this beautiful and innocent girl, who has accepted salvation so contritely from his hands.

Still he will do his duty, and he proceeds sin by sin and commandment by commandment, to question Susan, and will not permit her to think she is as innocent as she asserts, so impressing her that she acknowledges a good many minor faults—for he cannot

believe so innocent-looking a being has any very great ones. Finally he thinks this most well-intentioned maiden, who has tears in her blue eyes under the reproof of this man she is beginning to love, yet also fear, is fit to receive the sacrament of the body and blood of the Lord. Therefore, after a few prayers, which she humbly on her knees repeats, Fra Lucas gives her absolution and administers to her the sacrament, then goes from her to confess Irene.

Gazing after him, Susan whispers to herself: "Does my bond-girl dare to think she can have greater privileges in the church than I, her mistress?"

An hour afterward, Fra Lucas, coming from his interview with Irene, her slave, looks with very curious and perchance stern eyes upon his new convert, as he makes his bow and takes his leave, declining rather curtly Miss Susan's offer of refreshment that she has had prepared for him.

At the door he turns, and there is condemnation in his voice as he says sternly to her: "You remember what I spoke of in my sermon—your slaves?"

"Yes; that is what I wish to speak to you about," answers his convert, so sweetly, so modestly, that the friar's face shows wonder. "I have spoken to my uncle—though I have no control over the hands working in the indigo plantation—and to-morrow morning, at my request, before they are exhausted by their toil, when they are fresh and can give their minds to God, you can speak to them. Three or four gangs will be collected together, and they will listen to you as long as you may wish. Their labor will not be required from them until you have ministered to them."

This slightly softens the priest's reproving glance, and he says: "Thank you, my daughter," and blesses her.

Here she astonishes him more, for she pleads: "Please come to-morrow and confess me *again*. I shall perhaps think of some more sins by that time." Then looking up into his benign face she murmurs, putting her whole soul into the words: "Father Lucas, I—I want you to think me *good*!"

"That shall be according to your conduct, my daughter," answers the priest, and goes away wonderingly. But there is something in his eyes that disturbs Miss Turnbull.

He has no sooner gone from the house than she flies in to Irene, confronts her and sobs: "You cruel girl! What wicked stories have you told Fra Lucas about me, your mistress?"

To this Irene, who has agonized face herself, answers: "As a member of the Holy Catholic Church, you, my mistress, must know that the secrets of the confessional are sacred even from your exaction!" then bursts out weeping: "The holy father would not absolve me!" and turning with flaming eyes upon the new convert, cries: "*You* have kept me from the sacrament of God!"

"Oh, it was your own wicked heart!" says Susan, severely.

"No! *Your* wickedness has made *my* wickedness."

"Oh, heaven! What did you tell him I had done to you?"

"That secret is my own, and God's, and Father Lucas's."

And though Susan begs and prays her slave to reveal to her what she has told him, and threatens her cruelly, Irene answers: "If you torture me, he will know that it is on account of my confession. You have now some one over you, as I have over me."

"Ah, you think he will defend you! You—you love Fra Lucas! Villain-girl, *you love him*!"



"Love him only as the representative of my Redeemer," sighs Irene. "My earthly love is the man from whom you have torn me—the man I never shall see again on earth," and the tormented slave throws up her hands toward heaven.

"Ah, but I will be good to you *now*—and you must not tell Fra Lucas any more tales about your kind mistress." With this, Susan puts her arms around Irene.

But the girl sobs: "Good to *me*! Give me back my father and my mother!—my sister that you have sold! Give me back my happiness—my freedom!"

"Oho! You would take advantage of my joining your church, to try and steal yourself from me, you selfish thing!" cries Susan, and, leaving her maid, half makes up her mind to have Irene cruelly punished; but thinking of Fra Lucas, concludes that it will be best done when he has gone away.

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## CHAPTER V

### SUSAN'S DREAM OF HOLINESS.

THE next morning, the good priest is ministering to a concourse of Turnbull's slaves gathered together outside a barracoon, when to his astonishment, Miss Susan drives down. Listening devoutly to him, she kneels when he kneels and prays when he prays.

Soon, his ministry to the toilers being over, Fra Lucas comes to his convert, as she, robed in spotless white, sits in her pretty little phaeton; Sambo, her groom, standing at the horses' heads.

O, the sunny smile she gives him!—thinking perchance that he will praise her attendance at this lowly gathering.

But her confessor's face has awful condemnation in it. Susan has sprung from the carriage and bent her head reverently for his blessing; but, seeming to her handsome as an archangel, he says sternly: "These are *thy* slaves. I have been talking to faces saddened by despair, gazing into eyes without one hope in life, looking upon forms wasted by suffering and pinched by famine, and have been crying to them to believe in the goodness of God! How can they believe in it, when they see so little of his mercy on this earth, in *you*?"

To this his fair disciple, with a shudder, murmurs: "Condemned—for the sins of *others*!" and sinks sobbing as if her heart would break at the feet of her confessor.

These tears the friar thinks are penitence and they mollify him a little.

"These are not *my* slaves! I have no control of them—and yet how cruel you are to me," she falters, reproach in her blue eyes and love in her glance, which Lucas thinks is the love of God, as she goes on speaking hurriedly: "Father, you preach to another meeting of these un—unfortunates?"

"Yes, in a quarter of an hour, near the barracoons upon the creek."

"There I will make atonement."

"For thy sins, my daughter?"

"For the sins of *others*!"

Then the monk gazes after Susan, wondering what she means, as she steps into her phaeton and drives furiously away; little Sambo, as he mounts the rumble, having his eyes very big with astonishment that his missus, whom he regards as the boss of the earth, should so crawl in the dust at the feet of any one. "Is she 'fraid de fader will lick her?" cogitates the Ethiopian tiger, his brain in a whirl.

Five minutes after, Miss Turnbull dashes, a mass of white floating draperies, teary, but angry eyes, and excited gestures, into the dining-room where old Andrew is taking his breakfast, and there astonishes him. She cries: "Uncle, more provisions for the slaves! I demand at once, this morning, one quart of corn extra a week, and four ounces of bacon to each man and woman of the gangs! Give me your order to your storekeepers to that effect."

"The rascals get enough now! Think of the expense—fifteen hundred quarts of corn a week more—several hundred pounds of bacon!—and indigo has gone down under our shipments!"

"Nevertheless, I *will* have it! I'll—I'll pay the money out of my own pocket! It must be done—*sign the order!*"

"Not by *Tophet*, you crazy jade!"

"Oh Heavens! Do you want me to lose my soul because of your cruelty and injustice and wickedness, you awful creature?"

"Lose thy soul!"

"Yes; Father Lucas——"

"Fore Gad! Has this friar converted you?"

"I have taken the sacrament of the Church of Rome."

"Well, I'll be damned!" gasps Turnbull, so astounded he has hardly breath to speak. Then he breaks out at her: "You wretched little female Jacobite! This will be nice news to send to England, when we ask for further grants of land."

But impressed by his niece's manner, also her threats—for she swears she will go to Governor Grant herself and tell him the slaves do not get food enough—Andrew grumblingly signs the orders that she writes, and she, clutching them to her breast, springs into her phaeton again and flies away.

As the missionary is finishing his ministering to another congregation of Turnbull's half-starved slaves, he sees Miss Susan, looking like an angel of charity, drive up, followed by a big wagon laden with corn and bacon. This she, with her own fair hands, helps distribute to the ravenous wretches, commanding the overseer to give the slaves the necessary time to cook and consume it.

To the priest she explains: "This increase in rations is not merely for these, but for every gang on the estate! Wagons are going to all. See, one passes along the road now! And it will not be for this day only, but it will be as long as I have any influence with my uncle," she whispers eagerly.

Who can withstand beauty and charity?—for such Fra Lucas thinks are here combined—and when Susan bends her fair head to him and begs: "Father, thy blessing, that thou didst omit this morning, and nearly broke my heart!" he gives it to her reverently, yea, even tenderly.

Then—for his labor for the morning is over, and he has not partaken of food this day—he makes his penitent very happy by accepting her eager invitation to take breakfast at her home. And Miss Susan, stepping into the phaeton, drives beside him, looking as demure a saint as ever schemed to win the love of a good man, as he says to her: "My daughter, why did you not do this charitable thing before?"

"Father, I have no authority in the management of these indigo plantations. I never visited them. It was hard to look upon suffering that I could not relieve."

"Could not relieve? You did it this morning."

"Ah! then your condemnation made me desperate. I—I threatened my uncle."

"*My* condemnation?" says the priest meditatively, and looking at her searchingly, asks: "Did you fear *my* condemnation more than that of the Lord?"

"No, father. But since I have received the Faith, I have meditated more upon these things." To this she adds in charming naivety: "I—I have been thinking I am not as worthy as I should be."

"No, my daughter; none of us are that."

"Then, father," murmurs Susan, her whole soul in her eyes, "I have a petition. Become my own personal instructor; take my spiritual life absolutely under your hands, to guide to God."

"This is a weighty request," remarks Fra Lucas, and asks pointedly: "Are you humble enough to submit yourself absolutely to my command?"

"I think so, father; if not, I pray you by your discipline to make me so," she whispers, her blue eyes softly meek and tenderly dreamy—then suddenly flaming up with a conquering passion, that the priest thinks is the love of God.

Noticing the beauty of his new penitent—though this affects him not, but still makes him pause—Lucas replies: "I will answer you later in the day; but previously will fast and commune with myself, for this is a matter of *my* life as well as of *yours*. And as to your spiritual welfare, my daughter," continues the priest, his words commencing to frighten Susan, "in regard to these unfortunate beings that are more particularly in your service—your own household—your Greek maid-servants. Are they under your absolute control?"

"Yes, father," she answers; "they—they are my own personal property." For now she does not dare to lie to him.

As a missionary, I am not permitted," remarks

Friar Luke, "to question your local laws in this province, as they have been interpreted by the Governor and the courts here, which have given you possession of these beings. Some of these unfortunates seem to me to have been ladies of refinement, education, and accomplishments."

"They have; therefore I have tried to keep them from labor in the fields, and I think you'll admit that they are generously fed, beautifully clothed, and properly housed. They are not sent as ordinary slaves to the overseers for punishment."

"You, I hope, are personally merciful to them." For Irene's confession has given Fra Lucas grave doubts upon this subject.

"As much as is possible or wise. Father, you know for my rule to be effective in my household it must be absolute. There must be a head to everything."

"Undoubtedly, my daughter."

"And the very condition of my maids, dependent on me for everything, even by their servitude deprived of the right to judge for themselves, compels me to a government that is parental or scholastic in its discipline. When my women do wrong, I judge their crime and punish them accordingly."

But here, noticing some condemnation in the eyes of the friar, who cannot forget the tale Irene has told him, she murmurs craftily, but humbly: "When you accept my spiritual government, I shall of course obey your directions in *all* matters"—offering him a cunning bribe to accept an office which will place her on terms of much greater intimacy with him. If Fra Lucas thinks her slaves are cruelly chastised, that will be so much the more reason for him to accept the post of Susan's spiritual dictator, so that he may mitigate their pangs

Then she says, eagerly, pleadingly: "You will accept the office, for my own welfare, father? Permit me to make another confession to you this day."

"Thy other sins have been absolved, my child."

"But from last night until this morning—oh, I have found many in my heart!"

And Fra Lucas almost smiles as he steps after his hostess into her dining-room, which is refreshingly cool and shady, and thinks: "My penitent knew of no sin in her *whole* life before, yet in twelve hours she has found so many."

Then comes a half-hour of rapture to Susan Turnbull. She sees Lucas, not as a priest, but as a man. He speaks to her almost as Lucas de Alvarado would have addressed some lady in far-away Spain, before he had taken holy orders.

His conversation is charming, showing a wide knowledge of the world, men, history, and great accomplishments in the physical and exact sciences. Withal he is a traveler, and relates most pleasantly of strange lands he has visited under the command of the church—of the Indians of the Orinoco, upon the upper waters of which he had spent a year.

The Dominican himself cannot help noticing the dainty, piquant beauty of his hostess, as she sits in sheer white muslin that gives glimpses of her pretty arms and gleaming neck, and prattles to him of the management of her household, and her life in England before she came to this New World. Throughout the meal, the well conducted nature of Miss Turnbull's home, its order, its neatness, the quiet method in which her servants do their work, appeal to him.

The breakfast is an exquisite one, fresh flowers decking the table, upon which are fruits, vegetables, and fish just from the inlet, and the friar cannot

help thinking the lady who rules this household must have great executive ability, which of course carries with it the thought of proper consideration for the governed.

Fra Lucas would now accept Susan's justice, even goodness, to her dependents without a doubt, were it not that Irene has confessed to him, and for which he has not yet given her absolution, that *she had wished to take her mistress's life*, and in palliation of this has told him enough of her wrongs to make the father look still somewhat dubiously upon his new convert. Though, even this morning, has he not had proof of her goodness and her penitence?

He shall have *more*, his convert resolves; and going with him to her library, she makes humble confession of various sins committed in the last twelve hours, accusing herself of many little peccadilloes, and begging for severe penance; for Susan is not a girl who does things in a half-way manner, and at this time would become an anchorite, with *cilice* and scourge, if the handsome priest who now fills her soul would supervise her retreat and maceration.

Therefore to her pleading he gives her a meditation; and she murmurs, meekly: "I shall retire this afternoon and spend the hours in fasting and prayer."

Then she rings her handbell, and Natalie coming, looking quite plump as to limbs and body, and beautifully clothed in white with exquisite cleanliness and care, Susan remarks: "Father, this is my secretary, one of my bondmaids," and dictates a short note declining Miss Mary Ross's invitation for this afternoon.

For having cunningly asked Lucas to instruct her more fully in his faith, which is now hers, he has given her one or two books of the Roman Catholic doctrine to read, and now Susan hopes he may come and



question her upon them this evening, and perhaps assume—O, blessed hope—the office of her personal spiritual director—as was the custom of that day, many great ladies in France and Spain having their own special confessors attached to their households.

Therefore she asks Father Luke if he will not also sup with them, so that he may add his words to hers to induce her infidel uncle to be more humane in the management of the plantations.

This invitation, to her delight, the handsome young priest accepts, thinking it his duty to do everything possible to ameliorate the condition of these unfortunates—so joy beams in Susan's face.

Calling her maid to her, at her motion the Greek lady sinks kneeling at Susan's feet. Putting her hand upon her head, she says: "Natalie, Fra Lucas this morning accused me of carelessness as to my slaves' welfare; am I an unjust mistress?"

Susan is very wise in her selection of replicant for this question, for under her strict discipline Natalie has become a fawning sycophant, holding an abject terror of her mistress, and this unfortunate lady knows that she is already marked for chastisement, and would do anything to save her tender limbs from a thin, lithe, torturing whalebone cane that is kept for her special correction in a little closet of the library. Susan has also craftily permitted her attendant to discover that she wishes to be well thought of by the young priest. Therefore Natalie, turning her eyes unto her mistress at her question, murmurs: "Oh, *Madame!*" in shocked astonishment.

A moment after, Miss Turnbull says: "Father, could you excuse me for a few minutes? My household duties—please enjoy yourself among the books in the library. We have also some copies of the *Advertiser*

and the *Gentleman's Magazine* from London; they may interest you."

"I have been so long from Europe that it seems another world to me as I read of it," answers the ecclesiastic, taking up a periodical.

"If you do not care to read, my maid can chat with you. Natalie, you have my permission to speak to Fra Lucas," remarks Susan as she rises, adding deprecatingly: "You know I am compelled, father, to sternly interdict any conversation save that of absolute service and attendance on my guests between my maids and gentlemen who visit here, for my women's own welfare. There are so many careless officers about; the naval lieutenant also who commands that schooner is a very reckless fellow among young wenches."

So Susan goes away to the duties of her household, leaving Lucas, whose thought is always for the glory of God, looking at Natalie as she sits writing at a near by table. "Here is another soul," he thinks, and speaks to the girl upon matters of religion, saying: "Miss Turnbull has been converted to belief in the true church; will you not also receive instruction from me?"

"If I can get my mistress's permission, sir."

"Oh, I do not doubt she will give her assent. She is just to you?" he half asserts, half questions.

"Oh, yes, sir!" And Fra Lucas is much elated with the answer.

Then thinking he may get further insight into his new convert's mind, he asks one or two deft questions, and receives from Natalie a most pleasing statement of Miss Susan's treatment of her maids. "Of course," adds the girl, blushing, "I am punished when I deserve it; but my mistress is *very* just."

So slavery being then a most well-established conventional fact in the world, and in full usage in all the Spanish colonies, and almost over all the earth, the Church of Rome and all other churches assenting to it, the priest gazes with approving eyes on Susan Turnbull, as somewhat later in the day he says to her : "I have prayed and meditated on your petition, my daughter, and will assume the guidance of your spirit that you put contritely into my hand."

"You—you assume the office of my personal spiritual director?" she murmurs, a strange glow on her face.

"Yes, my daughter. I trust to make you, under the church's teaching, a glory unto the Lord. This evening I will instruct you further in the tenets of our religion." He puts his hand over her and blessing her, goes away.

And, oh, the joy of this to little Susan! Her Lucas—for she now thinks of him as such—will be near her often, when he can journey from his missionary work to personally instruct her. "Near him, that I may look upon his beautiful face! Near him that I—O, God, that can never be!"—she shudders, then murmurs in strange admiration of a sanctity she cannot understand: "He is too good a man, too true a priest! But he *shall* think me worthy! Otherwise he could not respect me—he could not love me!"

Into her imagination now comes a phantasy that some day Lucas may give to her, if not an earthly love, at least a spiritual adoration—some affection that will not soil his conscience, yet will make her happy; and she cries: "He *shall* think me good!"

But now a sudden shudder runs through her; for, as she sits on the veranda, Mrs. Catto is shown in to her by Marie.

To her the mulatto woman says: "All dem wenches for sale am ready to put on board de schooner to-night."

"Hush—speak low!" whispers Susan; then cries sharply: "Marie, what are you waiting for?"

For the girl is lingering tremulously, anxious to hear Sulky's words. As per promise, Miss Turnbull has caned this young lady most thoroughly and pitilessly this morning, before she drove down to listen to the word of God; therefore Mademoiselle Rasselli's every sense is on the alert to avoid a repetition of the torture—alert to catch her mistress's slightest word, or even gesture—alert also on a scheme of subtle vengeance—so alert, the whispered mutterings of the mulatto woman about the sailing schooner and shipping slaves from the barracoon come clearly to her straining ears.

"Madame, I—I was only awaiting your pleasure," falters Marie, dropping a humble courtesy.

"Well, my pleasure is that you go and get my dress ready for this evening," commands Susan, pointedly. Then, her maid having gone, she asks of Mrs. Catto: "Is the schooner prepared?"

"Yes, missey."

"Quite right! Have the wenches put on board the *Sea Gull* quietly to-night," answers Susan, her eyes seeming curiously troubled. "Have every preparation made to sail."

"You comin' wid us, missus, to de Havannah?"

"Probably." Though as she speaks, Miss Turnbull knows so long as Lucas remains in New Smyrna, she can never leave it.

"Yo' quarters on board is very fine, maum. Cabins like de Guv'nor's house in Jamaica."

"Yes—but go and make your preparations, Sulky. I will send orders about sailing," mutters Susan, an unusual tremor in her voice.

Mrs. Catto taking her departure, Miss Turnbull looks at the inlet, in which is floating so lightly the beautiful schooner which has brought her from England, and which is now fitted up for her slave-dealing journey to the Havannah; then almost faints with sudden pain at the heart. She is shuddering: "If my Lucas should discover! If he should ever learn! *That* he would condemn—*that* he would never forgive!" A moment's thought and she jeers: "Pshaw! Though he has a subtle brain, his new penitent can trick him. He is wise in *his* lights, but innocent in *mine*. He shall *never* know. When he goes to his mission work, I will sell them all; then, when he comes back, my women's barracoon shall be clean—*clean as my soul*! They will all have been sold, and I will be ready to go to Greece for more."

For love has by no means driven out ambition from this young lady's heart; indeed it has added to it. She now associates her Lucas with her great scheme of power. "My glory shall be his glory," she thinks. So in the soft hum of that tropic day, lying languidly in her hammock, dreams of softest fancy come to Susan, and one face, one form, is the center of them all.

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## CHAPTER VI.

"NOW I KNOW HOW TO BREAK YOUR HEART! "

WITH this gladness in her soul, Miss Turnbull, returning to her library, relieves the trembling Natalie's fear by patting her on the shoulder and saying: "You have been a docile wench this morning, and your last

three mistakes in my letters and blotting of my diary are forgiven you. Always tell the truth about your mistress, and speak well of her."

"I always do, Madame," replies her bond-maid-secretary, shivering under the young lady's hand, which is playing with her ear.

Soon other evidences come this day to Friar Lucas of Susan's goodness. For his penitent, successful in her first attempt, contrives that the good priest shall hear more of her praises sung.

This afternoon, ministering at the sick bed of the wife of one of Turnbull's overseers, the Dominican is told by the husband how "the young missus up at the cottage has been a right good friend to his sick gal."

"By gum, parson! Missus Turnbull guv me five guineas to buy my lass wines and kickshaws!" remarks the man, omitting, however, to state that the donation was presented to him but an hour before.

Also young Rumford, an invalid, one of the clerks in the shipping-house, tells the priest who stands by his cot that Miss Susan has been an angel to him, failing to remark that, anticipating the father's visit, the young lady had ministered to the sufferer some three hours in advance of his reverence.

So murmuring: "*Spectemur agendo*. 'Let us be judged by our works,'" Fra Lucas takes his way this evening to the Turnbull mansion, quite happy in these revelations of the goodness, charity and mercy of its fair young mistress, whose bright mind has appealed to him; for with his whole heart he wants to believe that Susan Turnbull, his new convert, is worthy, so that she may become an honor to the church of God. "I will make this brand that I have plucked from the burning a flaming glory unto the Lord!" he says to

himself, even as he enters the house. "She must be of good intent; she ministers to the poor."

Curiously, at supper this young lady's uncle, by his perversity and bluff refusal to do more for his toiling slaves, adds to Fra Lucas's good opinion of his fair disciple.

"By Jove, sir!" says Andrew, "My cozening niece made me—at your suggestion, I presume—go to great expense this morning in overfeeding my gangs."

"They did not seem to me overfed, and I have had experience of fasting men," remarks Lucas conservatively. For it is not easy to tell your host, with your legs under his mahogany, that he is using human beings with even more cruelty than he treats his beasts of the field. Besides, acting with that wise moderation that has so often governed the Church of Rome, the priest thinks that he can do more for these suffering serfs by gradually seeking to lessen their privations than by making an uncompromising attack on their autocrat; especially now, as the friar feels that he has the good heart of Susan Turnbull fighting by his side.

But, like most men having a weak case, the merchant seems to fear he will be attacked, and mutters: "'Fore Gad, sir, no one will dispute the legality of my ownership of these slaves! Governor Grant and the Grand Jury have decided upon that, and but lately condemned five to death as rebels against my lawful rule."

"Of course it is not my mission," returns the young man, a slight sneer in his voice, "to interfere with the officials of this colony. As a Catholic priest, my word, I am sorry to say, would be of less value than that of any layman. The English government does not look kindly on my cloth."

"No, sir; we do not like Jacobites!—though that pert hussy across the table there by her savage glances

would seem to contradict me;" for Susan is gazing with flaming eyes upon her uncle, who has perchance taken too much Madeira for his politeness.

"Egad! She's a wily jade," laughs Andrew. "Cozened me out of fifteen hundred quarts of corn and two hundred and fifty pounds of bacon to-day, by my ledger. I hope you will teach her, father, that obedience to her guardian is one of her duties to God. The pert minx even sauces me in my own house!—defied me but yesterday, when I would have ordered that haughty-eyed housekeeping trollop Alida to the whipping-post, because my dinner was spoiled. You see, Susie's a little finnick about having her maids punished by my overseers—thinks it isn't to their modesty or to her pride. Still, she governs her household pretty shrewdly after all; not a wench of them but jumps when little Susie says the word," chuckles Andrew.

"We—we will leave you to your Madeira, my dear uncle, and go on the veranda," laughs Susan, rising and concealing agitation with a titter, for 'Turnbull's revelations are becoming slightly too confidential.

Though even these have tended to exalt his new penitent from the friar's point of view. He cogitates: "No wonder this unaided girl could not succeed in turning this brutal man, who figures human flesh and blood as so many doubloons, to greater tenderness and consideration for the beings he holds in his hands."

This view of the subject, when they are together, Lucas suggests to Miss Turnbull, as they sit on the low veranda in the dusk of the evening, and she thanks in her heart her dear old unkie for being so wicked. Then Miss Theologian devotes herself to astounding and delighting her spiritual instructor, for when he questions her upon the doctrinal books she has read, her answers are so full of subtle comprehension, that



he says admiringly: "You will soon be able to discuss schismatic problems with the doctors of the law, my daughter."

"I don't care for doctrinal dispute," she replies in confiding trust. "What I want is to *believe* and to be *good*, father! I will accept *anything* you tell me is the faith of the Church."

This submission to his guidance touches Fra Lucas deeply. He has no doubt of his disciple's sincerity, for true love is often very much akin to holiness.

To him she says, lightly, though very pleadingly: "Such answers as I have given you should win a prize. Should I not have from your hands, as a reward for learning my lesson and being a very good girl, and on your taking full control of me as my spiritual director—for I am in your hands now, father, and obedient to your commands—" she bends her head humbly before him, "one of these little books of holiness, in it your signature?"

His answer in the affirmative makes her very happy.

"Come, put your name in it," she says, half laughing in a low, sweet voice, and trips ahead of Fra Lucas to her library, where Natalie, her secretary, is seated writing.

This lady now has a little white maid's cap pinned upon her head; her dress is cut in maid's style: for Susan will have no visitors mistake the station of her slave-girls. This garment has been made in expectation of her Havannah trip, Miss Turnbull thinking that on her travels the Greek robes of her attendants may invite comment.

The young woman rises hurriedly and courtesies humbly.

While Fra Lucas is writing in the little volume, Susan whispers sharply, "You can put away your task

until to-morrow. Go quickly to your room and get to bed. Tell Alida to lock you in and bring the key to me."

Natalie courtesying and tripping away, the priest hands the book to Susan, giving her a new joy, for in it she reads, inscribed in the handwriting of the man she loves:

"From Lucas de Alvarado,

To his disciple and well beloved daughter in the church,  
Susan Emma Turnbull."

"Oh, thank you, father! You've made this exceedingly precious to me," and she holds the missal to her breast as if it were indeed a treasure.

"My signature cannot add to the virtue of the book, my daughter."

"Still, your name in it will make me study it more fervidly." She looks archly at him, then droops her eyes, and murmurs: "By it I shall remember that my awful director will put stern penance on me if I miss my tasks."

Just here a key is brought to her by Alida, who courtesies, saying: "Natalie is locked up for the night, Madame."

Noting inquiry in the priest's glance, Susan remarks: "Gentlemen visitors will be here soon in all probability, and I like to have my young women secure from their attentions. It is my duty to look after my maids' morality, is it not, father?"

"Undoubtedly, my daughter." And the two go out on the veranda together; for other guests are dropping into the villa.

Though Susan doesn't like their interruption, she smiles most pleasantly upon Captain Baker, and even the rollicking lieutenant in the navy, Jack Barrowe, of whose vices she has sung to the friar this morning; for

she doesn't dare to show ill-temper under the eyes of her spiritual director, of whom his convert stands in considerable awe.

Among others, having driven down from Rock House, come Jack Penman and his sister. Soon there is quite a group upon the balcony, laughing and talking, all being served with lemonade and sangaree, very prettily carried about by Irene and Marie, both dressed in the gorgeous white satin costumes of Sunday; Miss Susan hoping to show Fra Lucas that her maids were not attired for special display at his mass.

Satisfied of the goodness of his fair penitent, the priest, looking calmly on at the frivolities of others, cannot help noticing the two charming slave-girls as they flit about in humble attendance, courtesying lowly as they offer each guest refreshment; Irene drooping her eyes, and Marie blushing hotly every time she makes the required obeisance, for the proud spirit of Mademoiselle la Comtesse Rasselli has not yet been sufficiently disciplined for her to accept with humility her servile station.

Their attendance, however, being finished, Miss Susan calls her maids to her and directs: "You may now wait for me in the ante-room of my chamber," a room whose French windows are open upon the balcony. To them she adds sharply, as they courtesy and withdraw: "Irene, turn up the lamp, so I can see you standing at your embroidery frame. Marie, as soon as you have arranged my bed, let me see you beside Irene, erect and diligent at your tambour." For Susan likes to keep her maids from idleness.

Listening to this, Lucas notices that both the girls' feet tremble as they make their courtesies, and furthermore cannot help remarking the astuteness of Miss Turnbull's directions. Standing at their embroidery

in the lamplight of the room, with open windows, both of the girls are absolutely under their mistress's eye as she sits chatting and laughing on the veranda.

Perchance divining her spiritual director's thought, his new convert comes and whispers to him: "I like to know exactly where my women are, when there are so many reckless gentlemen about. I feel responsible for their seemly conduct; more so *now* probably than ever."

So Fra Lucas thinks Susan, if not very merciful, at least means well and is quite wise in the matters of her household.

But the hospitalities of her gathering take the fair young hostess away from him.

Declining invitation to further refreshment, the priest sits in meditation on the balcony, the sounds of subdued merriment floating to him from the far-away dining-room, where the mistress of the house and nearly all her guests are now gathered.

Soon, curiously, comes to him further evidence of the wisdom of Susan's government.

Sitting quietly by himself, shaded by the thickly growing vines that are twining round several near-by pillars of the balcony, Fra Lucas is unnoticed. He is just at an angle where the veranda, following the house, places anyone standing on the other side of him out of observation from the main portico.

To him in very low tones comes the murmur of conversation between a soft female voice and a masculine nautical one.

Looking out from the surrounding vines, the ecclesiastic sees Marie, Miss Turnbull's beautiful and accomplished maid, hold surreptitious interview with some man, apparently a seaman—probably one of the under officers of the war-schooner.

Though Father Luke cannot hear the conversation, this is what it is:

"You're sartin, you alluring witch," whispers the sailor gallantly, "that her schooner sails to-morrow morning?"

"Such were my mistress's orders," returns Marie, in so low a voice her soft breath hardly disturbs the air in front of her.

"Ah, but the p'int is, does *she* sail on it? My skipper is a-waiting for 'er; he's as sweet on 'er as I on you. Will your missus sail to-morrow on the *Sea Gull*?"

"She will, if *I* can make her!"

"But how will Captain Dick know this?"

"The white curtain of the center garret window, right over where I stand, will float out all to-morrow morning if Miss Turnbull sails. It can be seen by telescope a long way down the inlet."

"All right, my Polly! Come out into the garden with your lad!"

"I dare not! The dust on my slippers would show I had been away from the house; I should be punished."

"Then, you trembling jade, let's have a smack here for luck! My cozening wench, you're going to be Red Sam's lass, when Dick Bocock falls to with your missus." And the ready seaman's arm would go round the lithe waist and draw the lovely and piquant girl towards him.

But here Fra Lucas, who, though he cannot catch the conversation, understands the gesture, by discreetly rustling the vines, terminates the interview.

With a low cry of terror, Marie flutters tremblingly away.

What he sees, however, proves to the priest the

wisdom of Miss Turnbull's remarks about keeping her women carefully from military dalliance.

A few minutes after, Marie is standing by Irene in the little ante-chamber, both now engaged in embroidery.

To her sister bondmaid she mutters bitterly: "Look at her saintly ladyship now!" For Miss Susan is standing on the veranda in the moonlight, in happy attention to the words of Fra Lucas.

"Oh, Marie, that godly man thinks her, with all her awful crimes, fit to partake of the sacrament of the altar!—and me, with my terrible sufferings, with my breaking heart, unworthy of the Eucharist!" shudders Irene.

"Our tyrant loves the friar!" murmurs Marie, the words hardly leaving her lips, she is so fearful some breath may bear them to her mistress. "In time, that innocent young priest," she sneers, "will be deceived by her wondrous arts into loving her!"

Then, as she sees Susan bow her head humbly, her mien saintly, her blue eyes upraised to her spiritual director in childish innocence, though there is a womanly happiness in her sensitive face, Marie laughs low and mockingly: "You Jezebel! *Now I know how to break your heart!* This man you love shall despise you as I despise you—shall loathe you as I loathe you!"

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## CHAPTER VII.

"WILL THE SPARK BRING FIRE?"

EVEN as she thinks, she trembles at the awful reckoning her autocrat will make with her if she ever learns, or even guesses or suspects. But still Mademoiselle Ras-

selli is resolved to take great chances in this matter, and thinking it over gives a sigh. Her state of servitude makes her so helpless.

But her mind is bright; she reasons very quickly. She is not allowed to leave the house without permission; therefore within the Turnbull mansion itself this girl knows she must bring about her mistress's undoing.

Then, chancing to see in the glass her own extreme, dainty, brunette beauty—made almost pathetic by chastisement and humiliation, for Marie's face is lighted with eyes of wondrous appeal in her captivity, and with her tresses unbound and crowned with her little maid's cap, and her superbly developed figure displayed by the tight bodice and by the short hooped petticoat, from which peep rounded limbs of such wondrous grace and feet so little, so high-instepped, that they might have danced off a dozen John the Baptists' heads—she has a wild thought of trying to win *for herself* this Father Lucas's love, and so breaking her hated mistress's heart.

But a second's consideration tells the *intrigante* the man she gazes on is too true a priest for such a ruse, even though played with all the witchery of a Cleopatra. Suddenly the few words of Mrs. Catto this morning give Marie a hint, and her resolve is taken.

"I must act *now*!" she thinks. "Every hour is to my tyrant's advantage. If she suspects, by a breath she can imprison me."

The guests are going away. Miss Susan is out at the entrance, bidding Penman and his sister good-by. Father Lucas is pacing, meditatively, the veranda, almost alone, though at the other end of it Lieutenant Barrowe and young Isaiah Cutter are smoking and chatting together.

Suddenly there is a pleading touch upon his arm.

Marie's exquisite face is looking into his, her lips are whispering: "Father, a word with you."

"Certainly, my daughter," replies the priest. Though, remembering this girl's apparent lightness of conduct, his glance is somewhat severe. "You wish to speak to me about yourself?"

"No, father; my fellow-bondmaid here. Please step into this ante-chamber. Irene is breaking her heart because you have refused her the consolations of your church."

A moment after, the worthy priest, in the ante-chamber, is whispering to Irene almost pleadingly: "Have you repented, my daughter?"

She falters to him: "No, father. I have prayed, but I cannot take my sin from my heart."

"Then, until you put this awful desire out of your mind, you have in it hatred, malice, and murder. With these in your soul you cannot be absolved. I am astonished you should have such feelings towards your mistress, who seems at least just to you," he says.

"Just to us?" whispers Marie, and confronts the friar with a gleaming face.

"Yes; she is strict only for your own good," answers the priest severely. Then he adds, addressing himself to Miss Rasselli: "Mademoiselle, it is not my province to criticize the legality of your servitude. But so long as you are a bondmaid in this house, it is not right for you to hold conversation with the gentlemen guests. What might be correct, were you a young lady visitor, is not seemly in your present station. That sea-officer who spoke to you a little while ago meant you no good."

At his words Marie grows pale with fear and her limbs shake as if she had the ague; but with desperate spirit she controls her voice, though this is low and



trembling. "You are perfectly correct, father," she says bitterly, "in your condemnation of a *slave's* conduct. But it is not easy, even though caned like a lap-dog and flogged like a wanton, to realize servitude within a month." Then she goes on, always under her breath, very rapidly, for Marie knows she has little time, and tells Fra Lucas, who listens with astounded eyes, the story of her wrongs and Irene's.

But thinking of the goodness and penitence and faith their mistress has shown to him, he murmurs: "Thy story is incredible."

"Incredible! Ah, yes; the Church always sides with the powers that be," sighs Marie, helplessly.

Here suddenly Irene, standing beside her, whispers: "Father, would you have proof?"

"Yes."

"Then, as a *daughter* of the church to a *father* of the church!" Blushing like a rose, with one quick move of her hand, Irene draws her petticoat away, showing limbs that would charm, in their glorious beauty, an anchorite, their gleaming satin skin above the garters marked regularly with long, red, livid, swollen, burning weals, and whispers: "BEHOLD HER MERCY!"

And as he turns away, shuddering, Marie goes on: "Ask our saintly mistress. If you believe that she repents—ask her! As her spiritual director you can demand it—ask her to take you to her women's barracoen. There it is!" she points. "See the lights moving about it; hear the low splash of oars. This very night she is preparing to sell beautiful, despairing womanhood, not for the purpose of service, but for man's lust! I might be worth a thousand dollars as a maid or governess; but I have reason to believe, for me she hopes to get, on a special order, a

thousand doubloons! Can such a value be placed upon me, but for my beauty and its defilement?"

"This is of your own knowledge?" asks the priest, horror in his eyes.

"No, father,"

"A-a-h!" A sigh of relief.

"But it is of mine!" whispers Irene. "I heard her refuse for me a mighty price."

"*Refuse!* Thank God!"

"Because her hate for me was greater than her avarice! But my sister, I feel sure, was sold," mutters the girl.

"The story you tell me is——"

"Untrue! You hope it is *untrue?*" says Marie angrily.

"As God is my judge, I do!"

"Ah! You will tell our mistress, and Irene and I will be flayed nigh unto death!" shudders Mademoiselle Rasselli, her awful terror tending to prove her words. Then she breaks out: "But ask Miss Susan Turnbull, of her women's barracoon—of the mythical 'plantation down the coast' where she says the victims of her infamous traffic are sent. Then, if I have not told the truth, report me to my mistress, and I will bear my punishment for slanderer. Will you investigate?"

"I will, my—daughter," says the priest, and heaves a mighty sigh.

So, passing away, Fra Lucas mingles with the other guests. Talking to young Cutter and the naval lieutenant at the further end of the veranda, he incidentally asks: "What is that low building near the creek—the one in which the lights are moving?"

"Oh, that's the women's barracoon—Miss Turnbull's private whim-wham," laughs young Isaiah, then, thinking wine is making his tongue run too glibly, he

mutters: "That is a—a workhouse for the women not employed in the field."

Here to a certain extent is confirmation, though the question has been simply asked as an additional security to Irene and Marie. For Lucas knows, if what these girls have told him gets to their mistress's ears, her reckoning with them will be a cruel one. Irene's stripes have shown him that whether Susan is a just or an unjust mistress—and from experience he has little faith in what slaves say as regards their governors—she is undoubtedly a severe one. Though that was common enough in those days.

Pondering over this, the friar chats with the guests at the entrance, as they are saying good-night to Miss Turnbull.

A few minutes after, all having gone away but one—the man upon whom her eyes linger, pleading for further converse—Lucas steps to his young hostess, and says: "My daughter, I would speak with thee."

"Yes, father." And Susan's eyes beam with happiness, as she follows the priest into the library.

Suddenly—for love's instincts are very true—the solemnity of his manner, and the severity of his glance coming to his convert, she sinks on her knees, murmuring: "By your face, holy father, you have discovered some new and grievous sin in me."

"Yes, my daughter. I have watched thee this evening." Then suddenly, for an instant, the girl grows like marble; the next, over her fair face flies one tremendous, burning blush: she hides her head abashed, for now she thinks he has discovered her love and will condemn it.

But to her relief, the priest remarks: "I have noticed that your maids are frightened, and tremble when they look upon you."

"Oh, you mean to condemn me for being a severe mistress?" whispers Susan, such elation in her voice that the *padre* stares at her astounded. For his fair penitent would sooner confess to the crime of cruelty than of love. "I will acknowledge," she says, "that I, for their sins, punish my maids sometimes with severity. Is it not better than sending them to the whipping-post? But, father, if you think that I have done wrong in this matter, I will submit myself to you as they submit to me. If you think, on investigation, I am cruel and unjust, place thy penance upon me, thy servant in the Lord, and I will most humbly endure it."

This meekness and self-abasement make Lucas doubt even more that this girl, who seemingly has so much faith, so much penitence, so much humility when her sins are simply suggested to her, can be the awful creature her bondmaids have described.

He goes on: "It is not thy punishments here in this house for which I reproach thee so much, though these are doubtless grievous." For though shocked at her severity, Lucas knows that the whip is common chastisement for slaves throughout all the world. Here his voice falters a little: "But it has been whispered to me that in your women's barracoon, which Mr. Cutter informs me is particularly under your control, the methods of discipline are more severe."

As he speaks the words "Women's barracoon," Susan knows the danger that is on her. She grows pale to her very lips, though she adroitly conceals this by hiding her head within her hands, penitently.

But the priest has had experience of the confessional. He says commandingly: "Look me in the face, my daughter. I would see your eyes; don't droop them—straight in my face!" For Susan, after one effort, has

let her orbs, suffused with anguish, sink before his honest interrogating glance. "Besides, I have heard strange whispers of a traffic in women slaves, of horror almost incredible. I would investigate."

"*Investigate!*"

The girl, as she echoes his words, is deathly pale, trembling in every limb with shame at the exposure that she knows will now come upon her. Suspicion once aroused, Lucas, with his acute intellect, disciplined by the wondrous logic of the Roman Church, is certain to probe the secrets of her barracoon. Examining, he will discover not only her traffic—which according to the ethics of that day was honest commerce—but its *object*, which in his eyes will damn her, she knows, forever.

"You—you need not investigate, holy father. By virtue of your office as spiritual director," she says brokenly, her lips quivering as with the ague, "ask *me*. From *you* I can have no secret." For she will not have discovery without a chance at palliation.

"Then, my daughter, I have been told you deal in your fellow-creatures!"

"I do, my father. So do all the people of this Western world. So does every one else who has human flesh within his hands. Kings countenance and approve it.\* Selling slaves is as common in Havannah and New Orleans—and you know it—as it was in Spain, before your nation sold or destroyed or banished all their Morisco bond-people, male and female.† Thy

\* George III. approved of the slave trade and was zealous for it. He sent a communication to the Governor of Virginia, under his own hand, to assent to no law by which the importation of slaves could be in any respect prohibited or obstructed. *Vide Bancroft's American Revolution*, Vol. III, page 456. *Buckle's History of Civilization*, Vol. I, page 321.—Ed.

† Spain has emancipated her slaves several times—notably her enserved Indians of Hispaniola and the Moors of her own peninsula—and curiously, each time has done it by *practical extermination*.

Cervantes, in *The Jealous Extremaduran*, speaks of an old Hidalgo branding four white slave-girls in the face, in order to keep them from running into the streets, as if such practices were common, every-day affairs in Seville at that time.—Ed

kings of Spain had many Moorish slaves. Thy Duke of Alva and thy Spanish grandees all dealt in them, as I deal in these that God has placed within my hand."

"That God has placed within your hand, and will judge you as you treat them! And in that view, I ask you, my daughter, whether you have sold for unusual prices educated, refined, and Christian women?"

"I have, my father—for the largest amounts I could obtain, as any other does, who traffics."

"But I mean for sums *unusual* for servitude. I mean the price of beauty and innocence for godless lust to prey upon."

"I"—Susan is drooping now. A mighty blush has flown over her countenance, but this has been effaced by a pallor even greater than before.

"Look me in the face! I charge you, as you would give your truth to God, give it to me, his priest. The truth, Susan—the truth!"

And Lucas stands over her, an awful questioning in his eyes, and looks to her more beautiful—as he seems embodied holiness and condemnation.

"The truth—as you would speak it to God! Did you know these mighty prices were paid to you for innocent girlhood and beautiful womanhood that they might be defiled?"

"I—" she stutters here. "I—father, I—"

"The truth!"

"I—Oh, father, I—I *guessed* it!" And Susan, sinking down before him, commences to plead: "O mercy—forgive me! Tell me that there is hope for me! Tell me that you will not always look upon me as you look now, with such awful horror in your eyes—such unforgiving condemnation and reproof!"

"Unfortunate girl! Ask not forgiveness from me, but from thy God!" shudders the priest.

"But, father, you will intercede for me?"

"Yes—if you *truly* repent and *show it by your deeds and penance.*"

"What—what would you have me do?"

"This! On thy knees before God! This! Give up all that you have in the world; free all these people from their bonds; recover those you can, whom you have placed in mortal sin by your unholy traffic. And then—for you cannot give them back the purity of which they have been robbed—enter a convent of our Lady of Carmel."

"A Carmelite!—with perpetual mortification and penance?" shivers the girl.

"Ay—as the *lowliest* of its order, and I will plead to God to forgive thee thy wickedness."

"Give up *everything!*" cries Susan, starting, with a whimper, to her feet.

"Everything—to save thy soul!"

"Become a recluse from the world—its joys, its happiness?"

"YES!"

"Then let me tell you a different ending for me—for you, too!" she whispers, her eyes on fire; next suddenly pleads: "Don't—don't turn from me!"

For the friar has muttered: "Don't dare connect me with your sin, miserable girl!"

"I have pictured—through these arts of which you accuse me—great wealth; and by that wealth, and by the myriads of slaves that I shall gather here, a wilderness—you know its fruitfulness—blossoming like a rose; this little hamlet a great city; that little meeting-house where I first heard the—the words of truth from—from you"—there is a curious, pleading soft-

ness in her tones—"a grand cathedral, through which day and night shall sound the organ, and a mighty choir proclaiming the glories of their God."

"That would be a righteous ambition, if brought about by holy means," answers the priest. "But the church of God exalted by the *degradation* of innocent womanhood—a cathedral built by money gained by pandering to men's awful *lusts*!" he shudders, then cries out: "compassed by such ineffable, inhuman, fiendish devices as you propose—No—no; don't kneel to me!" for she is clinging to his feet—"is ANATHEMA!"

"Father, for—forgive; I'm—I'm penitent!"

"Will you give up your sin of selling helpless womanhood in the way you are doing, for the purposes you guess?"

"No, no!" The girl has risen and is standing before him, but her eyes droop as if ashamed.

And it is well he doesn't see them, for they would tell Lucas of a love that the priest would think perchance more awful than her other crimes.

"Then don't speak of pardon or absolution until you have proved your penitence by your works. No—no! your sobs mean nothing! Will you give up your sin?"

"Give up my ambition? NEVER! *Pardon me without!*"

"Then you have not the love of God within your heart!"

And the priest, shaking off clinging hands—for she is kneeling to him and beseeching him that he shall not look upon her with such stern, uncompromising condemnation—passes to the door; and fortunately hears not the last muttered words from his penitent; for Susan, half-swooningly, is sobbing in



choked voice: "Not the love of God!—but—but the love of *you*, my—my *Lucas*!"

Outside the house the friar turns, passes his hand over his brow as if dazed, and murmurs to himself: "Some of her actions showed shame; some of her words indicated an awakening conscience. This unhappy girl is destroyed by her ambition. May she not be still won, to the triumph of the church of God? *Will the spark bring fire?*"

And the light of the missionary burns in his eye.

## BOOK II.

### PURSUED BY A BUCCANEER.

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

“I WILL WIN THAT SOUL YET.”

SUSAN lies gazing at the door by which this man has gone, taking with him her happiness. After a few minutes of semi-comatose misery, she slowly rises, shuddering: “The—the condemnation of his eyes! My—my Lucas!” then whispers hoarsely and determinedly: “My Lucas *no more!* No, not even if he would love me—love me with the love of a *man!* Release my slaves? Abandon my principality here? Become once more a plain, groveling, sneered at, London tradesman’s daughter? NOT SO LONG AS POWER IS SWEET TO SUSAN TURNBULL!”

Then a softer wave flies over her, and seizing the little volume the priest has given to her, she kisses it where he has signed his name, murmuring despairingly: “Lost to me!” and sinking into a chair begins to wring her hands and cry out piteously: “Lost to me through the babbling of an idiot!—that crazy, half-drunken young Cutter! Oh, if I could torture him as my love tortures me!”

But this brings resolve to her. She thinks: “I must fly from Lucas! The sight of him would remind me. This room, where he instructed me—the little

meeting-house where first I heard the music of his voice—'twould be too cruel a penance. To-night the schooner sails! I will forget my priest in what should be the first love of a groveling tradesman's daughter:—honest commerce—the sale of my goods and chattels in the slave market of Havannah." With this her face becomes rigid, and with a voice cold as ice she mutters: "Out of my heart a love that would assassinate my ambition!"

This set expression has not left Miss Turnbull's eyes as she comes into her chamber, to be received at its entrance with lowest obeisance by Irene and Marie, who tremble as they look at their tyrant's countenance—though it tells them they have done their work quite thoroughly upon her.

A moment after, they proffer her the attentions of toilette and disrobing. Marie, as is her office, has thrown herself on her knees before Miss Susan to remove her autocrat's slippers; Irene is already at her mistress's back, her fingers extended to unfasten and draw from Susan's dainty shoulders the gown most carefully. Chloris is holding in her hands the bathing peignoir, waiting to envelope in its light folds her lady's graceful figure.

Suddenly she says to them: "No!" waves them off, and cries: "Irene, quick! run to Alida, take the key to Natalie's room; tell them to come here immediately, also to bring my sewing-girls and set them to packing my boxes," then commands: "Every one of you get ready to take voyage with me within two hours!" This order astounds them all except Marie, into whose eyes comes a triumph she struggles to conceal.

While her attendants make hurried preparations, Susan thinks distractedly: "Away from him within

two hours ! Without farewell?—that would be *too* cruel ! I'll—I'll write ; perchance, then, he will not think as badly of me as if I remained silent and sullen."

Sinking down at her writing table, the convert, crushing her pride with her love, writes with her own hand a pathetic, though not penitent letter of farewell. And as she signs it: "Yours in the faith of the Catholic Church, Susan Turnbull," murmurs: "This is the very last of him—my Lucas!" then calls: "Here—some one, quick!"

Marie stepping to her, Susan commands: "Wench, take this to Sambo and charge him as he loves my mercy to deliver it in person by sunrise to-morrow morning to Fra Lucas, the Catholic missionary, whose room is over the clerk's office near the wharf."

"Yes, my mistress," answers the maid, with lowly courtesy, and goes upon her errand.

But leaving the room, Mademoiselle Rasselli pauses and mutters: "The lazy sybarite wrote this with her own hand; Natalie was not called for dictation. This must be *very* private. It is the outpouring of my tyrant's soul, the confession of her love, her attempt at justification!" Suddenly, a strange significance coming in her eyes, she thinks: "Love for a *Catholic priest*!—This letter may have *better* use some day;" and with a flash the epistle is concealed upon the bondmaid's white and throbbing bosom.

Some five minutes after, la Comtesse Rasselli kneels humbly at Susan's feet, as is the routine in the autocrat's chamber, and murmurs: "Thy commands have been obeyed, my mistress."

"You charged Sambo, as he valued his safety, to deliver that letter by sunrise?"

"Yes, Ma—madame," falters Marie, in her eyes

such shrinking terror that were not Susan Turnbull half distracted she would guess her maid's disobedience. For Miss Rasselli knows full well her awful punishment if she is discovered purloining her mistress's farewell to the man she loves—yet flies from.

Then Miss Turnbull gives a few more hurried orders and goes to her uncle, to find him still seated in the dining-room, over the last glass of Madeira.

On hearing her determination, Andrew mutters: "This is a sudden move."

"Not at all. You knew of my intention to go to the Havannah, also to Greece."

"Yes. But you had better let me have the order that Vannos and his wife signed on the Bank of England. Let me send at least the duplicate of it to London."

"No; that only goes in my own hands."

"Well, I can easily, while you're away, get another similar document signed," grins Turnbull; "you leave both Vannos and his wife here, in my grip, you little scheming hussy."

"I do not think so."

"And why not?"

She puts her lips close to her uncle's ear and whispers: "Madame Vannos is dead."

At this news, he starts up with an awful oath, muttering: "You—you killed her, you scheming Jezebel!"

"Not I—the fever. My punishments do not kill, like yours. I do not have slaves scourged to death, or tied up naked in the swamps for the mosquitoes to prey upon them till they die. In fact, I'm quite a *good* little girl, and *getting better*," she sneers.

"Getting better? Egad! you mean the priest, who has made a Jacobite of you. Art going to Havannah to become a nun? Has my lord father confessor made

love to his penitent? I'm told that is their priestly way."

But here her eyes stop him, as she cries: "Sacrilege! You boozy villain—to dare blaspheme *my* Church!—to dare asperse the name of the holiest man upon this earth!"

Then, having frightened Turnbull by her savage manner, this young lady bursts out sobbing so piteously, that her uncle, thinking grief will kill her, pats her on the back and pours Madeira down her throat and mutters: "Keep up a brave heart, you plucky wench. Od rot it! you didn't fear the pirate; are you going to flunk before the priest?"

"I flunk?" jeers Susan, savagely; then, rage giving her self-control, she whispers determinedly: "It is the last of priest, and pirate too, with me. Now, listen to business!"

With this, she tells him her plans so concisely, so logically, that her uncle stares at her astonished and mutters: "Yes, I understand. To Cuba, to get more money by the sale of your consignment—then to Greece."

"My iron-chest is heavy with doubloons," she goes on. "More will come from sale of this cargo. With Vannos's fifty thousand guineas in the Bank of England, there will be eighty thousand in all—enough to bring a fleet of vessels here; of slaves a nation."

Next she cries confidently: "Press the building of your castle, my uncle! When I come back, you shall live here like a king, and to me will be the state of a princess!" and thus leaves the merchant very much impressed.

Such is the admirable discipline and organization of her household, that by daylight everything is ready. Alida and Chloris are to take care of her uncle's cottage; the other Greek servants whom Susan leaves

behind are locked up in her barracoon. She is on the deck of the *Sea Gull*, attended by Irene and Marie, with Natalie to act as spy upon them, for under Susan's strict discipline this lady has become anything her mistress wishes.

Besides, Antoine, her butler, and the two mulatto wenches from her cottage, Dinah and Mattie, are taken with her to add to her state and comfort in Havannah, also to give the color of negro slavery to her establishment.

On the deck of this large, fast schooner, the one in which Susan came from England, stands Bully Bullock, Turnbull's sturdy captain, having been placed in command for this voyage. The swift craft, of some three hundred tons, being well armed, and manned by a strong crew, is prepared for either flight or resistance, in chance of meeting any wandering buccaneers.

The after-cabins have been fitted up most luxuriously for the accommodation of Miss Turnbull. Immediately forward of this has been built a prison for the twenty Greek ladies and maidens that are being taken for sale in the market of Havannah, Mrs. Catto being in charge of them.

"I will inspect my quarters, Captain Bullock, please, also the calaboose," whispers Susan, and attended by Sulky, she goes below, gives only a glance at her cabins, where her three maids are now busily employed in adding to their luxury and comfort, then goes forward and makes very careful inspection of the comfort and safety of her chattels.

These captives have been selected, not only for their beauty, but for their accomplishments.

Carefully questioning them, Miss Turnbull finds they are comfortable, and tells them to be good girls on the voyage, or Mrs. Catto will get after them.

A moment later she is on deck, and after a few pertinent questions of Captain Bullock as regards provisions, stores and armament, whispers to him, for the sun is now rising: "Your sails are set. Please get under way as soon as possible."

To stay is torture! Across the inlet, upon the green waving hummocks, she sees her pretty cottage and mutters, "That careless Alida!" for, from its center garret window is floating a large white curtain. Beneath this is the veranda where Lucas spoke to her last night.

"I—I think I can sleep; pray God I do!" she murmurs to herself, then calls down the companionway: "Here, Irene, Natalie! some cushions on deck, quick!—and fans!"

The two slave-girls fly to her. A couch is arranged under the shadow of the awning. Lying on this, though the sea breeze plays about her and her maids fan her assiduously, and her cheek is pillowed on the softest down, Susan is restless.

Suddenly she springs up nervously and cries: "Natalie, run—bring Marie! Irene, that cushion to one side!"

A moment after, Mademoiselle la Comtesse Rasselli stands before her mistress.

"Quick, wench, down upon the deck, cross those pretty feet in front of you, take my head on your lap, soothe my brow with your hands, and see if that will give me rest."

Marie's reply is a humble courtesy. A moment later, after being sternly cautioned to be as quiet as a mouse, she is seated on the deck, her feet tucked under her.

"Now," Susan says, with a little sigh, "stroke my forehead with your hands."



And the little sybarite reclines languidly upon a couch, the lower part of which is cushions that support her body, the upper portion is made of her slave-girl's soft limbs, upon which she rests her cheek, and sighs contentedly as Marie's white fingers pass over her forehead many times and oft, soothing the brow she hates.

So they all make pretty picture, fair head resting in brunette's lap; Natalie and Irene in their white dresses, kneeling and fanning their luxurious mistress.

A few minutes of this, and Marie's face becomes anxious. The position that she holds is burdensome and uncomfortable to the last degree. Her legs, cramped under her, have gone to sleep, and yet she fears to move a single hair's breadth.

Suddenly the nervous look upon her exquisite features is replaced by a sly, yet ardent joy; from beneath the closed eyelids of the fair head pillowed in her lap comes stealing out one pearly tear, which trickles down the autocrat's dainty cheek—*and the slave knows her mistress suffers!*

But even as her attendant's hands would again soothe her troubled brow, with a cry almost of horror Susan springs up, and looking at her bondmaid, shudders: "MARIE, WHY DO YOU HATE ME SO?"

"Madame—my mistress," says the girl with frightened start, "what makes you think I—even in my mind—am anything but your humble, cringing slave, as you promised your chastisements would make me?"

"Because in your fingers, as you pressed my forehead, I felt joy at my misery—rapture at my tear." Then a savage sternness coming in her tones, Susan cries: "But have a care! If I find that either you or Irene—who would be happy also if she dared—had aught to do by word or hint with what came upon me last night——"

And the scene might now become a horrible one, for Miss Turnbull is standing with the cold eyes they have learned to fear, and before her, cringing, imploring, and denying, are the two beautiful women she calls slaves.

Suddenly some flapping of the great mainsail catches her ear; glancing aloft, Susan cries: "Heavens and earth—we are not under way, Captain Bullock!" then running to him, asks: "Why is not the anchor up? The breeze is fair;" and stands patting the deck impatiently with her foot as the master mariner brings surprise and consternation to her.

"You'll excuse me, Miss Turnbull. I'm waiting for a passenger," says the skipper. "My own cabin, according to common commercial usage, I have let for the voyage."

"Oh, to some neighboring planter? Though I'd sooner nobody went with us."

"No; a wandering missionary."

"A—a *priest*?" This is a muffled shriek.

"Well, I reckon I'll enter him so on my log. They call him Friar Luke about these coasts. I think he's going to consult his bishop in the Havannah."

"Not on this ship!" gasps Susan, such a horrified expression flying over her face that Bullock mutters:

"Good Lord, Miss! Are you seasick before the anchor's tripped?"

"No; but I'm anxious to get under way—anxious for you to obey my orders. So should you be."

"Well, it's a captain's privilege to take passage money for his bunk," growls the sea-dog.

"How much does this—this man pay you for your cabin?"

"Ten guineas."

"For it I'll give you *twenty*!" And she counts the

money down on the binnacle, faltering to Bullock: "Get under way at once! Don't—don't, for God's sake, wait!"

"Right you are, Madame!" cries the skipper, and running forward, he puts his crew at the windlass to weigh the anchor, and prepares to hoist his jibs.

To him she calls in hoarse voice: "QUICK!" and murmurs to herself tremblingly: "He is coming! O God, my Lucas will see my wenches after he anathematized the traffic!" then cries again: "Under way!" and attempts frantically with her little hands to help the jack-tars pull the ropes.

But Bullock laughs: "Nothin' but a cannon shot can catch us now. The anchor has broken ground."

Then the *Sea Gull* is darting towards the entrance of the inlet as, with a shuddering "thank heaven!" Susan sinks half fainting on the deck, for she has just seen a boat pulling from the shore.

Now, noting the vessel is leaving them, the men in the skiff have thrown up their oars. In its stern stands Fra Lucas.

As the white sails gradually draw away from his sight, the missionary mutters: "My penitent is flying from me. Under her are a thousand beings; by winning her, perchance I save the souls of many of them: after the ruler come the followers. She showed she was ashamed of her iniquity. Her flight indicates fear—fear that some day I may make her repent."

Then he whispers to himself, the sun falling on his face, and glorifying it with the light of saintly devotion: "I will win that soul yet to God—not in the empty form in which she has given it to me, but washed from sin by the grace and love of Christ Jesus, who died to save her and all other sinners."

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE THREE GIANT COCOANUT TREES.

UNDER this vow, Fra Lucas, who has determined that Susan Turnbull shall become one of the elect, rows slowly back to shore. Here he engages another boat, and journeys south through that beautiful stream of salt water which laps the Florida coast, between the mainland and the outer beach, whose shore, blossoming with myriads of orange trees, is now called by tourists the Indian River.

Some days after, he reaches the first key of Southern Florida, the one called Biscayne. There Lucas comes upon his buccaneers whom he has turned into honest fishermen; and they, for the sake of this man for whom they would die—because he has made them *live*—fit up their largest and tightest fishing smack, a sloop of some twenty tons burden, and fifteen of them—a motley mixture of Spanish, French, and English bravos, though mostly Saxon—arming themselves quite thoroughly, wishing to take very good care of the missionary they adore, favored by a fair breeze, sail across the Strait of Florida, and make the island of New Providence.

From thence, voyaging through that archipelago of coral reefs and low islands which extends from the Bermudas almost to the Coast of San Domingo, sometimes stopping at night upon low cays shaded by cocoanut trees, at others, under the soft and varying winds of that summer sea, they journey for days without sight of even the reefs that dot these waters, at times making passage between them through channels that would be only possible for a barque of very light draught.

Toward evening one day they come to a little islet that curiously has upon it three giant cocoanut trees growing together upon a mound higher than the surrounding land. These are surrounded by a mangrove swamp and buttonwood trees, a little cocoanut grove, and the flora of the tropics. Knowing it has a spring of living water, Gil Roques, their skipper, has selected it as a place of sojourn for the night.

Access to it, is through a passage in its barrier-reef, deep, though intricate and narrow—scarce fifty yards wide, but twenty fathoms soundings. As Roques conns the sloop carefully through this, Lucas, gazing over the taffrail, can see the bottom, made graceful by growing coral, and feathered by clumps of flowering seaweed. Above these flash the great white reef sharks with lazy motion of their fins and tails, though ravenous for food, as these creatures always are.

From them the place has been appropriately named by the few mariners that ever venture in light barks through this reef and island dotted sea, Sharks' Cay

They make their camp upon its beach, fortunately getting hold of a turtle. Blessed by fresh meat, the ex-buccaneers make a rather jovial night of it, and perhaps, were it not for the *padre's* presence, would get half seas over; for though the priest has been able to implant in these jack tars' minds the love of God, he has not been able to eject from their marine appetites the love of liquor.

Leaving here the next morning, they finally come to the Windward Passage, and doubling Cape Mayzi, the eastern point of Cuba, arrive at the town of Santiago, which at that time was the seat of government of the Catholic Church in the West Indies, its archbishop controlling the dioceses of Havannah, Louisiana, and Mexico.

There obtaining audience with the worthy prelate, who knows him very well, Lucas having been in attendance on him during that martyr's imprisonment by the British in St. Augustine, the young friar asks him for leave of absence from his see.

"For how long, my son?" questions the superior.

"Perhaps even a year, your Grace."

"Your absence will be felt by your flock. Still, you have labored long and faithfully. You purpose going to visit your native land, Spain?"

The answer of the young Dominican astounds the prelate. "No," he remarks; "though I may stop there on the voyage. I think of journeying to the Levant, even to Greece, in the interests of our church."

"To Greece—under the Moslem!—that will be for a priest of Rome a grievous peril! The Dey of Tunis would most surely impale you should his corsairs capture you, because no fear of death would ever make you forswear your faith. Under the Sultan, though nominally more safe, the crown of the martyr would be very close to your bright face, Fra Lucas," says the archbishop, looking pathetically at the friar, who stands before him in all the beauty of young manhood. "My son, you wish to make yourself another of the glorious band of martyrs?"

"No, father," returns the missionary. "I have no desire to pass away until my life work is done. But there is a soul I wish to save, who flies from me to Greece. By her salvation——"

"HER?" says his superior, with a start. Then sternly looking at the young priest, he queries: "She is young and beautiful?"

"Very, your Grace!"

"Are you sure," says the prelate sternly, "that it is for love of *God* you follow her?"

"Yes," answers Lucas, the suspicion causing him to raise his head indignantly and look his superior calmly in the eye. "Upon this I have prayed, and fasted, and communed with myself, and can to you most truly state it is for love of God. This lady, who has under her many people that by her influence can probably be led to the true church, purposes to bring a mighty colony from Greece. With her once really won, not only in outward form, but in her soul, to true Christianity, I think a multitude can be saved from condemnation."

"Ah, it is one of those immigration schemes that were just coming up in Florida about the time I was released from my prison at St. Augustine," murmurs the prelate; "one of the attempts of the English ministry, who have through divine mercy and their own stupidity given Cuba to a Catholic power for that unsettled peninsula; one of their desperate efforts to make that wilderness a province that will pay revenue to the British Government."

"Yes, your Grace," answers Lucas. "But if you will permit me, in all obedience, I would prefer not to give the details, a portion of the revelation having been made to me under the seal of the confessional. Will you trust in my judgment and my devotion to our church and to God?"

"Certainly, my son," answers the archbishop, and gives him the requisite leave of absence and his blessing.

This permission received, Lucas hesitates whether to sail for the Havannah, where he knows his fair convert has gone, or directly back to New Smyrna. As his journey through the Bahama cays has occupied nearly three weeks, he fears Miss Susan may have left the Cuban capital, and reasons that she will probably

return to her Florida home before she departs for Greece.

Therefore, with his sturdy ex-buccaneers, he starts upon his return voyage, and, rounding Cape Mayzi again, they turn their prow to the northwest.

Toward the end of a day that has been sultry beyond even his experience, Gil Roques, the skipper of their little craft, comes to the priest and asks, bowing his head reverently: "Father, give me and the crew thy blessing and extreme unction—and do it quick, please!"

"Heaven forefend! Has the yellow fever or cholera broken out on board?" asks Fra Lucas, astounded and agitated.

"No, your reverence; but I have voyaged in the West Indies nigh unto quarter of a century, and my mate, Jack Thompson, has been here twenty year, and we know we're bound for Davy Jones. Keep your eye upon that line upon the horizon; remember how the sun has run the tar out of our seams. See the unnat'ral stillness of everything, no sea gull flying, not even a shark's dorsal in sight. Look at that dull, lead sky to wind'ard. Dost know the old ballad?

"A leaden sky and a leaden wave;  
Sing ho, it means Tom Bowling's grave.  
The mermaid's tolling the doomed ship's bell;  
The breeze is cold—'twill be hot in hell."

"My son!"

"Ah, *padre*, forgive me! What cursed words have skipped my devilish throat! Have I brought mortal sin upon myself in face of death?"

The ex-buccaneer makes the sign of the cross reverently over himself, and is pleased to hear the priest reply: "Being a sin with immediate repentance, I can absolve you from it, when I receive your confession, together with that of your fellows." To this Lucas



adds very earnestly: "You feel sure of your prognostications?"

"I ain't within hailing distance of that last word of yours, your reverence, but I know there's a rip-roaring hurricane a-comin', as well as I know a shark from a dolphin," says the man, conviction in his voice. "Nigh unto twenty years since, off the Jamaica coast, I saw a horizon just like that, and thirty ships were lost even in Morant Bay and the harbor of Port Royal. And this little craft, with the Caicos reefs and Turks and Inagua to the north'ard of us—for this blow will come from the south—give us your blessing, father, before the sharks get us. We want every rite of the church, to save our souls, for you'll never get a chance at burial service over us."

"You have done all for the safety of the boat?" asks Lucas, who is a man of sound common sense.

"Ay, ay, your reverence. The *Pompano* is all a-taut; but—Lord save us—*please* get to work on our souls, *padre*!" For a peculiar redness is now added to the dull color of both sky and water.

A moment later the hardy mariners have gathered about the priest, though two men are lashed beside the tiller, and the friar notes that all has been done that nautical experience could suggest for their salvation. Every bit of canvas has been taken off the craft, except a jib reefed to about the size of a handkerchief, just to steady the light vessel when the wind strikes her, for the boat is too small to lay to—*she must scud*. The hatchway has been battened down and tarpaulined to prevent water getting in to founder the sloop as the seas pour over her deck; two life-lines have been stretched fore and aft, for the low bulwarks will give no chance of any one keeping the deck without such aid.

Then kneeling about him, these men of many crimes—these hardy mariners, these buccaneers that were, these fishermen that are—make confession unto the priest of the church, and he gives them absolution and his blessing, explaining, though they beg for it, that extreme unction is only administered to the sick, no matter how imminent death seems to the well and sound.

This last is received rather nervously; one man, Pablo, called "The Black," muttering agitatedly: "*Padre*, the very *last* forgiveness—I need 'em all. "Do you think one absolution is enough for those ten killin's that I confessed to you when I first gave my soul to God?"

But before even answer can be given, Gil Roques cries out: "Down for your lives—hang on to the lifelines! Lash his reverence to those stanchions, or he'll be overboard when it strikes us!"

For a low, booming sound is heard to windward, and the dull leaden sky becomes an unnatural crimson. A solid wall of foam white as snow—but fleecy, blown from off the surface of the water by the very force of wind—speeds down upon them like level cloud—behind it is the hurricane.

"Put her before it!" yells the skipper. "Steer nor' by east; that's the way it'll catch us after the first few flukes and squalls are over."

Then it is upon them—not with a crash—but with a hum, as if ten thousand buzz-saws were in the heavens, and the boat is tearing through a surge of waters; not high waves, the wind is too strong for that, and beats them down: but simply a seething, gurgling, spraying mass, the water seeming to be as much above them as below them—as much in the air as in the ocean.

And so they drive for hours, the lightning now over-

head, in vivid, tremendous flashes—those awful flashes that are seen at their grandest in tropic storms.

Looking unto the blazing heavens, this Christian missionary, who has no hope of further life upon this earth, remembers Susan Turnbull, and implores God to give her mercy, so that penitence may come to her; that her sins may be taken from her; that she may be forgiven the awful crime of selling womanhood helpless in her hand into a state that means the destruction of its purity and its virtue.

But even as he prays, a greater flash makes brilliant for one instant the blinding spray through which they scud. Sky and water are a vivid steely blue, zigzagged with gleaming fire. In that blue, standing outlined clearly distinct, right on their bow, are three lone giant cocoanut trees, and round them the mangroves of a beach; betwixt him and them a mighty surf that beats on coral reefs.

With quick hand, he motions to the skipper, for no voice can be heard at a distance in such a storm, and Gil Roques, struggling with the blast and crawling to him along the deck, gets near him. In his ear the priest cries: "The three cocoanuts right on our larboard bow!"

"*Por Dios!* Sharks' Cay!" screams the skipper; then struggling back to the men at the tiller, shrieks: "For your life, hard a starboard!" and they jam down the tiller. "Get them three trees in line! Make 'em one and we'll get the channel, or—God of Heaven, too late!"

Another flash of lightning! A gap of surging foam between the walls of breakers; and, almost in the passage, there is a shock of striking bark. The sloop, torn and dismantled, is partly blown and partly thrown through the barrier-reef. Rocks and waters contend to give the friar death.

Another shock, and darkness comes to the eyes of Lucas de Aivarado, who, as he feels the hand of death upon him, murmurs: "O, Lord, receive my spirit."

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## CHAPTER X.

### RED SAM DOESN'T GET HIS KISS.

AND does his convert ever think of him—this priest who, amid storm and death, prays for her salvation?

Though she never speaks his name, Lucas de Aivarado still whispers to Susan Turnbull's heart of a better life. Suffering, she realizes that others suffer.

As flying from him, she sits on the *Sea Gull's* deck, to her comes very faintly that divine touch—the spark of human sympathy.

Marie notes her mistress speaks less sharply to her; even Irene, to whom Susan has always been embodied sternness, finds her tyrant's voice has softer tones, though their autocrat still requires from her maids the strictest service.

Still there is a little change. Susan knows this herself, and once, considering some matter of her bondmaid's treatment, startles herself by thinking: "Would Lucas approve?"

But this she dashes from her as if it were a sting of viper; fearing, if she lets the goodness of God come near to her, some day it may dethrone—ay, even destroy—an ambition she still wants to worship with all the impulses of her bad little heart.

Soon more practical evidences show themselves, though Miss Turnbull disguises them from herself under the head of business policy, and with them comes danger to her—the *danger of herself*.

The second morning after departure, perceiving that

the day is extremely sultry, and her slaves in their confined quarters in the calaboose are apparently suffering, her young mistress orders Mrs. Catto to give the wenches an hour or two on deck.

"In de light of day, maum, wid all dose jack-tars takin' shines to em?" dissents her matron, for the rule has been for Miss Turnbull's slave girls to take exercise in small bodies only in the evening, when darkness will hide their beauty from admiring mariners.

"Certainly," answers Susan; "but keep them aft the main mast, don't put them too much under the eye of the crew." Then she astounds Sulky by adding: "To-day is very warm; I will give the poor things lemonade—ay, and fruit also," sending up from her private stores to her wondering chattels delicacies they had never tasted since Susan's chains had been put upon their limbs.

"La! I'm *such* a philanthropist," laughs the young lady, and quite pleased with her extraordinary humanity, she reclines on soft cushions under the awning, and fanned and pampered by Irene and Marie, looks contentedly at her captives as they make gourmands of themselves.

This collation seems to put spirits into her bondmaids. Some of them laugh and chat in apparent forgetfulness, and seemingly proud of their new finery, make pretty groups about the deck, for they have been taken out of the coarse oznaburgh uniform of the barracoon and delicately and gracefully robed in maids' dresses, for coming sale.

This hilarity pleases Susan, being indicative of higher prices. Looking on them, their owner murmurs to herself: "*Pardie*, what a catchy school to sell!" For as they flit about the deck in their short frocks, pretty shoes and silken stockings, her Greek ladies look like

girls, though one of them, a superb woman of some five feet eight, appears rather overgrown. Another, however, Cora Ocaris, a very young widow of eighteen years, is of so *petite*, though well rounded a figure, that she seems almost a child.

Languidly noting the bearing of her flock, Miss Turnbull thinks: "Most of them will be happier the pampered pets of some plantation, than slaving in my barracoon," thus trying to reconcile her conscience to the vending of youth and beauty.

This free display of feminine loveliness upon the deck the Susan Turnbull of a week ago would never have made; it brings a danger that cool calculator would have eliminated. The jack-tars, their sailor eyes big with admiration and perchance stronger emotions, come trooping aft on frivolous excuses. With them, some of her slaves, disregarding rules, begin to chat.

Discovering this, Miss Susan orders Mrs. Catto to take the women down and lock them up, but astounds her second in command by giving strict orders that all culprits are to be spared. "If any are disobedient, report them to me!" adds Susan sharply, and goes away, thinking: "I will be more merciful than this big, brutal, half-savage Sulky. *I am so sympathetic;*" then murmurs: "I wonder why I am? It—it must be *business!*" and laughs: "*Of course* it's business! I want my wenches to get to Havannah, bright, happy, and saleable."

In consequence of these instructions, this very evening, Mrs. Catto comes to her mistress, as she is lying languidly on a big divan in her large aft cabin and is being fanned assiduously by Marie.

"Can I habe private confab wid yo', maum?" asks Sulky.

"Certainly; Marie, open that stateroom door behind you and step in!" says Susan lazily. "Turn the key on Mademoiselle la Comtesse, Mrs. Catto, and speak out."

On this, Sulky, shooting the bolt on Marie with a grin, goes into a tale of disobedience of the pretty Greek widow, Madame Cora Ocaris—now known as Miss Turnbull's slave-girl Cora. "Ef she ain't punished as a warning, Missis," says the mulatto, "dere'll be no doing anyt'ing wid dem wenches. De jack-tars has got dere blood up, an' will gab to dem when dey's out on deck fo' exercise, an' de hussies will answer dem back."

"Don't touch her. I will talk to the girl privately here."

A few minutes after, Susan, still lounging languidly on the long divan, has the delinquent before her. The woman, a very prettily formed, *petite* creature of almost childish height, stands so tremblingly, her autocrat laughs: "Do I look so awful, Cora?" then thinks: "Perhaps I do—to *her*. Is she not mine to do my will upon?"

Gazing at this widow, who makes no reply and still hangs her head, Susan cannot help observing what a pretty picture the fragile creature makes in her little gown of muslin, held on the small but plump and graceful shoulders by pink ribbon bows, from which the slight but well-rounded arms fall bare and quivering with nervous agitation. Below her short petticoat the delicately moulded limbs, in their silken stockings, and the pretty feet in their *petite* slippers, are also trembling so they can hardly support the slight and childish figure of the culprit.

"Noting this, the mistress wonders: "Am I so feared? What makes Cora shiver so?" Then perchance thinking to reassure the widow, Susan half laughs:

"Now, you naughty chit, you've been gallivanting with a sailor. You're such a child, I hate to punish you. I suppose I've got to! But before I do, tell me your side of the matter—and remember I shall try and give you mercy."

"Mercy? You promise me *mercy* if I tell the truth?" And the culprit looks imploringly at her autocrat.

"I shall give you no mercy if you don't!" says Susan, sternly. "Here, tell me all;" for something in the woman's manner impresses her.

"Madame, I—" falters Cora, and sinking on her knees, drops her head and murmurs: "*You* promise me mercy?" as if she can't believe it.

Looking down, Miss Turnbull notices the delinquent's slippers are trembling in panic agitation. She cries: "Good gracious!—You are too frightened to tell me?"

"Madame, for—forgive me!"

"Forgive you *what*?"

"I didn't encourage him—Oh, please—please—" sobs Cora.

"Encourage whom?"

"The—the sailor who talked love to me. Yes—yes—I'll tell everything."

"What did the sailor say?"

"I—I was complaining about being locked up all the time. He—he said I should not be cooped another night; that all hands would be drunk, and we'd be *dancing* by to-morrow."

"And what would I be doing?" jeers Susan grimly.

"Oh, he said *you'd* be dancing also."

"Dancing with that frowzy tar?"

"No; with his master."

"His captain?"

"Yes! The one you love!"



"I love Captain Bullock, you lying wench?" cries Miss Turnbull, astounded. Then starting up she says savagely: "I shall now teach you, my lady, that it is dangerous to tell such monstrous fibs to me!"

"No! No!" screams Cora, still on her knees, frantically seizing her mistress's gown. "It is *not* this captain—it is the Captain *you love*."

"The Captain *I love*?"

"Yes; the one who came from England in his brig for you. That's what he said;—don't! That's what he said! That's true!—Don't!"

Susan has not raised hand against the girl, but her face has such a horrified expression, Cora thinks she will.

A moment after, Miss Turnbull, whose countenance has grown deathly white, mutters: "Don't be frightened! but I must lock you up for the present." Then opening a small closet door in the rear of the cabin, she imprisons the trembling Cora and turns the key upon her.

It is now nine o'clock in the evening. Susan goes up the companionway, but there is a dazed expression on her face, and once or twice her foot slips on the steps.

Fortunately, Bullock is pacing his quarter-deck. A few words of greeting, some casual inquiries about the weather, made in rather a loud tone for the ear of the man at the wheel, and the lady whispers: "Come to my cabin. Not now—a few minutes after me!"

"What's in the wind?"

"Nothing at present. Come down!"

Her tone shows the rough and tumble English skipper that the affair is serious. He replies in low voice: "Heave ahead, Miss; I'll be in your wake."

Ten minutes after, Bullock is holding consultation

with Miss Turnbull in her cabin, away, as she thinks, from the ken of every one; for she has forgotten Marie, who, locked up some five feet off, has her ear close to the light door that imprisons her.

"The number of your crew?" asks Susan eagerly.

"Forty-five, including cook and two boys; that is, with me and the first and second mates and bo'swain.—But what's in the wind?"

"Where did you ship them?"

"Well, about thirty came out with me from the Levant in the *Hope*, and when I took command of the *Sea Gull* I picked up fifteen more."

"Ah!"

"They were loafing for a job about the little dock at New Smyrna."

"Fifteen more! Do you know where they came from?"

"Well, I reckon they hail from that brig—the one that sailed the morning we arrived with the troops—that privateer."

"But she put no men on shore!"

"Not then, but seven days ago!"

"*Seven days ago?*"

"Yes; she lay off the outer beach a few miles south of us and marooned fifteen of the crew on that burning sand spit. Good lud! you ought to hear the fellows cuss that Bocock's barbarity!"

"Oh heaven! Marooned *by design*, to sail with *you*, to betray *me*. This pirate has got wind of my contemplated voyage."

"The devil!"

"The man who commands that brig loves me and hates me!"

"Loves and *hates* you! Egad! I can hardly swallow the last of that yarn," chuckles Bullock gallantly.

"Loves me because of myself; hates me because he can't get me. Besides—you know I have no secrets from you—that iron-chest is full of doubloons. Then, too, the beauty of these wenches, that I was fool enough to let loll about the deck to-day, has so inflamed the ardent minds of these jack-tars that a sailor has let the cat out of the bag to one of the hussies that there is mutiny aboard!"

"Good God!"

"But where are you going?" And Susan springs up and puts detaining hand on him.

"For'ard—to clap every one of those fifteen pirate scoundrels into irons!"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Because there are probably *more* than fifteen pirate scoundrels now. The sight of my wenches displayed upon the deck doubtless has won some others to their plans."

"Yes," mutters Bullock. "Rum, beauty, and plunder are great bribes for honest mariners. Thunder and blazes! When I was in the fo'castle I don't know which I loved best, lasses or grog, but I'd have gone to Davy Jones for either of them."

"There'll be nothing done to-night, I think. It was to-morrow I should be dancing. They'll hardly rise or mutiny until a sail is on the horizon, and that sail Bocock's brig."

"He'll probably cruise for me," remarks the skipper, scratching his head, "about the narrowest part of the Florida Channel. Curse it! If I was certain of my crew, with the *Sea Gull's* swift heels, darn me if I would fear him! But with mutiny aboard! Would you mind a longer trip, miss?"

"What do you propose?"

"To round Cape Mayzi, sail along the southern coast of Cuba and double Point San Antonio, coming to Havannah from the west. It won't take more than two weeks longer."

"Let me think of it." And Susan bends her brows in meditation. A moment after she says, decidedly: "No! Changing the course suddenly would make them guess we feared them. Besides, a fortnight longer for disaffection to break out. And they thinking the quarter-deck in a fright; with all these wenches on board there'd be an uprising of the crew without Bocock's appearance."

"Then, what do you suggest?"

"Do you know the leader of them?" asks Susan eagerly. "Who did the most talking?"

"Well, a big, stalwart fellow called Red Sam. He seemed to be spokesman for the crowd when we took em aboard."

"Then he is their officer. You would not fear Bocock with these malcontents not on your deck?"

"No, I think we could show him a clean pair of heels. This boat, they say, is the fastest that ever the Baltimore shipwrights put in the water."

"Then," says Susan, a curious determination in her voice, "*throw the leader overboard!*"

"What!—and have his pals rise in mutiny?"

"Of course not; contrive that he goes overboard apparently by accident; then who'll be the first to jump into the boat to save Red Sam? His followers! Put over the two cutters to pick him up; Bocock's scoundrels will fill them both—if deftly managed."

"By Jove!"

"Then don't let those boats get back to us. But be quick, for every hour brings chance of the pirate's brig. You have no compunction about throwing the man overboard?" she asks anxiously.

"Chuckin' a mutineer over the taffrail?" mutters Bullock, who has listened to her, admiration in his eyes. "Not as much as I'd have drowning a rat." Then he continues: "Sam's in the watch on deck now, for'ard with the rest. Most of them are sleeping; with this light breeze on our quarter, there's no need of shifting sails."

"Does the man take a trick at the wheel?"

"Cuss it! He's just finished. To put him on again would make him suspicious."

"Then how to get him aft?"

"Your wench!" mutters the skipper, sententiously

"My wench?"

"Yes; the dark-eyed one that holds your head in her lap on deck; the one you sometimes jeer as Ma amsell le Contiss. She's been having a surreptitious gallivanting or two with Sam at night after you turn in."

"Marie?" mutters Susan with a start. Suddenly, just behind her, she hears a shivering sigh of fright and remembers where she had put her maid.

"And you never told me?" she goes on reproachfully.

"Well, no; I—I didn't want to get the girl in trouble. She's such a thundering comely creature!"

"Very well," replies Miss Turnbull, a strange calmness in her voice. "Marie shall lure Red Sam aft. He shall bend over the taffrail whispering in her ear; then a quick shove from behind! and—after you have tossed him overboard I leave the rest to you."

"You're sartin your wench will give him no warning?"

"Certain! The night is rather dark, I believe."

"Yes; no moon till the morning-watch, and the sky quite full of trade-clouds."

"You are sure it is my maid who wears a white costume with large hoops, and at night has a Spanish lace veil over her head?"

"Yes."

"You have plenty of men you can rely upon—in life and death?"

"Sure! My two mates, bo'swain, and some of the crew who came with me from England."

"Very well. They'd better be all armed, if you can arrange it."

"Can't fix the men without suspicion, but the officers will be all taut."

"Then in an hour Marie will be on deck. Which taffrail?"

"Well, Sam'll go over easiest from the lee rail."

"And behind the quarter-boat. In case there's a struggle, that will be out of the eyes of the crew. Good-by, Captain Bullock—in an hour."

About six bells, at eleven o'clock, some sixty minutes after the skipper has left Miss Turnbull's cabin, one of Red Sam's mates jostles that amorous seaman who is asleep on the forecastle.

"Hang you!" he growls. "What are ye digging into my ribs fur, Jenks?"

"She's come on deck, Sammy! Your petticoat is awaiting for ye aft."

"Oho, the jade that hates her missus so! She's made me swear to see—but I won't say any more, Jack. You know what's in the wind as well as *me*."

With this, Red Sam, a brawny, sea-dog ruffian, rises and slouches along the lee side of the deck, this being most in shadow.

Getting aft, he sees the big white hooped-petticoat and lithe figure that has lured him on before. The girl, by a graceful, timid gesture, motions him to silence and

retreats coyly aft of the quarter-boat, then leans well over the bulwark, looking into the sea.

"Hang it, Marie!" mutters Sam, coming beside her. "Ye saucy jade, yer getting quite coy of yer sailor lad. Afraid ye'll catch it from yer missus, like yer used to be on the cottage balcony when we planned her seizing, sweetheart lass?"

Trying to snatch a kiss, he leans over the gunwale, for the girl has her head well beyond the rail, as if bashfully trying to keep her face from his caress.

Suddenly his "sweetheart lass" gives an agile little shuddering dodge, and Sam's lips, instead of meeting beauty's cheek, kiss the bosom of the ocean, and Bullock is standing beside the girl, muttering: "You did your work well, Marie."

"Didn't I?" she laughs, and looks him in the face.

"Susan Turnbull!" gasps the skipper, staggering back aghast; then chuckles, "Good lud! You *are* a cute and plucky lady."

But she shrieks: "Man overboard! Man overboard!" and the air resounds with feminine screams.

Then Bullock's voice is crying in hoarse command: "Throw her into the wind! Luff—luff, ye lubber!"

For his trusty boatswain at the wheel seems a veritable landsman now, and it is a minute or two before the *Sea Gull*, though a smart craft, has her sails fluttering.

"Here! All hands on deck! Clear away the two quarter-boats!" shouts the captain. And the men, flying up from below and running aft from the fore-castle, he suddenly cries: "Good God! It is Red Sam—my best new hand!"

"Red Sam!" yells Jenks. "Great Gosh! We musn't lose *him*, lads! He's our——" Then he shouts: "*Growlers* away! *Growlers* away! Save our bo's'n!"

Into the boats go Bocock's men; for Bullock and his officers have deftly pulled and jostled their old crew back and put them at the davit-falls, or stationed them at the sheets.

In half a minute both quarter-boats—one holding five, the other seven hands, and all but one of these the men Bullock and Susan want away—are in the water.

"Pull fast, lads! Look lively!" cries the captain from the quarter-deck. And now a faint cry comes from away to leeward, and the boats dash into the darkness.

They have hardly disappeared when the schooner's wheel is swung round, and the *Sca Gull* darts on her course.

"Ahoy there, boats! Treachery! He's deserting you! Pull back—back for your lives!" cries a stalwart fellow, one of the three of Bocock's men left behind.

"Belay, you mutinous dog!" commands Bullock, and fells him to the deck with a marlinspike. Then the second mate is forward, saying he will shoot any man who touches rope without his orders, and the first officer is amidships giving similar threats and instructions.

"Now," says the skipper, picking out the two left of his new hands, "clap these scoundrels in double irons, quick, and shove them in the hold! Also this other sea-cook, whose lips I've muzzled!"

Then he calls to the rest of the crew and tells them how nearly they have been betrayed to lubbers who are no better than pirates, winding up his oration with these sailor words: "The man that doesn't obey orders sharp and quick, will get mighty short shrift from Thomas Bullock, and as for conspirators and muti-



neers, they'll think this vessel *hell*—and be right! Bo's'n, pipe down!"

So the *Sea Gull* skims on through the soft, tropic night, honest Tom Bullock tramping its quarter-deck and blessing himself for lucky escape from pirates; and in the cabin below, Susan Turnbull on her knees, counting her beads and thanking God for deliverance from worse than death.

Rising from her devotions, she thinks, contentedly: "I'm going to be a good girl *now*. If I had not given poor Cora mercy, I should never have guessed I was betrayed, and then—Bocock!" Here awful shudders go through her, for now, loving the priest, she loathes the pirate. Then she murmurs to herself in the stern voice of the moralist: "But I must make others good as well as I."

Unlocking her stateroom door, a trembling creature, Marie, falters out to her and stands, despoiled of all her outer garments, before Miss Susan Turnbull, who is still wearing the costume which she had taken from Mademoiselle Rasselli, to deceive Red Sam, the mutineer.

The lamps of the cabin shed a soft light upon the two girls as they face each other; one the despairing delinquent; the other, the stern, condemning saint.

"It was a little uncomfortable for you," jeers Susan, "locked up and despoiled of your gown, petticoat, and headgear. But if my maids will junket with low-born sailor chaps, something worse happens to them than discomfort."

While Miss Turnbull is speaking, she is studying the culprit very carefully, and notes that Marie's eyes have in them the same inexplicable latent gleam, though it is now veiled by abject terror; the girl trembling and

shivering as she stands in front of her stern mistress, for la Comtesse Rasselli knows she has been discovered in such high crimes and misdemeanors that they may doom her to torture nigh unto death.

"How shall I fitly punish you, slave," mutters Susan, hoarsely, "for attempting to betray me, your chaste mistress, to defilement?"

As she speaks, she suddenly guesses the meaning of that latent gleam, and breaks out upon her shuddering bondmaid: "What you were guilty of, Marie, was not gallivanting with a sailor lad, but *worse*! Don't try to deny it!" for the despairing girl has made a gesture of dissent. "La Comtesse Rasselli is too refined a creature to junket with a frowzy tar for his kisses," jeers the autocrat. "She wanted not Red Sam's love, but my capture and destruction."

"Madame, you—you misunderstand me."

"Misunderstand you—when you plotted with this ruffian on my veranda before I left New Smyrna—his own words he whispered into my ear to-night; plotted with him to deliver me to Bocock."

"Pity!" shudders Marie. "Mercy, Madame!" And she grows white to her lips and falls upon her knees at her mistress's feet.

"No mercy!" Susan's voice is cold as the sword of Justice. "To morrow morning, at seven o'clock, report to me here for punishment!"

"*Mon Dieu! Aie pitié de moi!*"

"*No pity!* tied over that divan, you shall receive from Mrs. Catto such a flogging as you never dreamt of—then imprisonment, and when sufficiently strong to bear again your stripes, another chastisement, equal to the first, and so on—"

"*Forever?*" This is a wail.

"Until I have made you as good as I am," says Susan, contented righteousness in her eyes.

"*Diable*, how can I *ever* hope to be that?" sobs Marie, despite her frantic terror, a tinge of sarcasm in her lament.

"Ah, you laugh at my holiness!" cries the convert. "But you will scream, though not with merriment, to-morrow, I imagine. No, no! Don't fawn on me. This is a just condemnation to a wanton wench who would make her mistress wanton like herself."

"God of mercy! Please kill me!"

"Oh, no; I must reform you. 'Tis my *duty* to reform you; I'm becoming *good*. Here, take your clothes and go, you whimpering jade." For Marie is sobbing like one possessed.

But Miss Turnbull, in the act of disarraying herself of the slave-girl's garments, suddenly pauses, for, as her hand clutches the satin of the bodice, she hears just over her breast a rustling, crinkling sound, and feeling with quick fingers, cries: "Aha! Some treacherous concealed paper from Red Sam or this pirate Bocock." Before Marie, who has sprung up pale with dismay, can utter a word, Susan has ripped up the garment and is looking at a letter with astounded eyes.

It is in her own hand, and addressed to Fra Lucas de Alvarado. Noting the stain of two teardrops on the missive, she recognizes it as the note she had given to her slave to have delivered to the priest—the one bearing her love, contrition, and farewell.

"Holy Virgin! You have stolen this from him—from me! It was my defense: it was my love, you cruel girl!" she screams. "A-a-h! Another offense!"

"Madame—*grand Dieu*!—pardon!"

"Tell me why you stole this letter! Tell me how you met Bocock's man to conspire against me. Tell me—it is your one hope of life!"

And the words that come from her faltering, trembling slave-girl's lips astound—ay, even horrify—Susan Turnbull.

"I saw Red Sam loitering about your cottage grounds. He was pointed out to me by Natalie as one of Bocock's men; she had seen him at the barracoon."

"Natalie! Another traitor?"

"No, no; she is your true slave; it was only her idle gossip."

"For which she shall suffer! But this note?—that is what I want to know."

"I took that letter, Madame, by it to accuse you to the Inquisition, if we ever reached a land where that awful tribunal still exists, to prove that you had loved, and tried to seduce, a priest of the Catholic Church."

"My God—*not that!* That sin is not on my conscience! I loved—I do love Lucas, but his influence has been with me for good, not evil. Can't you see it? I will prove it to you! For your crimes against me, Marie, the Susan Turnbull of a week ago would have given you death. The Susan Turnbull of to-night *pardons, for love of him*. Go, leave me, villain-girl! Leave me, in my despair!"

And throwing herself upon the great divan, the haughty autocrat of all, moans and sobs piteously as if her heart were breaking and she were the culprit and not the judge.

Gazing at her from the door of her cabin, la Comtesse Rasselli sneers: "I have you! This priest is making you a *weakling*. I, the slave, am now *more powerful* than a love-sick mistress."

## CHAPTER XI.

“YOU GO WITH ME TO GREECE!”

BUT her mistress is not quite so much a weakling as Mademoiselle Rasselli thinks.

The next morning Miss Turnbull, going on deck, pondering over the matter, concludes: “Commercial instinct tells me to get rid of dangerous goods. I sell Marie the minute I reach Havannah. As for Natalie, I shall correct her babbling tongue.” Then Susan’s face brightens as she thinks: “I wonder if last night’s mercy has given me luck?”

She finds it has!

Bocock doesn’t catch sight of their schooner, and the *Sea Gull* comes safely into the Havannah two days afterward, though short thirteen of her crew, and with the loss of two boats.

Awakened by the morning gun from the Punta, Miss Susan looks out upon the capital of Cuba, just being glorified by the rising sun, and says contentedly: “I’ve got my goods to market,” then gives a cry of rapture at the panorama and jeers: “English fools to trade this land for Florida!”

Next, ambition flying into the girl’s mind, she adds: “But I will make Florida like unto this. Give me slaves enough and I’ll have New Smyrna as big as Havannah—AND IT’LL BE ALL MINE!”

But with second gaze she sighs: “Good heavens! I’m afraid I’ll be an old woman ere my task is half way finished.”

For Susan Turnbull is looking at the Havannah of 1770, just springing into the commercial life that has made it the metropolis of the West Indies. The blue water of the harbor is lapping with lazy swell the sides of the graceful *Sea Gull*, whose white decks are natty as

those of a man-of-war. Scattered over the harbor, are trading craft from every Spanish port; light brigs or schooners running to neighboring islands; richly freighted galleons *en route* from Porto Bello or Vera Cruz, bearing the riches of Peru or Mexico. Interspersed with these are some great two-deckers, with long tiers of guns.

Among these vessels dart light, canopied boats, pulled by strong oarsmen; likewise *barquichuelos*, guided by half-nude negroes, laden with tropic fruits, eggs, chickens, and other native produce.

This moving panorama is diversified by three or four graceful slaving-craft, either landing their cargoes or making ready for outward voyage to Africa's gold coast.

Frowning upon this busy picture sits the power of Spain, embodied by dominating fortresses; for having once lost this land of plenty, the mother country knows its value—not well enough to govern it judiciously, but well enough to try to keep it conquered.

At Susan's extreme right, at the entrance of the harbor, is the Punta battery, partly obscured by the new warehouses and government buildings of the water front. Right in the town itself is the little fort of Fuerza, built after the village of Havannah had twice been looted and fired by wandering buccaneers. Round the point of the bay, across the blue waters upon her left, from its commanding heights frowns the great Cabañas fortress, just completed, whose solid yellow masses seem to dominate everything. Beyond, at the entrance, is the Morro, its advanced lighthouse partly in view.

Betwixt these great bastions, built to guard them, are white villas, cottages, green trees and tropic foliage everywhere, even to the outskirts of the city wall, which at this time surrounds the bulk of the inhabitants of Havannah, some twenty odd thousand souls.

The glories of the *Paseo de Isabella* and the *Prado* do not come until seventy years afterward, under the inspiring hand of Don Miguel Tacon.

Beyond the battlements, as Susan looks on, is only tropic country, interspersed here and there with pretty *quintas*, surrounded by flowering shrubs and green, fruit-bearing trees.

In the near foreground, running from the water back to the city walls, cut by narrow medieval streets, is a mass of houses of prevailing lightish tint, with outstanding balconies and jalousies of green, their hues not so vivid as the palms and cocoanuts that grow in their *patios* and *plazas*. Rising above these are the steep, red-tiled roofs of numerous convents and the gray towers of churches and grand cathedral.

From these now come the soft sounds of bells in varying tones, calling the people to early morning mass. As these float to Susan's ears, a curious light comes in her eyes; she murmurs: "The land of the Church of Rome—*my* Lucas's religion—MINE!"

Here, chancing to gaze at a near-by topsail schooner that is quite busy putting into boats its cargo of blackamoors just brought from the far-off coast of Guinea, she thinks, jeeringly: "What priest will refuse the captain of that vessel absolution? Then why should I, because I have *finer* goods for market, have committed mortal sin? It is an honest trade; the world acknowledges it as such. No priest nor bishop in those holy walls would say dealing in human flesh and blood a crime, unless they would place anathema upon every Catholic grandee in this island."

And Miss Susan Turnbull was right. Wilberforce had not yet taught mankind the cruelty of vending their fellow-beings.

This thought perchance makes the mistress harder

to her chattels than she has been since she left New Smyrna. Coming down the companionway she calls Irene to her, saying sternly: "Remember—on your conduct depends the fate of those you love. Your mother and father are in my hands; any attempt at disobedience or escape will be visited on them."

Next she whispers: "Natalie, do not forget your husband in New Smyrna; if you wish to see him again, with every breath obey your mistress."

A moment later Miss Susan has her three white maids, also the two mulatto girls, Dinah and Mattie, ranged before her. "Every one bare your right arm to the shoulder!" she commands. "Now I shall put my public declaration of ownership on each of you. Irene, come here."

"O, God of heaven—Madame!" shudders Miss Vannos. "You—you are not going to brand me!"

"La! I'm shocked you should think me such a cruel creature," says Susan, laughingly. "You're a most ungrateful wench, when I've had jewelry manufactured especially for your adornment, in case I visit Louisiana,\* where every slave must have his badge. 'Twill be convenient here also, though the practice is not so common." And she produces a plain gold armlet, some inch and a half broad, and locks it securely, fitting it very tightly round the swelling muscles of Irene's superb white arm, midway between the elbow and the shoulder.

Upon it the girl reads:

<p style="text-align: center;">IRENE</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The property of Miss Susan Turnbull, of New Smyrna, Florida.</p>
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\*In Louisiana, before the American occupation of that territory, slaves were forbidden to gather in crowds by day or night under any pretense; if found assembled, were punished by the whip or branded. *Slaves all wore marks or badges.*—*King's Southern States*, London, 1875.—ED.



and in choking voice mutters: "It burns me as cruelly, Madame, as the scorching of the brand."

"Pshaw, my lady, you're getting sentimental," sneers Susan. "Here, Dinah, you wench, have you as tender a spirit?"

Fastening the circle around the chocolate skin of the grinning mulatto, Miss Turnbull finds Dinah has not, for the darky guffaws: "Lord 'a massy! Ef dis ain't real gold! Golly, an' my name on it, too! Haw! haw! haw! Laws, ef I goes to de fandango, who'll show a bracelet like dis here one? *Wough!*"

"Quick, Mademoiselle la Comtesse, here's a gew-gaw for you also!" cries the mistress. And her Venus maid, extending an arm like that of Grecian goddess, grinds her teeth together, as the gold band is locked upon her, bearing the proclamation of her slavery.

A moment after Natalie docilely bares and presents a pretty limb, that trembles as the badge of servitude is secured upon it, whispering: "This is not necessary, my mistress; you know that I dare not run away."

"Yes, you have a true slave's mind, and on that I mean to work to-day," remarks Susan dryly, patting the girl's shoulder playfully, and turns to Mattie, who has been looking with envy on Dinah's new jewelry. A moment later, her big brown muscles are adorned by the golden circlet, and the wench guffaws with pride.

Just here Bullock shouts through the skylight from the deck: "*El capitan de policia!*"

"Of course," answers Susan up the gangway. "The Head of police; I sent word to him by the *pratique* boat. Please ask him to step down."

That functionary making his appearance in Miss Turnbull's big aft cabin, after a few private words with him, which are enforced by a roll of doubloons, the head

of the *alguacils* of Havana bows down to beauty and liberality, murmuring: "*Doña Susana*, most gracious lady, you may rely upon my watch and patrol looking with official and vigilant eyes upon your slave-girls. Those, of course, which are consigned to *mi amigo*, Don Sancho's warehouse need give you no further concern. As to those in attendance on your person, bid them to me, and I will make registry of them."

So Irene, Marie and Natalie and the two mulatto wenches being brought in to the official in a body—for Miss Susan wishes the impression to go abroad in Havana that her slavery is *negro* slavery, with a few very white beauties dropped in by accident—the captain of police makes record of them, their heights, appearances, and general descriptions. Then he, rolling his eyes at the exquisite loveliness of Irene and Marie, and muttering: "*Por Dios!* Didst ever see such beautiful slaves before?" these two, writhing with crushed pride, would make complaint to him as to their servitude.

But the captain of police shrugs his shoulders pleasantly and murmurs: "*Quien sabe?* That is a question for the *corregidor*, not me. I accept you as I find you—the property of a very generous lady, who clothes you above your station and whose kindness you do not seem to appreciate." Then his voice becomes officially stern, and he lectures them: "But have a care, *esclavas malas!* Without her written pass, if you are seen in the streets by me or my officers, you will be brought to the guardhouse, there to be punished if your mistress so desires. Beware my *carcelero*; he is most severe upon run-away slaves."

These stern words bring despair upon Irene and Marie, for both had had some wild ideas of attempting evasion in this capital of Cuba, and one is sighing to herself: "Oh, Heavens! shall I never escape to see

the face of Marco Trefussis?" And the other crushes her white fingers together, and mutters: "Man will not give me *justice*; shall not God give me *vengeance*?"

But servitude permits them little time for meditation. They are soon running about doing their autocrat's will as humbly as if they were African wenches from the Guinea coast.

So it comes to pass some half hour after, Don Sancho de Martinez, the gentleman who has had some slave-dealings with Susan at New Smyrna, comes on board to greet the mistress of so much imported beauty.

Putting his dark locks and jaunty mustachioed face inside her little cabin, the trader gives a start, and mutters: "*Caspita!* How lovely!"

For he is looking on a vision that might make a hermit roll his eyes—one that has been prepared for him, though he does not know it. Through the great center skylight the sun gleams in, illuminating the large aft-cabin, decorated by tropic flowers bought from negro boys in passing boats. In this bower is seated Miss Turnbull, playing the great lady for the impressing of her Spanish visitor. Looking like a veritable blonde nymph, she is now arrayed for going on shore, in fairy toilette of dainty muslins of Parisian fashioning, its floating jupe looped up over a great hooped petticoat of shimmering satin. Her piquant head is decked with a jaunty hat, light ostrich plumes floating above it. Her delicate hands are perfectly gloved; upon her little feet are shoes whose buckles blaze with diamonds.

As a background to her are grouped her three white maidens, Irene and Marie fanning her, and Natalie holding a scent bottle. These are garbed most demurely, yet effectively, in simple maids' frocks of palest blue; for now their mistress has all the fashion, and her

bond-slaves are robed in accord with their humility. But their severely cut garments are made beautiful by the exquisite forms they indicate, their tight-fitting bodices outlining graceful busts and superb shoulders, their white arms bare and gleaming, the golden bracelets of their servitude in full exhibit.

Behind them, dressed in similar liveries, their chocolate shanks gleaming through the meshes of white silken hose, stand mulatto Mattie and Dinah, though they are not guffawing now, for their big feet have been forced into slippers some sizes too small for them.

His face ablaze, Don Sancho enters, and, pressing the kiss of gallantry upon Miss Susan's extended hand, proffers her, in his effusive Spanish way, a gift of the whole island. Together they stroll to the deck, and she soon settles all her business with him as to the transfer and sale of wenches at his barracoon.

This over, she calls her maids to fan her, lisping in affected accents: "La, how hot it is! The sea breeze is dying away!"

So, soothed and cooled by Irene, Marie and Natalie, Miss Susan, reclining upon cushions arranged for her on the deck, and joining, after the manner of the Havanese, Don Sancho in his perpetual cigarette, plays the fine lady. Between fragrant puffs, thanking him for his persistent offers of social service, she remarks that she has letters commending her to the Captain-General, Don Antonio Maria Bucarely, from Governor Grant of Florida.

"Then everything will be at the service of beauty," returns Sancho gallantly. "Counts and marquises are awaiting the coming of the Florida *doña*. But a young lady here," he shrugs his shoulders, "must have a *ducña*."

"Oh! My propriety is already guaranteed," laughs Susan. "I have a letter of introduction to la Condesa de Provenza, and she has written proffering me the protection of Doña Isabella Diaz."

"*Dios mio!*" laughs the Spaniard. "Then you are indeed protected. No greater dragon of virtue ever winked at beauty's waving handkerchief from her lattice-window than thy coming *dueñaza*. But," here his tone becomes solemn, "I'm afraid when you enter the circle of the Governor-General you will be lost to a plain man of trade like Sancho de Martinez."

"Ah! but you must come and see me this evening."

"On business?" suggests the Don, eagerly.

"Perhaps—Marie, fan me more rapidly, you lazy wench! Goodness, shall I ever get cool?"

"You wish to reconsider my offer for the planter of Guadaloupe?" murmurs Sancho, his eyes growing very big.

"*Quien sabe!* No telling what the gods have in store for that planter of Guadaloupe," laughs Susan, carelessly, but notes both Irene and Marie's hands, as they agitate the languid air about her, tremble even as they move. "You'll call? A house has been engaged for me—number 75 *Calle Obispo*. Antoine, my butler, and my other man, are already there, preparing for my reception. This evening my *dueña* joins me. I shall have my own establishment."

"Certainly. It is the only proper state for a lady of your rank and fortune," remarks the Spaniard as he takes his leave.

But at the side-rail he turns and says: "Do not forget, the planter of Guadaloupe is impatient." His eyes become suffused with passion, as they linger on Irene and note the superb beauty of the slave-girl, whose gaze is now turned upon him as if imploring

mercy. He murmurs: "*Dios mio!* You will have pity on the planter of Guadaloupe."

Stepping to him, Susan whispers: "Let the planter of Guadaloupe take his eyes off Irene and put them on Marie!"

"*Caspita!* She is also very beautiful!"

"She will be sent to your warehouse for sale."

"*Diablo!*"

"I'm afraid the planter of Guadaloupe is a very naughty fellow," laughs Susan.

"Not a bit worse than I am," answers the Don significantly, and laughing contentedly, passes over the side to his waiting boat.

Mistaking this scene, a few minutes after, as Miss Turnbull is making her preparations to go on shore, Irene stands before her and courtesying says: "I beg you, my mistress, to permit your slave a few words with you."

"Well," says Susan, icily, "speak on."

"I only want to say to you, Madame," whispers the girl, her eyes ablaze with agony, "that the moment you talk of selling me to that grinning Spaniard who nicknames himself the Planter of Guadaloupe, I shall defeat your avarice!"

"Indeed, you pert wench!" cries the mistress.

"Yes; for I shall kill myself. I can endure the severities of your servitude, the humiliation of your stripes, but not sale to him—*not* sale to him!"

"La, what a bad girl you must think me!" says Miss Turnbull, airily; then adds: "Irene, have no fear, I have something *better* to do with you."

"Better to do with *me*?"

"Yes; there is a gentleman in Greece I have often heard you say you loved. *You go with me to Greece!*"

With this Susan sweeps up to the deck and cries:

"Natalie, would you like a jaunt on shore with your indulgent mistress?" Then gazing on Irene, who is muttering to herself: "Good heavens! What does she mean?" she commands: "Mrs. Catto, put Marie and Irene at work in my cabin, and see they do not leave it. Their gadding about the deck attracts too much notice from passing boats!"

A moment later, the pretty Greek slave who acts as her secretary trips lightly down the side-ladder, preceding Susan, to the long-boat which is waiting to convey her to the shore. But even as this leaves the side of the schooner, a curious conversation is taking place between the two maids, who are now occupied in the cabin.

"I have told her," whispers Irene, "that if she sold me to that awful man, I would kill myself!"

"*Vraiment, you're* in no danger," laughs Miss Rasselli. "It's *me* she means to sell; she fears me!"

Then she goes on, in tones of awful vindictiveness: "But Mademoiselle Turnbull has not *yet* got rid of me! *I will not be sold!* Had our tyrant been the stern disciplinarian of two weeks ago, for my first plotting against her she would have had me so scourged that I would have been her weeping, trembling, kiss-the-hem-of-her-garment slave; but now I shall so conduct myself at Don Sancho's barracoon that no one will dare to buy a demon. I will cling to her until either she or I go to the wall! I, Marie Rasselli, swear it by my slavery!"

As for the threatened one, borne by the swift boat to the beautiful shores, she thinks: "I am rid of dangerous goods. Now to destroy an enervating passion! Tra-la-la! The *caballeros de la Habana* should do that in a fickle heart."

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE CABALLEROS OF HABANA.

AT the Custom House Miss Turnbull finds all arrangements have been made for her baggage by the captain of police and Don Sancho. A golden doubloon or two assisting the transaction, her boxes are forwarded to her house on the *Calle Obispo*, and mistress, followed by maid, steps on to the Plaza de San Francisco, looking about for convenient equipage.

This soon comes. A dashing *quitrin*, with long shafts and drawn by a stub-tailed, ribbon-bedecked black Andalusian mule, graceful, lithe-limbed and quick of action, catches her glance. The *calesero*, or postilion of this vehicle, in heavy saddle, guides his beast with reckless, but certain skill.

"Hi! Natalie, call him quick. I wouldn't miss him for a hundred pesos. Oh, the darling," giggles Susan, delighted.

For the darky driver, even as he dashes past her, has with deft hand seized, from behind one of his enormous ears, a big cigar, and from the other drawn a flint and steel, and now lights nonchalantly his weed and puffs it carelessly as, under the stimulus of his long spurs, his beast caracoles about.

"H-i-i! Don't let the beauty escape us," screams Miss Turnbull.

And Natalie adding her voice to her mistress's, the vehicle draws up in front of them. Then the postilion of black frizzled locks, flashing eyes and white teeth, which he displays with hideous grin, between doffs from his sombrero and wondrous rings of smoke from his cigar, announces he is at their service for the day, for a *peso*.



"Oh, I'd have you at any price," laughs Susan. "What is your name, you duck?"

"Domingo, *Doña gracia*," answers the man, announcing that his mule is called "Marcha," and he and his beast are the property of el Señor Augusto Villarica, and are for hire each day.

"Consider yourself engaged as long as I remain here," cries the young lady eagerly, giving him a *real* for his own spending. Then calling a negro *dulce* woman, she buys some sweatmeats, and as she eats the bonbons goes to chatting with her slave as to the costume of the fellow, which delights her. "*Pardie!* His jacket is all silver lace—and look—his big bright spurs and lovely high jackboots three-quarters up his legs."

"And then above them, what exquisite black velvet breeches the postilion wears!" mutters Natalie piquantly, delighted her mistress is in so complacent a humor.

"La, you immodest creature!" giggles Susan. "Those breeches are Domingo's beautiful velvet skin. But flit into the *quitrin*, Natalie, ahead of me. Now, *bizarro* Domingo, show me your horsemanship; take me to my house on the *Calle Obispo*," commands the young lady, giving him his instructions.

In a flash they are off. The black *calesero*, anxious to display his agile horsemanship, jabs his long, shining, jackbooted spurs into the Andalusian mule, and, with cracking whip, dashes along the water front, between stone warehouses with low wooden balconies, and the beautiful harbor, causing commotion in numerous darky roustabouts who are handling imported goods and the produce of the island, mostly tobacco.

A moment later they swing into the *Calle Obispo*, between lines of shops, most of them decorated with

sacred names; St. Dominico holding sway over a chemist's drugs, balsams and specifics, and the blessed St. Anthony lending the light of his sanctity to an establishment devoted to the vending of muslins, brocades and Puseway silks for the decking of the fair *Habaneras*.

Here they travel much more slowly, the street being narrow and their passage sometimes even blocked by *volantes* and other vehicles.

Soon stone dwellings, two stories high, with green verandas and jalousies, line the narrow way. Though unpretending externally, glances through the great archways that lead to the vast *patios*, give Miss Susan delightful glimpses of flowering plants, feathery cocoanut trees, and babbling fountains of splashing silver water, and she claps her hands and cries: "How beautiful! How lovely!" and whispers: "Natalie, say it's pretty—*quick!*"

"Oh, look, Madame!" cries the slave. "How that boy is jabbering at Domingo." For a *malajero* is in front of them, his little donkey laden with great bundles of greenest corn fodder, and Marcha, as he ambles along behind, is making an impromptu breakfast off the fresh green leaves.

"Room to pass you, *muchachito*, or my mule will eat you clean as a fast day!" laughs Domingo.

Cursing, but taking his advice, the boy opens the way, and they dash past, pursued by anathemas, *mal-ditos*, *carambas*, and even stronger expressions from the Creole urchin who seems all dangling legs, flashing eyes, and gesticulating arms.

A moment later they stop in a great *patio*, and, looking around, Susan cries: "Gracious, what a house! Is this mine, Domingo?"

"Every stone of it, gracious lady." And agilely

springing off, the darky postilion catches, with guffaw and grin, a little handful of silver Susan throws him, for she is delighted, not only at Domingo, but at the beauties about her.

The courtyard is a mass of lovely vegetation, dominated by big palms and cocoanut trees. In its center a rippling fountain gives coolness to the atmosphere. Surrounding it is the house, from the second story of which protrude great balconies of carved wood; opening upon them immense windows, lacking glass, for every breath of air in this island is a pleasure. Therefore the rooms are only protected from the entering sun by great green jalousies.

Domingo, making up his mind he has a good and paying job, and that he will never leave it during life, coolly drives to a corner of the *patio*, unhitches Marcha, and letting him graze upon what plants are convenient and pleasant to his taste, is about to go to sleep under his own vehicle, a perfect example of the laziness of the darky added to the indolence of the tropics.

Gazing on this, Natalie thinks affrightedly, it will put her mistress in an awful rage. But Miss Susan only laughs merrily: "the lovely fellow!" and calls: "Here, Domingo; *dulces* for your breakfast!" tossing her grinning postilion the last of her sweetmeats. Then noting her maid is looking with longing eyes at the candies as they disappear down the negro's capacious jaws, the mistress remarks, half apologetically: "You know, Natalie, I never permit my women to eat sweets."

"No, Madame. Since I have belonged to you, none have passed my lips," sighs the girl, adding sadly: "And I love them *so*."

"Yes, but they're not good for your health," returns

her mistress, then asks, deprecatingly: "Natalie, tell me—I have always been *just* to you?"

"Yes—Madame," answers the young widow, feeling compelled to the affirmative.

"La, I'm very glad to hear you say that," murmurs Miss Susan, as if this gave her mind relief. "You know," she adds, "I've never punished you in anger, and only for negligence and disobedience."

"Yes—yes, my mistress," falters the Greek lady, who daren't say no, looking nervously at the tips of her pretty slippers that are quivering agitatedly, and feeling very much relieved as Antoine, followed by the other negro servants, makes his appearance and shows Miss Turnbull into her great apartments.

These she finds are exceedingly high and airy and furnished in the old Spanish style, her own chamber being so large, the pretty little white-sheeted, lace-pillowed bed is almost lost in it, though a gaudily decked hammock is swung beside it, so that she may have choice of couch.

In the dining-room, which is fitted up with ancient Cordovan leather dressers, and antique buffet and furniture, a delicate breakfast is being laid for the dainty mistress of the household. Her baggage having been brought up, opened and arranged, Susan flits about her chambers, telling Natalie how she wants her garments laid out. Then she dictates a 'note to la Condesa de Provenza, announcing her arrival.

This being dispatched a few moments after, she calls from the grand reception room: "Natalie, come here, quick!" saying: "Lud! We're two hundred years old!" as she inspects the faded gilt coronets in the gigantic iron-grated windows, and laughs at the stuffed parrots that deck the room.

"Madame," says her Greek slave, admiringly, "at

night this will be like a church;" and points to the priestly candelabra full of wax tapers hanging from the paneled ceiling.

"*His church*," thinks Susan, sighingly. Then, suddenly, as if to throw this from her mind, gliding over the polished mahogany floor, she cries: "*Pardie!* what a lovely place for a dance! Quick, Natalie, at the harpsichord and play me a merry tune!" and of course being obeyed, skips gayly about the great apartment, then commands: "Come hither and prattle with me, girl!" as if this would drive the recollection of her Lucas from her heart.

Encouraged by her mistress's unwonted affability, the young Greek lady laughs and chats, and they become almost as girls together, their voices mingling with the music of the splashing fountain in the *patio* outside, Susan remarking merrily: "I suppose, from this veranda, Natalie, when I get a *dueña* to keep me virtuous, I can sit in that big *butaca* and gaze on passing *caballeros*."

"And passing *caballeros* will gaze on you, my mistress."

"Ah, flatterer!" giggles Miss Turnbull; then goes on airily: "When I'm in society I will have *tertulias* every week."

"Ah, Madame," gabbles the girl, "what a grand show you will make, with all your beautiful maids, in those lovely big hooped white gowns, going about with refreshments to your guests. Irene and Marie——" then pauses, aghast.

For, as the name of the slave whose arts she fears comes to her ears, the laugh leaves Susan's eye, her glance grows cold. Turning upon her maid, she says, in tones that make her self tremble: "Natalie, dost guess, wench, why I brought you here with me *alone*?"

"Madame, I—I had hoped it was a mark of your favor."

"I had intended to inflict upon you a punishment that you would never forget."

"Oh, merciful heaven ! what have I done ?"

"What have you *not* done ?" answers Miss Turnbull, sternly. "Since we left New Smyrna I have been indulgent, granted you every privilege, forgiven every fault, and only charged you, for my very safety, to keep special eye on Marie's actions. But, my pampered sybarite, you went lazily to bed and slept instead of watching, so that, had it not been by lucky chance, that plotting wench would have brought destruction on me."

"Madame, I—I did not guess."

"No; because I did not spur you on. But mark me ! In this town watch every action of all your sister slaves. Their slightest conduct beyond the ordinary, report to me. Even if it seems of simple explanation, let me be judge of that. Now, as I've frightened you nearly to death and you were very nice and made me extremely happy in saying I was always just to you, I pardon your offense—never mind kissing my hand, you foolish thing! Ah, Antoine," she goes on, lightly, for her butler is bowing before her, "breakfast is ready? Thank you."

A moment after she laughs :

"Come with me, Natalie; I'll—I'll even give you bonbons!"

And Susan, going quietly into her dining-saloon, languidly sits down and makes a luxurious meal, sipping her coffee and reveling in turtle steak, oranges, and pineapple.

Coming out from it, she remarks, stretching her arms lazily: "La, such a hot day! Natalie, keep

the mosquitoes from me. It is getting warm; my hammock invites *siesta*."

But away from her slave, a frightened look comes into her face. She mutters: "Heavens and earth! I *have* become a weakling; *twice* I have given mercy! Has this priest bewitched me? Is it for love of him, or of his church, or of his God, that I am no more Susan Turnbull?" and wrings her hands at her own impotence; but a moment after adds determinedly: "My *head* is strong enough for my great project—the dandies of Havannah shall drive this smooth-shaven monk from out my foolish *heart*."

To this she sets herself resolutely.

That afternoon, when Mrs. Catto makes her appearance with the two mulatto wenches, Irene accompanies them, Marie having been sent direct to Don Sancho's warehouse; to take her place comes *la petite* Cora, who is dressed even as a child, it being the mode to have some juvenile attendants in all great houses.

To them is added from Don Sancho's barracoon a creole maid with but the slightest trace of negro blood, who, costumed like Irene, waits with her at public functions and gives with her men servitors and her mulatto wenches the tint of African slavery to Miss Turnbull's home, for Susan does not care the world should know the status of her New Smyrna plantations; word might drift even to far-away Greece and interfere with her gigantic plan.

For, from now on, Doña Turnbull, affecting the airs of a fine lady, apparently disdains the slave trade, leaving this business mostly in the hands of Mrs. Catto, and strives in the delights of Havannah society to obliterate a love that she knows is unfitting her to follow unflinchingly the promptings of her ambition.

If society could make her forget the passion in her heart, that of the charming Cuban capital surely would do it. In the afternoon of the day of arrival la Condesa de Provenza calls, bringing with her the *dueña* engaged for Miss Susan's service, Doña Isabél Diaz, a lady of ancient family but small fortune, who adds to her income by guaranteeing the virtue of virgins. Susan and she shortly come to an agreement that is pleasant to both of them: Miss Turnbull is to pay a liberal salary and conduct her *petites affaires* in her own way, guarded from convenient distance by the *dueñaza*.

Then society opens its arms for her. An aide-de-camp of the Captain-General calls with the commands of Don Antonio for the attendance of *Doña Susana* at his next *tertulia*, and, chaperoned by *la Condesa*, the Florida heiress is launched upon a round of *fêtes*, dinners and dances. *Hidalgos*, civil and military, bow before her, and young dandies struggle for the honor of her hand in the *contradanza*, in whose luxurious and sweeping measures, to the sweet music of Cuban mandolins, guitars, and stringed instruments, Miss Susan floats about with Spanish *caballeros*, becoming one of the belles of Havannah.

Now unto her comes the joy of being bowed down to by people of consequence. In England she was at best only tolerated in court circles; here she is of sufficient consequence to command attention, even deference; great reports having gone out as to her Florida estates, likewise the number of her slaves. The word of Doña Diaz adds to the rumor, for Susan is very liberal with her *dame de compagnie*. Besides, the number and beauty of her attendants, and the style of her establishment and living, likewise her entertainments, for she gives many a gorgeous *tertulia*, pro-



claim her large resources and wealth in human chattels.

"*Santos !* Who in Havannah has such slave-girls?" remarks the Conde de Brazo to the young dandy *Habanero*, Miguel Hernandez, whose tobacco plantations make him the *rico* par excellence of the island.

"*Por Dios !* Those two wenches must have cost nigh unto a thousand doubloons, if a *peso*. But where did she pick them up? I have been looking for the like myself," laughs Miguel ingenuously. "Though Sancho, the slave trader, has hinted to me he has a mate to them at his barracoön."

So Susan would pass her time gayly and pleasantly—*if she could forget*. Each afternoon her *volante*, postilioned by the agile and *débonnaire* Domingo, in new and more gorgeous livery, having now another mule in front of his Marcha, is seen at the *Plaza de Armas*, when under its noble cocoanut trees the military band plays, or the battalions of Havannah and Guanabacoa parade—for now this girl is striving might and main to obliterate her love for one man, by a passion for some other, she scarce cares who he is.

Counts and marquises and the pet aide-de-camp of the Captain-General, young Gaston de Villalonga, dawdle about the *volante* in which Miss Susan lounges in full Spanish afternoon toilet, her white arms and fairy shoulders gleaming under the tropic sun, plying her fan as deftly as any maid of Castile, by her side Doña Diaz keeping argus-watch, though apparently the *dueña* has grown both deaf and blind. Also under pretty Miss Turnbull's open windows and balconies romantic gallants play guitars at midnight and fight duels in the morning in her honor. But though she murmurs to each of them: "*Beso las manos de V.*"

*caballero*, as sweetly as any young lady in the capital, no enamored young *Habanero* has effect upon her heart. Each night the girl sighs: "Lucas!" and in the morning the laces of her pillow show to her attendants their mistress has had weeping eyes during the hours of sleep.

But now a change comes over her; driven to despair, she cries to herself: "I can't forget my Lucas, *but I'll conquer him!*—my stern, uncompromising, God-like priest."

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### JUGGLING WITH GOD !

UTTERLY unable to understand this absolute coldness surrounded by fervid suitors, a cruel report now drives Doña Turnbull's adorers to despair. It is rumored that the beautiful *rica* has an avocation, and will soon become the bride of mother Church—entering the great Convent of the Ursulines.

Apparently there is some ground for this *on dit*; Mistress Susan is now a very devotee at the grand cathedral, and quite frequently takes early morning mass at the old church of San Juan de Dios on the *Calle Aguiar*. In this the girl enjoys a kind of sensuous pleasure, the pursuit of his religion bringing back to her imagination the priest she worships. In the solemn mass she hears *his* voice; the fluttering of the censer reminds her of the little meeting-house where she first listened to his words; each sign of the cross that her fair hand makes, causes her to remember her Lucas with his saintly face, inspired eyes, and graceful gesticulation.

And now, juggling with God, this *half*-penitent thinks she will make herself *completely* holy, so that when next she sees the priest who has condemned her, his reproaches will be silenced by the approval of his superiors in the church.

For this purpose, some two months after her arrival, one beautiful afternoon Miss Turnbull passes in her *volante* through the *Puerta de Tierra* and driving along a pleasant road upon which are erected some pretty *quintas* surrounded by feathery palms and tropic foliage, arrives at that beautiful spot now known to Havannah as the Bishop's Garden, having perhaps a wilder loveliness in those days than it has now.

Halting Domingo at the gates, Miss Susan trips under the shining green of a grove of mango trees, whose leaves have not yet reached their pink tint of the later spring, and coming up to the great portals, knocks upon the door of the archbishop's palace.

Being ushered in, she is received by the prelate, who has but lately arrived from Santiago. Bending before him for his benison, she murmurs: "Your Grace, I have come to you to confess my sins, and to ask from your own lips absolution and blessing."

"My daughter, you should go for such consolation to your own immediate spiritual director," remarks the venerable archbishop.

"Ah, but he is not in Havannah. Besides, there is a point on which I wish to inquire of you, who can speak with authority. If you give me absolution, then who in your diocese shall say that I have sinned?"

"In that case open your heart to me, my child," says the kindly ecclesiastic. "I know one so apparently innocent, and who goes so constantly to mass, can have only venial sins to confess." For Miss

Turnbull is quite well known by reputation to him; her liberality to the churches and convents of his see having come under the archbishop's notice.

To him Susan very reverently makes confession, adding to the usual peccadilloes of young ladyhood these two curious crimes: "Father, when one of my maids was indiscreet, accepting attentions from a cavalier, I *did not* correct her fault, as was my duty, I presume, being her mistress and responsible for the wench's virtue."

"Yes, my child. Though mercy is a beautiful trait, justice is a nobler one," assents the prelate.

And Susan, in her own alert mind, takes this as justification for any severities she may have perpetrated, or perchance may visit in the future, on her attendants.

"Also, father," she says, "I have sold human flesh."

"Human flesh? I—I hardly understand you, my child," mutters the archbishop, looking astounded.

"I mean I have sold and marted slaves," answers Susan, "getting for them the highest prices possible."

"Well, my daughter——"

"Is that a crime, your Grace?"

"The legitimate disposal of property has never been regarded as a sin by the church," remarks the archbishop. "These slaves were yours according to the law of the land—of course? The usage of a country has generally been recognized by Rome in secular affairs. We do not take upon ourselves to condemn that which is sanctioned by the potentates, princes, and secular powers of the world, and on which Christ touched when he said: 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.'"

"Then, your Grace, absolve me, and I shall be comforted."

This the prelate does, telling her she is a very good and pious girl, and after chatting affably with her, dismisses her with his blessing.

From this interview, this young lady, who has been tricking her conscience and also a holy man of God, comes out very happy. She murmurs: "Now I am absolved; I have sold every slave I wish to market, but Marie, *before*. I took absolution. Now, perhaps, my Lucas, when I meet you in Florida, your eyes will not have such awful condemnation in them. He *daresn't* condemn me!" she cogitates confidently "It would be *disrespect* to his archbishop."

As she thinks this, the sun, which was bright enough before, seems brighter to her. The faint sea breeze, which has nearly died away, makes a pleasant rustle in the leaves of the great *sieba* tree, the pride of the Bishop's gardens. The beauty of the scene appeals to her; the lovely grounds are full of exquisite alleys of palm trees; honeysuckle-like blossoms are about her in thickets; flamboyants blazing with glorious rainbow-tinted flowers bedeck the earth. Before her is a miniature lake of transparent water filled with gold-fishes, into which a rippling cascade pours down in splashing spray over rocks crowned with tree ferns.

She sinks reclining on a little stone bench under a sun-dial, to lazily enjoy this feast of her senses, for the perfumes of the air are as alluring to her nostrils as the beautiful flowers are to the eye. Then over her comes stealing that peculiar narcotic influence of Cuban air, which is most potent when there is no sea breeze. Her beautiful head droops slowly; the white eyelids close over the exquisite eyes. With a blissful sigh, Susan, feeling she is relieved from sin, sleeps the

tranquil slumbers of a child, and is blessed by a dream ecstatic.

Perchance it is suggested by the sound of faint bells from a little near-by chapel, for Susan sees the dusty hamlet of New Smyrna grown like unto the great city of Havannah, a bishop's palace as beautiful as this, a grand cathedral as spacious as that upon the *Calle Pescaderia*, and her Lucas an archbishop, ay, even a cardinal of the Church of Rome.

To her, as she bends before him, comes a mighty, yet unhallowed joy. Into his noble face, even as he gives his blessing, flies the look of passion—the earthly love of man for woman. He murmurs: “Dear one, you have brought to me glory and power and rank. By your devotion I have been exalted. To you I give——” And the prince of the Church places upon her lips the kiss of peace.

And it is a kiss, though not of heavenly origin nor apostolic blessing, but of wild and amorous love. For as she springs up with a startled scream, her rapture changes into a gasp of rage and of disgust.

Before her stands Dick Bocock, chuckling: “Didst think thou hadst had the last of thy sailor lad’s busses, my slippery Sue? ’Fore Gad, what a pretty chase you’ve led me!”

“You low-bred ruffian, to dare take advantage of my sleep to put your nauseous lips upon me!” mutters Susan, brushing with her handkerchief her contaminated cheek.

“Soho! The wind blows in another quarter now,” laughs the sea-faring gallant. “It’s some other suitor that has got your fickle heart.” Then his eyes grow full of jealous rage; he mutters: “But you can tell him, when we meet there’ll be no quarter between me and Lucas de Alvarado.”

"No, no!" she shudders, with denying gesture.

"Oh, don't try to shield your flash man from my vengeance by a lie," he jeers. "Into my ear, even as I caressed you in your sleep, twice with honeyed words you whispered his cursed name, and then kissed back with all your amorous soul. But you're not done yet with Dick Bocock, though you have given him a deuced pretty dance. Red-headed Sam is praying for you each day, likewise the twelve other lads I picked up in your two cutters, left to starve at sea."

"Aha! Then your brig is also here," cries Susan, triumphantly. "I have you! I shall notify the captain of the port you are a pirate. You cannot leave to-night; the sunset gun will have been fired before you reach your vessel. Look to yourself, you ruffian!"

"That's just what I am a-doing," chuckles Bocock. "Who'll harm me here? A vessel with a letter of marque from the Court of Spain, a ship that goes to help Count O'Reilly in putting down the French Johnnies in Louisiana; a craft that has done nothing but an act of blind mercy—saving two open boats with abandoned tars. Tell your yarn! Which ship will be looked upon as honest?—the schooner that threw overboard a man and basely deserted two boats filled with his messmates that went to pick him up?—or the brig with soft-livered captain who stood by and saved thirteen unfortunate jack-tars, cruelly left on the high seas without grub or water? 'Fore Gad, I think *I* should be the one to blow on *you*!" guffaws the worthy skipper. Then he says, for Susan's beauty would appeal to any man: "Let's have a truce, my lass. You seemed to love me well enough that night when I had you in my grip at New Smyrna; let us skip in now to his honor, the archbishop, and be spliced off-hand," and would offer her effusive, boisterous

sailor caresses, from which now she shrinks with awful loathing; for loving the priest, the pirate's lips are to her a desecration.

"Unless you leave me, you low ruffian, I shall go to the archbishop, not to be wed to you, but to denounce you for having committed a grave outrage in these sacred grounds. The Captain-General is my friend. Havannah has a hundred gallants whose swords would drink your blood did they but guess you had profaned my lips. Faugh! You are smelling now of the rum of Santa Cruz."

And she jeers him, as Bocock, being a man of wisdom, takes his departure, but looking over his shoulder mutters under his breath: "Wait till I meet you on the open sea. When your craft sails, mine is not far behind. Egad! You will get little mercy from the thirteen men you doomed to death one night, you Jezebel! Yet, gadzooks, her lips were sweet as cocoanuts filled with rum! And money! They say she's got enough to buy the island!" For report of her great wealth has also reached Bocock's ears, and made him doubly stanch upon the scent.

A moment after, Susan muttering: "In this city he dare not touch me!" gets somewhat tremblingly into her *volante* and is driven into Havannah.

As she rides along, running over the matter in her mind, she is convinced that Bocock is right—that no report of hers to the authorities that he is a pirate will be regarded; certainly not until he has committed some overt act. With a Spanish privateering commission in his pocket, and bound for the aid of Spain in Louisiana, his brig will be considered as a very worthy vessel, not an outlaw of the seas.

This is confirmed in her mind by the conversation of Spanish officers, naval and military, that she meets



at a *tertulia* given by the Captain-General this very evening.

The next morning, sending for Bullock, she asks him quite sharply why he has not reported the arrival of Bocock's brig. For this danger has always been a present one with Susan Turnbull; in truth she has lingered at Havannah hoping to get word from New Orleans that her pursuer and his ship are in that place.

"Bocock's brig!" mutters the mariner, aghast. "She is not in the harbor."

"But she *is*. I have seen the Captain."

"She cannot be. I have put eyes upon every vessel dropping anchor."

"Search again and more carefully."

That night, her skipper coming to her house, reports now rather nervously: "By Jove, he is here! but his brig has been turned into a brigantine—for trick and destruction of us."

"And Captain Dickie went to all that trouble, and has kept his crew aboard, and Red Sam from off the docks for fear we would see him, and yet threw away his chance of my undoing for a stolen kiss or two upon my sleeping lips."

"Good Lord, I don't blame him!" mutters the gallant tar, for Susan is blushing very prettily now, and looks most alluring as she falters out the last of her speech.

"But I can beat any man who would give up so much for so little," she says.

"Yes; if he doesn't catch you," guffaws Bullock. "Then with *his* ardor, by Cupid, Miss Turnbull, it will be what we call on board a man-o'-war 'close quarters.'"

But here a spirit flames up in her that rather astounds the captain. "When that happens," says Susan solemnly, "I shall kill myself."

"Why, I thought you once had love of the fellow," murmurs the skipper, very much astonished.

"Once—but—O heavens—don't talk of that!" she cries, then whispers: Let's to business. "We will defeat him *by the power of gold*."

"THE POWER OF GOLD?"

"Yes. We will stay here. The expenses of my vessel are heavy, but Bocock's will be even greater. His crew will force him to put to sea to gain prize-money."

"Right you are, missy!" cries the sailor in admiration. "By the Lord Harry, they'll force him to go on a cruise!"

"Very well. To give Bocock a hint that we are going to remain, unrig the schooner and have it hauled up in the dry dock."

"Yes, if it comes to flight, a clean bottom will help the *Sea Gull's* speed mightily," remarks Bullock, and so goes away, leaving Miss Susan to take commercial precautions, which she does, changing her hoard of gold into bills of exchange and drafts upon Europe.

But after two or three weeks Bocock's brigantine is still in the harbor, for the rage of Red Sam and twelve of her men is such that they are willing to forego present prize money for future vengeance.

Then Susan tries to ship additions to her crew to make her vessel capable of defense in case she is overtaken; but here doubloons are as naught to get fighting men, all but those in the regular service of Spain having been sent to Louisiana.

So they linger on, the waiter and the watcher, Miss Turnbull, however, enjoying herself quite cheerily in the pleasant society of Havannah, chatting with its officers, civil, military and clerical, churchmen attending her receptions, as well as the secular authorities,

her liberality to holy offices and charities making her quite popular with ecclesiastics. From these, by deft inquiries, she picks up some pleasant information about De Alvarado.

"Were it not," remarks Monseigneur Fleury, "for Fra Lucas's intense devotion to his missionary work, he might become one of our great officers. His family is of influence in Spain; his education profound, his eloquence superb. Did he desire it, with his holiness, goodness, youth and ability, he might become a shining glory to the Church; perchance—who knows—archbishop, cardinal, ay, *Deo volente*, the highest office might in time come to him. But he is one who prefers the palmer's staff, the consciousness of always doing his duty, even to the honors of the Church."

"But might not ambition be aroused in this wonderful young man's mind? You do not regard it as a crime, Monseigneur, to have desire to become a cardinal?"

"No, my daughter; for then I would be condemning the greatest minds and the most holy of our cloth," says the churchman, who has such ambitions for himself.

Thinking over this, Susan decrees: "I will arouse Lucas's ambition; then I will gratify it." And this makes her also stronger in the determination to gratify *her own*.

So the time runs on a little longer, and now Don Sancho reports he cannot sell Marie at proper price.

"La, I had thought the wench was even beautiful enough for the planter of Guadaloupe," says Susan, sneeringly.

"Not with the temper of a *ju-ju*! The planter of Guadaloupe does not love a fiend who threw his inkstand at his head. But," adds the Don, suavely,

"permit my slave-governor to undertake Marie's education, and in a little time, though her eyes may not be so flashing, your beautiful maid will have a more subdued demeanor and command a reasonable price."

"No," answers Susan, shortly. "I have given Marie pardon. Sell the wench for what you can get; take her out of my life."

"But it will be giving this beauty away."

"What do I care? I—I put the affair entirely out of my hands. I have become a great lady. Business is relegated to my underlings," remarks Miss Turnbull, concealing by haughtiness a disgust for her own softening heart.

"*Caspita!*" mutters Sancho, and takes his departure, wondering at the deterioration in the commercial instinct of this girl, who had been so cold-blooded a trader when he first met her.

Three days afterward the slave-dealer makes his appearance once more, to give Susan a shock. He mutters: "Doña Turnbull, I have sold your slave."

"Marie? Thank God!" This last under her breath.

"For forty doubloons. It was an awful sacrifice, but it was the most the gallant sea-captain would give."

"Skippers are not blessed with too much money," laughs Susan, then says languidly: "What captain?"

The answer that comes brings her out of the arm-chair in which she is reclining.

"Captain Ricardo Bocock."

"My God!" And she bursts out upon the astonished Don, half sobbing: "What new plot is this against me? That intrigante is now linked with my enemies more strongly than ever;" then cries excitedly: "Buy her back again."

"Impossible," laughs the Don. "The captain seemed greatly in love with the fair slave."

"And she?"

"Judging by her joy, returned his affection. Never saw I wench so happy to leave barracoon. He had with him as attendant a creature called Red-headed Sambo," remarks Sancho, and goes away rather chuckling to himself, for in her early dealings with him Miss Turnbull had been very strict as to accounts and matters of commission.

"My heaven! What does this mean?" mutters Susan, as she looks after the retreating figure of the grinning Spaniard.

But she has a sturdy soul in her body, and thinking the matter over, concludes quite logically that Marie is less dangerous to her on Bocock's ship than on her own.

It is now the end of May. The days are becoming very hot in Havannah, and she is longing—O how eagerly!—for a sight of the face of the priest who has made her even stronger in her ambition, though weaker in the means she takes to compass it. If he is not in Cuba, Lucas must be in Florida. Therefore, after making great efforts to add to the strength of the *Sea Gull's* crew without success, Bullock is charged to get ready for return to New Smyrna.

For Susan can wait no longer; though glimpses of Bocock's stalwart form on the *Plaza de Armas*, when the band plays and the *volantes* gather under the great cocoanut trees, have come to her to tell her he still pursues; the clank of his sword as he passes the entrance of the grand cathedral where she is making her vows to God, has rung in her ear to say to her that he still watches.

Suddenly to her comes relief!

The privateersman, apparently unable to endure so long a strain upon his resources, hoists anchor, puts sail upon the *Growler*, and disappears from the harbor of Havannah.

With a sigh of relief she listens to Bullock as he reports this.

"Egad ! He was grounding on his beef-bones," chuckles the skipper. "The gossip about the docks is that your amorous pirate has sailed at last for New Orleans, short of stores, water, and everything but rage."

"We'll remain here a week longer to be certain," remarks Susan, and in happy mood makes her preparations for the voyage.

Wishing to leave pleasant recollections of her hospitality, she gives, the evening before her departure, a most magnificent *tertulia*, and sets sail from the Cuban city, leaving some very sad-eyed *caballeros* behind her.

In consequence of this festivity, the *Sca Gull* doesn't get up her anchor until late in the afternoon of the next day, passing the Morro just before the sunset gun is fired.

Tropical darkness comes upon the water quickly, and finds Miss Turnbull reclining languidly upon the deck, fanned by Irene.

To her slave she says sharply: "Wench, I'm going to Greece immediately after my arrival at New Smyrna. Now, unless you bring me the Holy Bible and swear upon it to make no attempt to escape throughout that whole trip, I leave you under my matron's whip, sewing oznaburghs in my barracoon."

At mention of the land where her Marco is fighting, Irene's eyes grow bright. This is her one hope of ever seeing him again. Sighingly, falteringly, she makes the required adjuration, muttering: "I have no option but to accept your terms, my—my mistress."

"Remember that your father and mother are in my hands, and keep your oath!" says Susan, sternly.

"As for the others," she laughs, thinking of Natalie and little Cora, "I have put slaves' minds into their slaves' bodies, and can call them any time by whistling." Placing her fair fingers between her red lips, she gives two sharp whistles, to find she is but half obeyed, for only Natalie, running hurriedly up the companionway, is kneeling in front of her mistress and asking her commands.

"Where is that careless jade Cora?" asks Miss Turnbull angrily.

"I—I think she is asleep, Madame."

"Asleep? Irene, bring the lazy wench instantly."

A moment after, Miss Vannos, arousing the somnolent Cora, who is taking a cat-nap on a cushion in the cabin, leads her on deck to tremble before her haughty mistress.

"Madame, I—I could not help it. I was up all night waiting on the guests at your *tertulia*," frantically apologizes the frightened widow.

"Well, here's something to keep you awake. Irene, Natalie, arrange my couch in the cabin. Cora, you won't dare to sleep when you're fanning me."

Her commands being obeyed, Miss Turnbull gazes lazily at the fragile creature who is anxiously stirring up the sea-air about her. "Keep that palmetto going!" she commands sternly. "You're not half as agile as that wench Marie, whom I discarded for you."

"I'm—I'm trying to do my best, Madame," murmurs the girl frightenedly, then adds: "I—I saw Marie yesterday."

"What?"

"It was not my fault! I didn't leave the *patio*. She came past the entrance last night when your *tertulia* was going on."

"WHAT?" Susan's face is one that frightens her slave.

"Pardon, Madame! I only said a few words to her."

"What words?"

"I—I told her it was your last party in Havannah; that we sailed to-day—Good heavens!—*mercy!*"

For her mistress has sprung up wildly and is muttering: "Marie in Havannah?—Bocock not far off! He *knows* we've sailed!"

In an instant she is down the companionway, arouses Bullock, and tells him to put on sail. "It was a trick," she falters. "Bocock's vessel must be waiting in some neighboring cove—just outside the harbor."

Not being anxious to face Red-headed Sam, whom he threw overboard, the skipper rushes upon deck and does Susan's bidding with great alacrity.

But the breeze is very light, and though everything that will draw is clapped upon the schooner, the morning finds her off Matanzas, and, some six miles in the rear, a brig in chase.

"It's not Bocock!" cries Susan, hoarsely. "His vessel is a brigantine."

"Curse it! Hang it!" screams Bullock. "He's made her a brig again. It's Bocock, sure!"

So, under light breezes, pursuer and pursued sail on during the day, the pirate gaining a little, as the wind is on the quarter. Toward evening, the breeze swinging to the eastward and getting stronger, Bullock is compelled to change the *Sea Gull's* course from the direct one to New Smyrna, and drive through the Nicholas Channel, along the northern coast of Cuba; for, running into the wind, the schooner has the advantage of the square-rigged brig, pointing closer and coming about quicker.

Having passed the Nicholas Channel, Bullock finds he has gained a mile or two. But trying once more



to steer his proper course to the north, the rapidity with which the square-rigged craft overhauls him before the wind, forces him to again turn the *Sea Gull's* bow toward the east.

This is the second morning from Havannah, and all that day the two vessels jam into the breeze, that is steadily becoming a gale. The third morning Bullock shakes his head and says : "The Caicos Reefs, and good Lord—I don't know how many other islands, are ahead of us. What the devil are we going to do ?"

"Sail on ! You know the channels as well as that ruffian who is behind us !" mutters Susan, desperately. "I'd just as soon die of drowning as be captured by him now !"

So the *Sea Gull* drives desperately into that uncharted sea, still keeping an eastward course, and late that afternoon Bullock calls Susan on deck. An island, crowned with three giant cocoanut trees, is in sight upon the larboard bow.

As they near it, the skipper says : "By Jove ! shipwrecked mariners on that cay ! Look !—a tent, and men running from it !" For through the telescope can be seen gaunt, half-starved, storm-worn creatures flying up and down the coral beach, waving their rags and calling upon the passing ship for aid, succor, and salvation.

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## CHAPTER XIV. }

### PRIEST AND WARRIOR.

"Pick them up ! Can't you see they're starving ?" shudders Susan.

"I darsen't, with Boccock so close in our wake," dissents the skipper.

But suddenly Miss Turnbull is commanding him: "Look! On the shore they've erected a rough cross—the sign of mercy," and murmurs to herself, "my Lucas's cross!" then cries: "I'll give these castaways succor if it costs my life! Bullock, stop! That cross holds me! See they're beckoning us; they're pointing to the channel. Captain Bullock, stop!"

For he has said savagely: "I'm the skipper of this craft!" and the owner is on her knees imploring the vessel's autocrat.

But after muttering: "My life isn't worth a Yarmouth bloater if that cut-throat Red Sam catches me," he cries determinedly: "Quartermaster, keep your course. Look out, you lubber, don't let those jibs flap!"

Then pitying heaven decides upon the side of mercy. A gust of wind, half puff, half squall, carries away the foretopmast of the *Sea Gull*. In a moment her headsails are in disorder; she can no longer fly.

Fortunately they have not yet passed the entrance to the channel, and Bullock, who is a very quick and expert seaman, seizing the wheel himself and putting his helm up, runs his craft between two lines of spray that mark the barrier-reef, each end of which, abutting on the narrow channel, has grown by the work of coral insects and the drifting of the sands into a little island of itself, scarce fifty feet long and twenty wide, but large enough to make a gun platform.

Dropping anchor in the lagoon between the barrier-reef and island, Bullock, getting springs upon his cable, warps the schooner round so that her broadside bears upon the passage. While doing this, he has dropped a quarter-boat, manned and armed, into the water.

This in the course of a few minutes reaches the shore and returns, bringing six gaunt, half-starved

wretches, headed by one who calls himself Gil Roques.

But each of these, as he steps on deck, Susan is delighted to see is well armed and handles his weapons as if he had fought with them before.

The leader of the castaways says, shortly: "Shipwrecked five months ago; three men lost; seven others, on a raft at neighboring cay for turtle, will be back at turn of tide;" then cries: "Hell and damnation! There's an enemy on top of us!" and crosses himself devoutly, muttering: "God forgive me for my blarsted tongue!"

For Bocock's brig, a mile away, has fired her long gun, and the twenty-four-pound ball, ricocheting between the schooner's masts, plows its way on to the island, demolishing one of the three giant coconuts.

"What is that craft?" he asks.

"A pirate!" answers Bullock between his teeth.

"*Malditos piratas!* Blast the murdering ruffians!" mutters Gil, anathematizing his former trade.

And now, smelling powder, this man becomes a leader; he cries: "Oho, a brass thirty-two amidships! We can play at long bowls as well as he."

With admiring eyes Miss Turnbull notes a master of the weapon seize the management of the gun, for Roques and his men handle it like veterans, and swinging it around, put a ball so near the *Growler* it dashes spray upon her deck.

But this game doesn't last long. Bocock wants Susan Turnbull, and wants her alive, therefore doesn't wish to take chance of killing her. He ceases firing, and sends a cutter with a flag of truce. Then a colloquy takes place that makes the young lady shudder.

"We have no quarrel with you," comes from the *Growler's* cutter. "All we want is a lass that belongs

to our skipper, having promised herself to him as wife. Hand Miss Susan Turnbull over to us, and we give you life. If not, we cut the throats of every mother's son of you."

It is with a shiver of fright the demanded girl sees the head of the shipwrecked tars take precedence of Bullock in this interview. With a pale cheek and trembling lip she turns anxious eyes on Roques, as he cries: "Avast, you murdering lubbers! Give up a maiden to your debaucheries, ye bloody pirates? Not by the cross of Christ!" And he points toward the symbol of our Redeemer that stands looming up from the white coral sand—the symbol of mercy, purity and truth.

Gazing on this, Susan Turnbull knows these men will give their lives to save her from Bocock's clutches.

"Then you have sealed your own doom, my cockadoodle," comes from the boat as it makes toward the brig.

Two minutes after, Susan, surrounded by her pale-faced maids—for they know as well as she what pirates' capture means—again gazes in admiration at Gil Roques.

He is saying: "Skipper, if you've had no experience in fighting, I'll take command. Then he cries: "Hoist out that long-boat, quick! We must fortify those two little islands at the entrance of the passage. If the pirate gets those we're penned."

Following his commands, the long-boat is got overboard, and the six broadside guns of the *Sea Gull* are taken one by one, three to each mound that dominates the channel, where sandbag batteries are erected, the guns placed in position, and ammunitioned from the ship. This is done with great expedition, for Roques makes every man work, and Susan heads her

maids and Mrs. Catto in sewing up the bags to hold the sand.

"With heavy garrisons and plenty of grape and langridge, I don't think that pirate will make much of a landing on those mounds. If he tries his long gun, we've got a longer one on board," chuckles Roques, and goes about rubbing his hands and saying: "Ever since I became a Christian, for five long years, I've been *longing* for a fight, and now to get one under the cross of Christ! Oh, this makes my blood course—doesn't it, my mates?"

"Ay, ay!" they cry.

"'Fore Gad," laughs one—"saving his pardon—this is as sporty as cutting throats, and much more holy."

Then Susan stands amazed again. Roques commands: "Don't dodge vespers, lads, though the priest is not with us." And he and his six Christian ruffians sink upon the deck and tell their beads as devoutly as if they were churchmen, and kneeling with them on the deck, Susan and Irene tell theirs also, the men praying for battle, the women praying for safety from defilement.

Their devotions over, and having eaten a hearty meal—the first, Gil Roques says, that has passed his gullet for full three months, turtles being scarce, and cocoanuts in the milk—that redoubted leader, followed by his own men and ten of the *Sea Gull's*, goes off in the long-boat to one of the batteries that guard the passage through the barrier-reef.

The defense of the other is assigned to Bullock, who takes with him from the schooner all the crew except the cook and cabin-boy, saying reassuringly to Susan, who dissents from this arrangement: "Miss Turnbull, there's no danger. These two batteries protect the *Sea Gull*; no boats will trouble you until they are captured. Make a quiet night of it."

But if Roques is a fighter, so is Dick Bocock, and with him on the *Growler* is a woman's brain—subtler than Roques's.

"You want Susan; so do I, *Ricardo mio*," purrs Marie. "When caught, you have promised to me that she shall be my attendant slave—sweet Miss Turnbull, who shall cringe to me as I once did to her!" And Mademoiselle la Comtesse Rasselli snaps her white teeth together as if she were clenching them upon the young lady at whose every nod she had trembled not so many weeks ago. Then she looks in admiration, yet in doubt, at dashing Dick as he paces the quarter-deck; for Richard has a strong hand, and Marie has discovered, despite her beauty and allurements, her master does not always let her have her will.

Even now, though Bocock has given his word as she has stated, he means to break it; for Susan Turnbull his *bride*, means riches, power, and great plantations. But Mademoiselle Rasselli, who is supremely confident of her loveliness and its effect, with feminine vanity thinks the privateering captain too much in love with her to dream of any other woman, and goes plotting with him for her ex-owner's humiliation with all her brain.

"We want Susan Turnbull. With her in our hands, my gallant Dick, the game is ours," she whispers as from the *Growler's* deck she inspects carefully with spy-glass the vessel that holds the woman that she hates. Suddenly she cries: "Nearly every man has left the *Sea Gull's* deck to garrison those two batteries. *Ricardo*, we have her!" and whispers, her eyes big with coming triumph: "Make, with your long-boat and second cutter—one boat for each—faint attacks upon the batteries. During the combat, in the darkness of

the night, with your first cutter commanded by yourself, row with muffled oars through the channel and carry off our prey and her strong box while her defenders in the batteries are fighting with your other boats. Then afterward, some sunny isle, my hero—you and I. In fact, even here we are quite comfortable," she murmurs, "now that brutal Red-headed Sam is put in double irons in the hole for claiming me as his lass and daring to be jealous of his captain."

"By boarding-pikes, you've the brain of an admiral!" says Bocock, admiringly. "Right you are, my hearty! This night I'll have my slippery Sue."

So, leaving twenty hands on board the brig, he mans his two cutters and his long-boat, sending the latter to attack the battery defended by Gil Roques and the second cutter to make assault upon the other heap of sand bags. Then in the darkness of the night, with muffled oars, in his first cutter with eight stalwart men, two to hold the boat and six to board with Bocock himself, the expedition sets out.

Not entirely reassured by Bullock's words, Susan sits languidly, but uneasily, upon the *Sea Gull's* deck that night, fanned by her maids; for she permits no lack of discipline, even under attack and misadventure, to interfere with her attendants' service. There will be a moon at twelve o'clock; it is now half-past eleven, and very dark. The tide has changed some four hours.

Suddenly Irene gives an exclamation, for the flash of a gun is seen upon one of the outer batteries, and with its boom come the cries of combat.

"We're attacked!" exclaims Susan, and springs up, to see both batteries engaged.

But the assault seems feeble. Soon, by the cries that come to her, Miss Turnbull knows her men are winning, and exclaims sneeringly: "And that pirate fool

thought to capture me by this half-hearted burning of powder?"

When suddenly she feels two stalwart arms about her, and Bocock—O God of heaven!—is laughing in her face and jeering: "Slippery Sue, thou'rt my wench at last."

Her eyes close in horror as she sees her cook and cabin-boy, who have sprung on deck, battling with other ruffians. Then cook is cut down, and cabin-boy springs overboard, and from the water rises one unearthly shriek, as the reef-sharks combat for his body.

"Mercy!—and I—I will give you my treasure!" comes in faltering shudders from Susan Turnbull.

"How much?" grins Bocock.

"All—all that I have on board!"

"Not enough!" says Dick, triumphantly, then orders his men in low tones: "Into the cabin quietly, three of you; get that iron-chest on deck. And you others, keep those jades quiet, and hustle them into the boat;" for Cora and Natalie are uttering piteous cries. "As for me, this little fighting minx is my prize!"

Susan is struggling desperately, though silently. "Oho, you little vixen," he chuckles. "Egad, I must conquer you with kisses." And despite her frantic struggles, his lips are pressed oft and again upon the pale but sweet ones of Susan Turnbull, who now grows very calm—that deadly calm of women of determination when they know hope has left them.

For one instant she tries a ruse. "Just let me out of your arms a moment, Dick, that I may get my breath! You're so boisterous," she utters, with a piteous smile.

But he jeers hoarsely, though in low voice: "Those



blarney games are over with me now. Three times you've tricked me; the fourth don't work!" and seizes her delicate arm in his grip so forcibly that she utters a faint moan. For Susan has been trying to glide to the bulwarks to toss herself overboard, preferring sharks' mercy to his.

Faintly she hears on the other side of the vessel a splashing, as of poles plunged in the water. To her comes a little hope; she screams: "To my aid! *Help me!* Save me!—HELP!"

The next instant Bocock's hand closes over her pretty mouth, and he mutters with an oath: "Silence! Now, over thy Dick's shoulder you go!" and picking her up in his arms, strides to the taffrail, to slide with his prize into his boat.

But suddenly Susan is plucked from the pirate's grasp, and by the silver light of the moon, which is just rising, she sees a lithe, athletic form, ragged and agile as a Naples beggar, but of noble mien, strike Bocock in the mouth with the hilt of a Toledo he has whipped from out its scabbard.

"Up here, Growlers, and help me!" shouts the privateersman, drawing his cutlass.

To his aid spring his six men!

But the lazzarone crying in Spanish: "*¡Vivo! Aquí camaradas! A mi socorro! Los piratos! Pronto!*" skips about the deck, showing such skill of fence, such agility of foot and spring of steely wrist, that for a moment he keeps at bay the six jack-tars, who, to prevent noise, are armed only with cutlasses, even running one of them through the body.

As he fights he seems to Susan a familiar Paladin, for in the gestures of swordsmanship something reminds her of the graces of the altar.

Suddenly beside him, clambering on the deck, are

six more gaunt, half-starved demons, who seem to dance about the deck, with long Spanish knives, and combat is all around Susan.

His men fight gallantly, and so does Bull-dog Bocock, but at close quarters blunt cutlasses are no match for stiletos wielded by men who, wrapping their rags round their arms as if they were *serapas*, ply their long *cuchillos* with as much skill and gusto as were ever seen at bull-fight bickering or *contrabandistas'* single combat in the land of the knife—Spain itself.

The *mêlée* degenerates into a series of single combats, and Susan, as when she was a schoolgirl, sees Bocock fighting against an arm more skilled in fence. For the ragged Andalusian, parrying the stalwart blows showered upon him, with the ease of a *maitre d'armes* pinks the pirate captain through the shoulder, who screams: "Licked *always* when she sees me fight."

Then there is a cry: "Save the skipper!" Bocock is tossed by his own men into his cutter, they following after him. Pursued by cold shot, the pirates pull away into the darkness—five, instead of nine that came to capture Susan Turnbull.

But the girl is thinking naught of this. She is gazing—gazing too astounded for utterance, gazing with eyes that cannot believe, gazing at this man who has fought himself into her heart—gazing at the Paladin who has destroyed the priest in her imagination. Then suddenly she murmurs: "Lucas!—monk and warrior too!" and, perchance thinking she has more hope of warrior than she had of priest, would fall into his very arms.

But he has motioned for her women to catch her, and is now all churchman, bending over the dying pirate and trying to save the soul of the body he has slain.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE CHASE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

THE next morning Miss Turnbull is up with the sun, hoping to thank her priestly hero. On deck, she gazes around, and utters an exclamation of astonished joy, for Bocock's vessel is no longer within sight.

"That pirate skipped in the night. Our reception of him was a sickener," says Bullock complacently to her.

But Roques is not so sure, and by his advice the long-boat is sent out to coast round the outer reef and see if the brig is not in hiding upon the other side of the island.

While this is being done, a new foretopmast is hoisted up, put in position, and being properly stayed and the standing and running rigging got into place, the *Sea Gull* is ready again for flight.

By the time this is finished, the long-boat returns bearing word: "No sail in sight," and Bullock gives a sigh of relief, and so does Susan, though she doesn't feel so safe as her captain.

All this time her eyes have scanned the deck in search of one man, and without avail. Questioned, Roques replies to her: "The *Padre* has gone on shore—but don't think he shirks his duty as one of us, Miss! It's him as kept us cheery on short rations, and when not praying, there's no smarter turtle-hunter on the island. You've noticed his holiness is quite handy with his weapons," grins the ex-buccaneer, adding: "I imagine he's in the little cocoanut grove which we use as chapel, praying for the soul of that pirate he sent to purgatory last night."

As they hoist sail, Lucas comes on board. Su-

san's eyes light as she sees the agile, graceful form she loves mount the vessel's side, in the same romantic Castilian rags in which he had fought for her the night before.

Suddenly she snarls at Bullock: "You have not given my savior clothes, you ungrateful skipper." Meeting De Alvarado at the gangway, she, looking like a beautiful saint in simple white muslin, falters: "My champion; let me thank you for last night's salvation."

"I but did my duty as a man—which is commanded to all priests of God," the friar says simply.

"Ah, but how gallantly you did it!" Then gazing at him she murmurs apologetically: "My preserver in rags! Fortunately I am taking to my uncle, from Havannah, several suits of clothes. Your men have now all comfortable garments, and you still in castaway nudity? La, you're only half decent, Fra Lucas," she laughs, attempting to conceal passion beneath affected levity.

Inspecting himself, the young priest can scarce refuse her offer, for his present attire is quite as the young lady has described it, though in it he looks to Susan like a bronze demigod, the browning of his bare, sinewy limbs and superbly molded torso, by all these months of tropic sun, having added to his virile beauty.

"You are very kind, my daughter," he murmurs.

Susan's eyes suffuse with tears at the familiar words, though she is saying: "Irene, Natalie, please get out the wardrobe I am taking to my uncle and offer it to my spiritual director and preserver." And as Fra Lucas stands astonished at the unusual softness of the tones in which she addresses her slaves, she bows before him and adds: "There is a cabin arranged for your reverence to occupy."

"The deck will be as pleasant to me in this fine weather," replies the priest. "But I have a request to make, since you are in generous mood. Order your captain to sail to Cay Biscayne, some two hundred miles south of New Smyrna, on the Florida coast, and land my shipwrecked companions. A portion of them have wives and families, who must now be mourning them as dead."

"Is that *all* you ask?" mutters Susan disconsolately, and gives Bullock the requisite orders.

Some hours afterward, Lucas strolls on deck again, looking like a distinguished cavalier of the Don César de Bazan order, minus Don César's rags. For under the deft hands of Susan and her maids, Turnbull's garments, adroitly made smaller by quick sewing, deck his graceful figure; though his penitent, as she sits on the deck fanned by her maids, her eyes following every movement of this priest who as a warrior has fought himself even more strongly into her heart, longs to see once more the agile graces of his bronzed form.

"Now you look like your old ancestors, the fighting De Alvarados," she prattles. For Lucas, not knowing when they may be called for, has pistols in his belt and sword by his side. "But you haven't told me of the blessed shipwreck that enabled you to—to save me."

Noting the eager inquiry on her face, the friar, taking seat near her, tells of the awful hurricane, pointing out the remnants of their little sloop which lies upon the white coral sand, glistening some two hundred yards away, and explaining it was by the mercy of God this little shattered sinking craft was blown to the shore, after she had struck the barrier-reef in the passage; for he had been lashed to her deck.

As Susan hears of the peril that has been put upon her loved one, tears come into her eyes; but suddenly they blaze with hope and passion. She is thinking: "God saved him, that he might rescue me and so become tender unto me! God saved him for ME!"

An hour afterward the *Sea Gull* has cleared Sharks' Cay, and, conned by Gil Roques, is threading her way through the coral reefs.

That evening Miss Turnbull insists upon Lucas eating at her table, very craftily announcing to her crew and his ex-buccaneers that Father de Alvarado is her own personal spiritual director, so that refusal to accept a place at her board would be looked upon as very strange.

From this the priest has no wish to dissent. The gentle manner of his convert, her softened tones to her slaves, all make him think perchance the grace of God is entering her heart.

This is emphasized during the meal, Miss Susan saying almost pleadingly: "Irene, *please* be careful and see Fra Lucas has more fruit. Natalie, my good girl, *kindly* bring the *Padre's* coffee. Cora, *my pretty child*, run and get some of those Havannah cigars we are bringing for my uncle; those famed ones from the Vuelta Abajo. I'm sure our savior, after his hardships, would enjoy a smoke on deck."

Her voice has such dovelike sweetness that her slave-girls gaze on each other astounded, though Natalie, getting chance word with Irene outside the cabin, shudders in panic, and mutters: "Oh, mercy, when our mistress makes this up to us!"

Sitting on the deck that evening, the convert finds herself alone with her director, for she has given hint to her maids that they should not proffer her attendance—and Susan's hints her slaves have learned to take.

Turning her eyes to the man of God, Miss Turnbull, though she dreads to speak, cannot refrain, and says falteringly: "Father, you—you have not asked me if I am—am growing in the Faith!"

"I fear there is no use to ask," he answers sadly. Then his tone grows stern: "You sailed with twenty beautiful slaves from New Smyrna. Where are they now?"

"Sold!" says Susan, with a snap of her pretty jaws.

Then, noting the anguish this brings upon her Lucas's face, she goes on, apologetically: "But at no unusual prices. Even Marie, my exquisite maid, brought but forty doubloons in the market of Havannah. Besides," she adds, airily: "I have confessed my sins and received absolution from the Archbishop of Santiago, *your superior*—and don't you *dare* refuse me the communion!" This last, saucily, even savagely.

"Did you tell his Grace for what purpose you sold those beautiful women?"

"Yes, to obtain money."

"Faugh!" mutters De Alvarado. "Unhappy girl! you have been juggling with God!"

"Juggling with God?" she echoes, almost defiantly. "Then so does La Marquesa de Santa Lucia, my intimate friend in Havannah. Did she not sell her exquisite maid Ysabel, imported from Louisiana, and just as white as some of my wenches? How about the sainted and religious Doña Sofia Gonzalez? Did she not vend two pretty girls to a slave-dealer, even in my presence? Are *they* refused absolution?"

"These ladies did not know the purposes for which their slaves were sold."

"They did as much as I. I said, 'Here, Don San-

cho, here's a lot of wenches for sale.' La, I'm too great a lady to take strict cognizance of little details of my estates and property."

With this Susan rises, shakes out her skirts, and giving him a sweeping and ceremonious courtesy, murmurs: "I bid you good evening, Fra Lucas de Alvarado," and thinking: "I had his reverence there!" she turns to the companionway.

But a moment later she is called back and, though Lucas's voice is stern with condemnation, is made happy, for he whispers to her: "My daughter, I would refuse those ladies absolution as I did you, if they confessed to guessing the fate of their unfortunate bondmaids. Besides—my convert—I wish you to be holier than they."

The evening of the next day the schooner lands the twelve shipwrecked ex-buccaneers at Cay Biscayne, where Susan gives additional evidence of softening heart, for she disburses money among these hardy seamen who had fought for her, and lands from the ship supplies for their families; for the *Sca Gull* has on board an immense quantity of stores, being provisioned and watered for a voyage even to the Mediterranean.

Then with favoring wind the schooner drives up the coast straight for New Smyrna. Upon its deck, to Susan's intense joy, stands Fra Lucas de Alvarado, who, thinking he sees signs of penitence, has determined to win his convert, not merely to the outward observances of the Roman Church, but to true holiness, which is true faith. Besides, Miss Turnbull has made her spiritual director very happy now by declaring that she intends never again to sell beauty in Havannah.

"You have given up all projects of enslaving more unhappy Greeks?" he asks, his eyes hopeful but astonished.



"No, but I shall sell no more women slaves. They shall all remain *mine*. I am going to Greece to bring ten—perhaps twenty thousand hapless Peloponnesians to my new principality," she says, triumphantly, but adds, half mockingly : "I shall stay but a few days in New Smyrna; so you will have to work quickly to make me a good girl."

But the plans of Susan Turnbull receive a sudden change. The breeze dies out, and it is only on the morning of the second day they make the entrance of Mosquito Inlet—to meet astonishment, even consternation !

Cruising in front of the entrance is Bocock's brig! The *Growler*, not daring to attempt the town, with its newly erected battery of heavy guns, is watching to pounce upon the mistress of it at the very portals of her home.

Flight is the only thing that will save the *Sea Gull*, and clapping on every sail that will draw, Bullock stands out to sea, pursued once more by Bocock, who lies on his deck cursing his disabling wound, but still directing an implacable pursuit.

His repeated failures have only strengthened his bulldog purpose. Besides, at his ear is a woman who, with every fascination of her beauty and her intellect, still urges him to give her vengeance on Susan Turnbull.

All that day the schooner stands into the teeth of the wind, sailing a little north of east, as if she intended to cross the Atlantic—the pirate after her.

The next day it is the same, for they are in the trades; the breeze steady, the pursuit untiring.

Each morning Susan Turnbull gazes with anxious eyes, to see that dreaded sail always astern, sometimes nearer, sometimes farther.

So, day by day, beneath the burning sun, or under

the clouds of the night, the two vessels stand on. Once Bullock thinks desperately to drop the pirate in the darkness by putting about and sailing past the *Growler* brig; but, to his consternation, finds they have very sharp eyes on board that craft, and that she is quietly waiting for him on his very bow, and so turns on his course again. The next morning Susan thinks she's lost, the brig is so very near. But a favoring slant of wind enables the merchant skipper, who is sailing for his own life, to regain once more the three knots he has lost.

And so on, till the girl thinks the pursuit will never end—save in her capture.

But the afternoon of the last day of the second week, Miss Turnbull, who is gazing aft with the telescope, suddenly gives a scream, and gasps: "Their sails are flapping! Look!"

And Bullock, seizing the glass from her, places it on the pursuing craft, and cries: "By heaven, she's put about at last! Short of provisions, and water too, I reckon. Lads, we're saved!" and dances wildly about the deck.

And his crew cheer, till the priest, lifting up his hands, says: "Let us give thanks to the Lord!" So they all, sinking on their knees, join the father of the church in offering adoration to the God of mercy: the jack-tars because they will not have to walk the plank; the women for deliverance from woes unutterable.

Rising from her devotions, Susan, gazing at the sail fading in the distance, thinks: "At last I am rid of him! This cruise in pursuit of me must have ruined Boccock, and it has done me little harm. We're nearly half across the Atlantic; we have provisions and water to voyage to the Mediterranean—that's where I want to go. I have money to ship ten thousand despairing Greeks. Besides, Lucas is *here*!"

Then she cries commandingly to Bullock, her captain: "Shape our course for Modon, Greece!"

And at her words there is a low, gasping scream behind her, and her slave-girl, Irene Vannos, even as she fans her sybarite mistress, falls fainting on the deck.

So the *Sea Gull* drives on across the Atlantic, heading for the land of Alcibiades, Epaminondas and Thucydides; the land in which slaves are cheap; the land toward which Irene stares with eyes so strained that they seem as if they would span full three thousand miles of sea and ocean, and see Marco Trefussis, her patriot lover, fighting against the Ottomans.

But on the deck of the other ship, the one whose prow is turned toward the west, what is going on?

Susan has made too shrewd a guess when she sneered: "This cruise for me has ruined Bocock!"

Chafing under his wound, the privateering captain lies upon his deck cursing his men, who have risen in mutiny and cried: "What skipper have we, who for eight months, lured by a petticoat, has deprived us of prize-money, and now would put us on short rations and half-water grog to chase her back to Europe!" and so have compelled him to "up helm" and put about for the West Indies.

Beside him is Marie Rasselli, more beautiful in her disappointment than in the vindictive triumph that she thought would come to her, sobbing because Susan Turnbull has escaped bowing to her as mistress and suffering the slave's discipline she had given to her.

"Dry your eyes, sweet lass, and kiss your Dicky boy," mutters Bocock, attempting consolation to the lovely creature. "When my wound heals we'll lick the crew into shape again, and then together we'll catch slippery Sue when she comes back."

"She will never come back!" sighs Marie. Then

she utters in strange significance: "I shall have my revenge, but shall not see it. This is the last of Susan Turnbull!"

With this, the peculiar, subtle ray illumines the girl's passionate eyes as they gaze upon the disappearing *Sea Gull's* sails, lighted by the sun as if in triumph, and she laughs hoarsely: "My torturer—you who have made me a slave and given me the despair of one—you are going to a land where there are tyrants more fierce and powerful than you!—to a place where your beauty, your helpless womanhood and unprotected gold will be but so many lures for your plunder and destruction—and *I have made you do it!* Farewell, Susan Turnbull. You are going to my vengeance; you are going to *Greece!*"

## BOOK III.

# THE LAND OF THE WHITE SKIRTS.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE PASHA OF TWO HORSE-TAILS.

WHILE Susan Turnbull is racing for Greece in easy confidence, intent on bearing some tens of thousands of despairing Peloponnesians to her slave-barracoons in Florida, Providence is arranging a reception for that young lady of which she dreams not.

In an apartment in a beautiful residence, plain as to frontage, as most Turkish palaces are, but backed by the grounds, kiosks, gardens and apartments of an exquisite harem, by the side of the Golden Horn, near where the sweet waters of Europe fall rippling into the blue stream that comes in from the Bosphorus, is seated, on a divan, a man wearing the uniform of a Turkish officer and turban of the true believer, but having a laughing, devil-may-care Irish face.

Before him is arranged a luxurious Oriental meal, including large quantities of the wine forbidden by Allah, chiefly champagne, which is cooling in snow and ice transported from the Caucasus.

The attendance—for numerous black and white slaves are moving about—and the luxury of the table, indicate the riches of a looted province; the uniform

and decorations of the man suggest high rank in the service of the Padischah.

Though his face shows the anxieties of war and the recently healed wounds of battle, his easy Irish accent, dominating the Turkish dialect, mark Ballyho Bey, the Turko-Irish governor of Modon, the second in command to Hassan of Algiers of the Turkish fleet; the *renegado*, who, to escape being a galley-slave, has thrown down the Cross and taken up the Crescent; the rapscallion who as a diplomat had figured in England three years before, and had been foiled in his elopement with the two pretty school-girls, Susan Turnbull and Irene Vannos, from Miss Prindle's establishment at Brighthelmstone; the Turkish satrap to whom Susan is speeding to obtain more Greek colonists and to win his favor by presentation of Irene to his harem, forgetting that this gentleman had promised himself to make them *both* his odalisques.

Since his English mission, however, Terence, Ballyho Bey has been altogether too busy to think very much of these matters of love, being surrounded by so much bloodshed and battle that he has had little time even for plunder and looting, though he has contrived to give some of his spare moments to this, as is indicated by his great luxury and pomp of living.

Finishing his ragout and wiping his fingers daintily with an embroidered kerchief that is passed to him by a bending slave, he remarks familiarly to the master of his household, a black eunuch, of enormous stature, thick Ethiopian lips and softest tenor voice, "Gilly, bedad, I'm expecting immediate message from his Highness, Hassan of Algiers, the new capitan-pasha in place of that baste, Hosameddin, who's coquetting with the bowstring, and whose cowardice and bad conduct have brought all our misfortunes on us, barring

what the Russians did to us, led by those devilish English officers."

"Your wounds have not destroyed your appetite?" remarks his dependent sympathetically.

"Divil a bit! Nothing but death will destroy that, I'm thinking. Demos!" he calls quickly to a Greek boy, "don't scowl at me so when I talk about butchering your friends and relatives. Pass me that champagne and orange pancake—and don't forget I have made ye a slave." A moment after he remarks: "But I have happier matters on me mind. Go to the gate and ask that blatherskite of a Tartar porter if the messenger from Hassan *Ghazi* has not arrived."

Even as he speaks, he springs up with a muttered: "*Allah razi olah!* It's come at last! Gilly, the firman of me lord the Padischah." For an official of the Sultan is bending before him and offering him a scroll bearing the imperial signet.

Breaking the seal, he hurriedly peruses, then bursts into a wild Irish yell: "O murder, what do ye think they've done to me?"

"The bowstring, your Highness?" says the eunuch, in a solemn voice.

"No, ye blooming idiot! They've made me a pasha of two tails and Governor of all the Southern Morea, with Nauplia me capital. Do ye think they'd give me the bowstring for saving Constantinople for 'em and facin' the plague to do it?"

Then his voice becoming more that of an Orientalist than an Irishman, he remarks with dignity to the messenger of the Sultan: "Bear my message to my lord the Padischah, the Vicar of the Prophet and Shadow of God. Tell him, as he orders, I depart for Nauplia within the week. Behold," he pulls from his breast a heavy golden chain, "this is for thy

trouble;" and sends the official away with grinning face and low salaam at the liberality of Ballyho *Ghazi*, for this is what the *renegado* has been called since the battle of Lemnos two weeks before.

"O Moses, isn't this good news!" mutters the pasha to Gilly. "Tell all the jades in me harem they can have new dresses, and that Italian Giulia if she'll give up crying about that Sicilian boy we chucked overboard when we took her, that I'll do great things for her in the way of diamonds. You know how to talk to 'em, Gilly: you have a most persuasive way among ladies," he laughs.

"Yes, my lord; if they don't listen to me in one way, they always do in another!" chuckles the Ethiop. "But I'll bring joy to the fair ones of my master's harem."

With low obeisance he passes out, leaving the Turkish officer striding through the apartment more like an Irishman than a Mussulman, and muttering to himself "Ah, bedad, didn't I lade the dirty rabble of Constantinople against the Rooshians and those divils, the English, who are helping 'em? But a nice time we had of it, before, at Tchesmé, when that Saxon brute, Dugdale, gave me this sabre-cut. It wasn't a fair fight; both the British and the Muscovites combined. *But Allah illa Allah, akbar Mahomed!*

"By St. Patrick, that's the true war-cry!—Is it?" he starts shuddering, and makes a curious sign for a turbaned *renegado*. "Ah, it breaks me heart sometimes to think—Howly Moses, have I crossed meself again?—crossed meself, when I'm fighting for the Crescent with me whole soul and with as much pluck as me great ancestor, the old Crusader, Godfrey de Ballyho, fought *against* it! His tomb they tell me is up in that bastely town of Misitra in me province in the Morea—



the one where Marco Trefussis, bad cess to him, is holding against me Albanians yet?

“But this has been a great war for Ballyho Pasha; though not so fine a one for me master, I'm thinking. That baste Catherine of Russia has been playing the devil with the beloved of Allah.”

And the Irish officer is nearly right.

Four years before, in 1766, Catherine II., of Russia desired to create a military diversion for the Turkish armies in Poland, which opposed her crushing and partitioning, in connection with Frederick, the Prussian, and Maria Theresa, of Austria, the kingdom that less than a hundred years before had saved Vienna from the Turks, and with it probably nascent Prussia and budding Russia. Assisted in her counsels by the three Orloff brothers, who had just choked to death her husband, Peter, Czar of all the Muscovites, and taken possession not only of their victim's empire, but even of his royal couch, she had arranged, with Tartar philanthropy, an uprising of the Greeks.

For this purpose, Papasoglou, a Greek captain of artillery in the Russian service, in 1766 had been sent by Gregory Orloff to Maina to stir up the Klephts of that still unconquered region to attack the Turks, who held all seaports, plains and every bit of Greece—except where these wild mountaineers, half bandits, half patriots, but *all* thieves, disputed the sovereignty of *any* king, and feared only the Albanians, bigger mountaineers, bigger fighters, bigger bandits, bigger thieves than they themselves, as to-day the white-skirted *erzanes* dread only the white-capped Arnauts.

This had been done by the advice to the Russian minister in England, of Marco Trefussis, the agent of the *Heteria*, the first Hellenic society, whose mistaken patriotism saw Greece free six decades too soon.

So the Greeks, primed for uprising, and gradually being armed to resist their Turkish oppressors—whose rule, Heaven knows, was enough to make them wish for any other tyranny, even the tyranny of freedom—had waited for the coming of the Russian squadron in 1769.

Curiously, this fleet was half manned by English seamen and half commanded by British officers, George the Third and his ministry winking at Elphinstone, one of their admirals, taking the *real* direction of the Russian flotilla, though nominally Alexis Orloff was the Muscovite High Admiral. For England then did not see what Russia ultimately aimed at in the East.

Curiously also, Russia was opposed by France, which sent her emissaries with all the aid and comfort they could give to Constantinople without proclaiming war against the Russ; among them, notably Baron de Tott, an engineer-officer of the highest quality.

The Turks also had not been idle. Modon and Coron, under the command of Ballyho Bey, their governor, had been well fortified. The Albanians had been got together upon the northern frontier, to fight, as usual, under the Crescent, and winning a victory for it, to rebel, as was their formula, against the Ottoman power and discipline.

Besides this, a great naval armament had been prepared at Constantinople, under the command of Hosameddin, whose second in command was Hassan, the Algerine.

Into this conglomeration of dissonant forces, which threatened only ruin to the Greeks, had come, early in 1769, Marco Trefussis, full of youthful fire and ardent patriotism to free his country, leaving his betrothed, Irene Vannos, living luxuriously in London, and never dreaming her father's misfortunes, brought about

partly by him, would consign her to the slave-pen of Susan Turnbull in New Smyrna, Florida.

Thus the Moslem and Russian dogs, growling over the bone—Greece—lay watching each other until the arrival, early in 1770, of the Muscovite fleet under Orloff and Elphinstone.

Then the combats, the massacres, the looting, the pillaging, the outraging, the selling of Greek beauties for slaves in the *Yesser-bazaar*\* of Constantinople began; then the Turkish pashas had their fill of battle, blood, and loot, likewise the Albanian mountaineers.

Being routed at Tripolitza by the Turkish vizier, and foiled in the siege of Modon and Coron by Ballyho Bey, the Russians had abandoned the Morea, leaving their friends, the local patriots, to be butchered slowly.

The war, transferred from the mainland of Greece to the seas and islands, became a naval struggle, in which at Tchesmé, being unskillfully commanded by Hosameddin, the Turkish fleet was annihilated, chiefly by Russian fireships, sailed into their midst by English officers. This action left Constantinople open to the Muscovite, had he energy and speed enough to take advantage of it, for the fortifications at the Dardanelles had been permitted to deteriorate until they were no longer a menace to passing warships. But the jealousy of their officers for their English allies delayed the Russ. Orloff, instead of forcing the Dardanelles, remained with his armament at the island of Lemnos.

But waiting is always dangerous!

With the instinct of the corsair for surprises and the courage borne of despair and *Kismet*, Hassan of Algiers† had recruited four thousand of the fanati-

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\* The slave market.

† Hassan of Algiers, the great Turkish admiral of the eighteenth century,

cal rabble of Constantinople, which was *fortunately* stricken at this time by the awful bubonic plague—Ballyho taking the post of second in command of the infected Copts, Ethiopians, *Arnaoots*, and Bashi-bazouks, the most fanatical and filthiest of the offscouring of Stamboul's dirty streets.

One morning—before light has come upon the sea—they make landing at Lemnos: Ballyho and the plague, Hassan and the rabble.

The Turkish garrison, having given up all hope, are negotiating for capitulation. The Russian camp, rejoicing at the certain capture of this citadel, which has been besieged for nearly sixty days, is in the sleep of debauchery.

Landing upon the eastern side of the island, unobserved, for the carousing Muscovites have no patrols upon the beach, Ballyho and his walking pestilence, a few of whom drop and die by the wayside, scramble up the rocks, the silence only broken by groans of anguish from his marching hospital, and assault the astonished Russian camp, crying: "The plague we have brought to you, *Giaours* and unbelievers! The plague and the sabre!"

With this they are running through the Russian camp, the early morning light showing the affrighted Muscovites death more horrible than that of battle—the Black Death of Europe, from which all men flee—the brave as well as the coward! With guns aimed to fire, with sabres upraised to strike, the Russians, see—

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was born on the frontier of Persia, and as a child was sold into slavery. In his early life he was boatman, soldier, and corsair, but raised himself by his great talents to the rank of Port Admiral of Algiers. Being exiled to Italy on account of political differences, he found his way from that place to Turkey, and became second in command of the Ottoman fleet. But after the unfortunate defeat of Tchesmé, brought about by the incompetency of his superior, Pasha Hosameddin, and his marvelous victory with the rabble of Constantinople over the Russian armament at Lemnos, by which he probably saved Stamboul from the Muscovite, he became, under the title of *Ghazi-Hassan* (the Victorious), the chief commander of the Ottoman armies and fleets, holding that rank for many years. *Vide* Von Hammer and Creasy.—ED.

ing before them the pest that is even now ravaging Muscovy so terribly, throw down their arms and fly; and though their officers would rally them, a shriek comes up: "More plague!" as Hassan and his reinforcement of three thousand filthy devils, plying sabre and pistol, run in and about the Russian camp.

Even Alexis Orloff's strong arm is paralyzed; for a Moslem fanatic whose bare breast shows the buboes of the infection is trying to embrace him, and he runs shrieking from the man's grasp. Flying from this death, the Muscovites rush for the water, in panic not of sabre or of pistol, but of pestilence.

Pursued and massacred by this horde of fanatic and dying beggars, the Russians take to their ships—those that are left of them, for the slaughter this morning is prodigious—this tenth of October A. D. 1770, that saved Byzantium from Muscovy until even TO-DAY

So thinking of this, Ballyho, though two weeks have now passed, mutters joyfully: "Bedad, I conceive the luck's changed; it has with *me*, any way!"

As he speaks, Marmalou, one of his white eunuchs, salaaming before him, presents to his hand a letter, saying: "Your Excellency, this scroll has just arrived, being forwarded to you from Modon."

Gazing at this, Ballyho recognizes the handwriting of Andrew Turnbull, and opening it, reads as follows:

NEW SMYRNA, April 25, 1770.

*My dear Excellency:* I beg to inform you that my niece, Miss Susan Turnbull, has written to me from Havannah, asking me to notify you of her coming as my representative to Greece, to transport as emigrants to our plantations in Florida, ten thousand of the inhabitants of the Peloponnesus, at the same rate as my previous contract with you. Please grant her every favor and facility.

I inclose herewith a draft on our house at Smyrna for one hundred and fifty pounds sterling, the amount you state is owing you upon the last exportation.

It is impossible for me, as you request, to return Alceste Vannos to you, as he is now dead. But my niece, Miss Turnbull, brings with her his daughter Irene, who, judging from your Excellency's conversation with me the night before I left Modon, is really the object of your solicitude.

Yours most respectfully,

ANDREW TURNBULL.

P. S.—Irene Vannos, being my niece's indentured slave, is subject entirely to her control. She has been very carefully secluded, and will be forwarded to you at any place in the East you may direct, in case you should not be at Modon at the time of Miss Turnbull's arrival.

A. T.

“Bedad! Instead of me capturing Irene, Turnbull's little niece, Miss Susan, caught her,” laughs his Excellency. “An' Susan is coming, too! Ho—ho! And I said when I looked upon the beauties dancing at their boarding school: ‘*Ботн!*’ By the powers! Allah is smiling on Ballyho Bey, who has escaped the pestilence and is now—bedad!—a big enough man to do as he pleases in his province of the Morea—especially with the daughter of a rebellious Grake merchant and the niece of one of those bloody-minded English who are now commanding the Russian fleet and making war upon the Padischah and me. *Bismillah!* Thy fate is decided, Susana! When a pasha of two tails puts his eye upon beauty, by Mohammed, he's very apt to have it!” Then he raises up his voice and cries:

“Gilly—Gillyflower! There's work ahead of ye, my boy; improve yer English, there's two new *houris* coming to yer care!” and mutters, his voice savage with exultation, “Little Susan, me harem is waiting for ye!”

## CHAPTER XVII.

A MAINOTE CHIEF PREPARES GREETING FOR SUSAN  
TURNBULL.

ABOUT this time another letter from the West is delivered in Greece—despairing Greece!

Just where the great range of the Taygetus, those Mainote mountains of the Southern Morea, falls in a succession of high cliffs and rocky gorges into the plain of Sparta, stands Misitra (the modern Mistra), once the capital of the Villehardouins, that family of Venetian origin, which, by the aid of the old Crusaders, had kept the Saracens so long at bay. That mediæval power, which, by the good swords of the Knights of the Temple and Saint John, built up in Greece a once potent enemy to the Crescent—upon the plains of old Lacedemon, twelve hundred years defunct.

This little town—a mixture of Mainote huts, Turkish mosques, ruined Christian palaces, churches, and tombs of the old Crusaders, decked with their coats of arms, crests and mottoes, its walls displaying over each gate and bastion the sculptured cross, to show the faith of Christ was once mightier than the love of Mahomet in the East—is being held by a remnant of the Spartan Legion, supported by bands of savage *Klephts*, who are fighting—their eyes tell that—not even for liberty nor for life, for that they now guess is impossible—but for a joyous vengeance.

Within one of the crumbling halls of the old Crusaders that looks out upon the Lacedemonian valley and the ruins of once free and conquering Sparta, sits Marco Trefussis, woefully transported from his easy London luxury when he, as agent of the Hellenic League, played clerk to her father and won the love of soft-eyed Irene

Vannos. Scarred by the wounds of battle, and gaunt from living on scanty rations—for food is scarce with the Greek *evzones*—he is still bright and debonair, his face schooled not to permit the remnant of his force guessing how desperate he thinks their strait.

Still, sometimes his eyes are those of patriot who knows he has drawn his sword in vain; sometimes his firm face loses the last look of hope—that hope which brought him to his country—the glorious ambition of being the author of its liberty.

At the rear of the great hall, several officers of the Greek legion are seated, chatting of the loves of ladies. A few *Klepht* chiefs are squatted on the ruined floor gambling with dice and muttering Eastern oaths, disputing over their game, one wagering a captive Turkish maiden against another's gold cup. looted in the very streets of this little town, where the Mainote uprising first broke out; where, filled with blood-mania, the Greek had beaten the Turk at his own game; where Ottoman harems were desecrated, and Moslem children tossed from the dizzy tops of minarets on the Grecian pikes below\*—and excuse given for the Albanian horrors which came afterward upon the trading, mild, unwarlike population of the Peloponnesian coasts and the islands of the Ægean.

Mid boisterous oaths and light laugh, one brow only, that of their leader, tells of their desperate situation. His thought is all of coming messenger.

“Petras should be here this morning—our spy from Modon!” cogitates Trefussis. “He who will tell us whether the Russians come back to Greece.”

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\* The Mainotes practiced the most revolting cruelties upon all the Turks whom they could overpower in the open country or less defensible towns. Misitra (the modern Mistra), the chief place in Maina, is particular was the scene of fearful atrocities. Four hundred Turks were slaughtered there in cold blood, and Ottoman children torn from their mothers' arms, were carried up to the tops of the minarets and thence dashed to the ground. *Creasy's History of the Ottoman Turks*.—Ed.



Suddenly there is a low murmur in the streets. "By St. Constantine, Petras is here!" cries Saparchus, a black-bearded bandit-chief of the Mainotes, and the others echo his words; for though light of laugh and greedy of desire, they all know their desperate strait!

But it is only the provost-guard bringing in a prisoner to be judged by military law, for Trefussis will have his troops soldiers, not bandits.

Before him and his second in command, Arakles, colonel of the Spartan Legion, in conjunction with some other officers forming a drumhead court-martial, are placed the accuser and accused: the latter a dark-browed, savage-looking Mainote petty chief; by name Theodoric Chalcas; by disposition, ruffian; by instinct and education, freebooter.

His accuser, a wild, anguished-eyed Greek peasant woman, sobs out her complaint, crying: "Justice on this murderer who has robbed my child of life!" and lays the dead infant before the Greek commander.

"How so?" asks Marco. "There are no wounds upon the infant. It is but a skeleton; its death has been that of nature."

"Yes; that of starvation—which seems nature *here*," mutters the woman. "This brutal bandit stole from me a she-goat whose milk was the sustenance of my child! For I, worn out with hardship and lack of proper food, could not give him the nursing of a mother."

"A goat! A *pitiful* goat!" jeers the *Klepht* chief. "By Mars, this is a great ado about a GOAT! Besides, my band demanded food, and twelve strong men are better worth to Greece a goat than dying child."

"You had the rations that are served out to the rest?" queries Trefussis sternly.

"Yes; but what are a few grains of millet for hard-eating patriots like me?"

"You know my military rule," replies Marco. "We wage war only on the Turks." And after holding a short consultation with his officers, he adds: "The dead child condemns you; besides, you have confessed. Take him away. At sunset a file of musketeers——"

"Saint Constantine! You don't mean *death*!" mutters the *K'lepht*, growing a little paler under his bronze.

"You know the law; it has been proclaimed to all of you. And with this dead child and sorrowing mother before my eyes, don't think I'll spare you," answers the Greek commander.

Then, though his second in command, Arakles, pleads with him to mitigate the sentence, and there is some murmur of dissent from the surrounding Mainotes, he orders Chalcas to die at sunset, muttering: "Send him a *pappas*; let him have that time to prepare for another world."

Trefussis's military discipline has been so firm that this order is not dissented from, though some of the brother Mainote chiefs look very solemn as their fellow is being dragged away, and perchance this sentence would create discussion, did not at this moment a wailing shout come up from the ruined streets.

Then a muttered snarl of rage and cries of horror burst forth as a fainting creature, covered with the dust of mountain travel and smeared with the blood of hasty torture, is brought staggering in to Trefussis, and Marco, with a start, recognizes his messenger, whose ears are both clipped off short to his head and his tongue torn out from its roots; captured by the Ottomans and let loose, as if in disdain, to try with voiceless lips to give his message.

"Ask him before he faints!" cries one. "Question him of the coming Russ!"

"Any news of the Muscovite fleet?" shouts another. "Will those dastards, after urging us to rise, leave us to be butchered? Did you get word in Modon? Speak, before you die!"

To this the Greek *evzone*, rolling his anguished eyes, points to his speechless mouth.

"Make sign!" they cry.

To them, the wretch despairingly shakes his head.

"Have you no concealed message to give us the details?" begs Trefussis with pitying eyes and almost pleadingly.

For answer, his mountaineer, faithful unto death, puts his hand upon the vestment over his heart, and falls—another victim for Greek freedom—in front of the Hellenic chief.

"By heaven, a letter!" whispers Marco with anxious lips, and tearing open the tunic of his messenger finds inserted and sewn into its folds a paper. Glancing at this, he utters a harsh laugh and cries mockingly to his second in command "See Arakles, only a page from an English newspaper, the *Gentleman's Magazine*—news sent us by our jeering enemies. Perhaps the Russian defeat at Lemnos, that we knew a week ago."

Suddenly his officers standing about know despair has come upon their chief.

For Marco has uttered one subdued, gasping cry. Letters written by a woman's hand between the printed types flash before his astounded brain, and the eyes of the warrior, grown stern in battle, fill with the tears of the despairing lover.

"This is not for Greece," he mutters to the Mainotes who have crowded around him. "It is—God pity her!—for me." And this man, who has gone

through the horrors of no-quarter-battles and all the agonies of barbarous sack and pillage, wrings his hands despairingly.

For he is reading the writing of his love, that tells him she is held in cruel slavery in far-away America.

At first he can't believe; though no letters have come to him from England, that may have been a chance of war.

Glancing about, he sees a young Athenian volunteer who has joined the command early in the year, journeying from London for that purpose. "Pharos," he calls, how long since you left the British Isles?"

"About twelve months, general!" answers the youth, approaching his commander.

"Did you, when in London, ever hear of a rich Greek merchant, Alceste Vannos?"

"Yes, my leader, I heard he was not in England. He had joined Turnbull in his Greek migration scheme in Florida, I believe—at least one of his discharged London clerks so told me!"

"You—are—sure?" falters Trefussis in so strange a voice the young man gazes at him wonderingly.

"Quite sure—Vannos's family had sailed to join him. But you are overcome—this cruel murder of your messenger!" murmurs Pharos; for at his words Marco's face has twitched and grown haggard.

He knows now! In his imagination he is seeing his fair betrothed enduring a serf's agonies before a stern taskmaster, the nude beauties of her form exposed for the lash of cruel overseer—and he helpless to save her! Shortly after, he says to himself: "I have permitted my sweetheart to go to destruction, and have not saved my country. Our cause is helpless; Irene's is not entirely so."

Inspecting the wrappings of the inclosure, he finds

it must have come to Greece in one of the light trading crafts from Venice that carry on a dangerous trade, in bearing away from this land of blood its fleeing inhabitants to happier climes. He is sure it is in Irene's writing, though the script is quivering as if the dear hand that traced the characters trembled at fear of chastisement for her despairing, surreptitious communication.

Then comes to him the thought of vengeance on the female tyrant—this fashionable London creature at whom he had often gazed as she carelessly displayed her airs and graces in Pall Mall and Hyde Park—the Susan Turnbull who has made a *Helot* of his goddess, and he mutters: "Rescue for Irene, vengeance for her; if possible to me—*both!*"

How?

To his mind, originally acute and prompt of action, but made quicker of discernment by these two years of crafty intrigue and bloody battle, comes an idea. He thinks: "*Turnbull*, the man whose commercial arts must have lured poor Vannos and his family into his slave-pen—Turnbull, whose vessels sometimes come to Modon for more slaves:" for now Trefussis guesses the meaning of this English merchant's contracts with the Peloponnesians he has borne to the distant land. "On one of these ships," he thinks, "a new serf for Mr. Turnbull can go to Florida, and I wish him joy on his bargain! Why not a hundred new slaves?" And Marco Trefussis, looking on the veteran soldiers, the fierce, wild mountaineers who stand around him in his barrack-room, bursts into a laugh, jeering: "These would be docile victims for Turnbull's taskmasters."

But of his agony and despair he says naught to the others, though they are whispering about it! Arakles

suggesting: "Our commander, it is said, has a wife in Tripolitza; she must have been stolen by the Turks;" and Saparchus, the Mainote chief, is saying: "'Tis rumored Marco's sister, a lovely girl, disappeared from Coron a month ago; news must have been brought him she has been shipped to the *Yeser-bazaar*.'"\*

But unheeding comment and giving confidence to no one as yet, Trefussis strides from his barrack-room and steps out on one of the winding streets of this curious town, which in its architecture embraces the Gothic of the Franks, the Moorish of the Turks, but is dominated by the relics the Villehardouins and the Crusaders left to it; decayed tombs and ruined churches, all bearing the Cross of Christ.

Entering one of these, all that is left of an immense stone cathedral, whose roof has crumbled under the assaults of time, leaving between the cloudless blue of autumn Grecian sky and the broken tiles of its marble floor a few beams of sturdy oak that having upheld its roof still stand, a mass of mediæval carving, showing the great span of its Gothic arches, Trefussis gazes eagerly about this vast edifice that in its day held Crusading worshipers by the thousands, but now only holds their sepulchers.

From out this place, he carelessly notes, runs a great crypt, partly above ground, full of the sarcophagi of knights of yore. Almost in the center of this place of grand Christian memories, in front of the crumbling chancel, is situated a massive tomb of stone, above it a large but decaying headstone bearing an inscription in Latin letters, some of them half erased.

Here, apparently expecting him, the leader finds the two followers that he seeks, dicing, and, as they toss their throws upon the crumbling tombstone, jabbering excitedly vociferous oaths in Grecian *patois*.

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\*The slave market at Constantinople.

As he speaks to them he carelessly reads the inscription on the old Crusader's tomb:

Here Lies  
GODFREY DE BALLYHO,  
Knight of Jerusalem,  
Who died gloriously at the siege of Acre,  
Anno Domini, 1191,  
Fighting for the Cross.

Below is a leopard rampant. Beneath it, deeply chiseled in the stone, is the Cross of our Redeemer, surmounted by the motto: "*In hoc signo spes mea.*"

The word "Ballyho" reminding him of his suffering betrothed, he utters a muttered execration. Then forcing calmness on himself he speaks to these men—one a ferocious Mainote, the other an Argive—explaining to them that they must go in disguise to Modon to obtain secret information for him.

To this, the *Kleph* simply asks his leader: "Is it for Greece that you command us to go?"

From him Marco turns, answering shortly: "No; I do not command!" for he feels it is upon his own business that he most wants tidings from Modon, thinking: "It is for Irene, *my* love, I would put jeopardy upon these men. That risk—that awful chance of capture and mutilation—must be mine!"

Late in the evening of that day, he holds consultation with his second in command.

"You're crazy to take the monstrous peril, Tre-fussis!" expostulates his subordinate.

"It is absolutely necessary I know whether the Russian fleet will return. If not, we must abandon this town. Here we will be surrounded and destroyed by overwhelming numbers; on the higher slopes of

Taygetus we can yet bid defiance to the Turks. I must have *certain* news; but still I will not put such dreadful risks on any one by command."

"By Hercules, you are mad to go!"

"I should go mad if I stayed. You do not know—Philippos Arakles, you do not know," sighs Marco, sadly; then adds reassuringly: "Besides, I am such an Orientalist that, disguised, no Ottoman will discover me."

So Trefussis makes his preparations for departure from Misitra, thinking he leaves behind him *no* traitor; but leaves one—Theodoric Chalcas.

For Arakles, in whose charge the command now rests, listens to the expostulations of his Mainote chiefs, and giving Chalcas fifty lashes, lets him go; having foolishly placed upon this wild mountaineer an insult he regards as worse than death.

That night a ragged dervish takes his way through the Langgada Pass, and by midday is walking the streets of Kalamata, *en route* for Modon.

Asking from soldiers of the Turkish garrison and sailors belonging to an Ottoman galley in the harbor if they have heard of any ship in Modon—any of those vessels that are taking emigrants away to the lands of the *Giaour*; "*Mashailah!*" answers one of the questioned, very solemnly. "None are allowed to go from Greece."

"And why not, in the name of Allah?"

The answer that comes makes the dervish shudder: "*Bismillah!* Our Irish pasha and his Albanians want them *all!*"

So two curious greetings in Greece, the land of blood and outrage, await fair Miss Susan Turnbull, the dainty female autocrat.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

## DANGER TO ENGLAND'S FLAG.

IGNORANT of Turkish lust which is coming for her undoing—represented by Ballyho Pasha in a fleet galley bound for Nauplia, his new capital—or Greek vengeance—which, as a dancing dervish, is stalking to the shore to destroy her for his sweetheart's misery—Miss Susan Turnbull, on the *Sea Gull*, steers with commercial accuracy for her destination, to make her arrangements, on English tradesmen's principles, for the conveying of the mighty crowd of emigrants she thinks to lure from Turkish massacre to the serenity of her slave-barracoons beyond the seas.

But two things interfere, as she thinks, with her complete success. One is a love that is now so strong that her throbbing heart sometimes dominates her colder brain. The other is the condemnation Fra Lucas de Alvarado puts upon her enterprise—her ambition.

But Miss Turnbull would sooner have this gentleman's censure than what she thinks is his indifference; for Father Luke at present devotes himself chiefly to ministering to the spiritual wants of the foremast hands, trying to lead them to the way of God; this missionary being always a missionary, and the thought uppermost in his soul being *always* conversion.

He has had fitted up a little oratory in the vacant spot once occupied by Susan's calaboose, where she had imprisoned the beauties she had sold in Havannah. In this he has erected a rude altar, Miss Turnbull having directed Bullock to permit her spiritual director every facility for the practice of his religion and hers.

To this place, when not occupied by his more active

duties, the young priest frequently betakes himself, praying and meditating. And Susan, whose eyes inform her frequently of the father's movements, fondly imagines he is praying for her.

But one afternoon, within the week that Bocock had given up his pursuit, she chances to discover Lucas is petitioning for the pirate whose soul he sent, presumably, to Purgatory, when she had hoped he had been praying for her.

This is a slight against which her pride rebels.

Therefore, as the Dominican is kneeling before the simple altar, a penitential figure, robed in saintly white, sinks down beside him, and Susan Turnbull whispers: "You are beseeching pardon for the dead pirate. Pray for me—the living sinner!"

Taking her at her word, Lucas does pray, so fervidly yet so frankly that his fair convert pouts her pretty lips and writhes beneath his supplications, as she hears a catalogue of her transgressions.

Though the friar's prayers are long and potent, these at last are finished. Father and disciple step upon the deck to get the sea-breeze, the interior of the vessel being very sultry.

Here the girl, looking at her spiritual director's form in all its graceful young manhood, pouts quite prettily: "Father, you—you did not seem to condemn even the dead pirate as severely as you did me, nor think he had so many faults as I, thy convert;" then falters: "You do not appear much interested in my—my spiritual welfare."

"Why, my daughter? Did I not pray fervidly for you?"

"*Too* fervidly! La! one would think I had committed every sin in the Decalogue!" whimpers the penitent. "Besides," she goes on, "I demand from you

that you give me the sacrament of the Eucharist! But yesterday you administered it to my maid, Irene."

"She has given up her sins; she has acknowledged the guilt of her desires."

"Yes; I suppose toward me. I imagine Irene confessed that she had wished to kill or torture me. *Pardie!* I have no doubt at times the wench feels revengeful to me, her owner, who has looked so carefully after her seemly conduct!" Then she says, commandingly: "I, the mistress, demand the same spiritual consolation you have given my slave!"

"Are you worthy of it, my daughter?"

"Yes!" defiantly.

"O heaven!" the priest murmurs, astonished at her effrontery.

"Thy spiritual superior in Havannah gave me absolution; since then I have only committed venial sins, which I can confess to you within the minute."

"What are they?"

"Well—for instance—being again kissed by that pirate," she laughs in airy insolence.

"*Heu! Miserabilis puella!*"

"But I was asleep! Father, I did not know who kissed me. I—I dreamt——" Then, as she thinks of *what* she dreamt, a conquering blush flies over the girl's bright face; she hangs her head and seems to Lucas penitent.

Judging this a fit moment to broach the subject, he says sternly: "Have you given up the project of this voyage, in which you intend by alluring promises to ensnare these Greeks and ship them to be your serfs in Florida?"

"That is not a sin; that is commerce!" she answers simply. "Besides, I will be their benefactress. These people—let me tell you, I have word—are being mas-

sacred by the Turks. I, *in my mercy*, will save them."

"For your slavery—for your lash! Do you explain to them the fate to which you take them?" he sneers, indignant at her pretense of humanity.

"Of course I don't! That would scarcely be a business way of making the transaction."

"Then do you think you own them by the law of God, as well as the law of man?"

"Yes! As truly as any negro tricked or captured on the Guinea Coast and shipped to the Havannah, for those of our Faith to deal in."

"*Miserable!* Dare you suppose the Church does not condemn the slave-trade—though its policy is not to interfere with vested rights under the governments of this world? Do you think Christ, who is all-merciful, looks with favor on the awful cruelties of your Florida barracoons?" And he leaves her with a scorn upon his noble face, that drives her nigh unto despair.

So during this voyage, until they near the Mediterranean, this battle goes on between a priest who *will* gain the soul of his convert, and a convert who *will* gain the heart of the priest—and neither wins!

That evening, Miss Susan is looking on the rock of Gibraltar, distant but tinged by the rising moon. She is reclining in her easy, sybaritic manner on the deck, fanned by the little widow, Cora, who is kneeling by her side. Irene and Natalie, below, are arranging their mistress's luggage, superintended by Mrs. Catto, for Miss Turnbull means to make landing at this town, hoping to charter a number of vessels to take her emigrants from the Peloponnesus to New Smyrna.

Fra Lucas, who has been pacing the deck forward of the mainmast with the second officer, an easy-going, stalwart young seaman, upon whom he has made some impression as to the true belief, passing aft comes to Miss Turnbull and addresses her.

"You wish to have word with me, father?" she asks, her face lighting up.

"Yes, my daughter."

"Cora, run below and tell those wenches they are to prepare my supper for me; you need not come up again. As soon as you have delivered my message, go to your berth and get to sleep quickly. At five be at my bedside in case I wake."

"Yes, madame," says the Greek lady, and courtesying humbly, trips down the companionway.

"You have not given up, my daughter, your unlawful and sinful project for the enslavement of multitudes? You, I understand, think of engaging many vessels at Gibraltar for this unholy scheme."

"I do, father."

"Can no words that I say make you understand the enormity of your cruelty?"

"La, I'm going to be very good to them now," she laughs. "Look how humble I am with my wenches! Irene failed to courtesy to me this morning, as she took my orders, and I pardoned her."

Then a cold Saxon gleam coming into her beautiful eyes and dogged resolution into her sweet voice, she adds: "You accuse me of juggling with God—I juggle no longer! Listen to my ultimatum to you. I am and will be a true convert of the Church. I will obey all its ordinances as well as Richelieu himself. But in temporal matters I claim, like Richelieu, to be my own authority. I ship and deal in all the slaves I wish—like any other grandee of this world. I build up Florida to exalt *our* Church. That I will do in spite of your reproaches—in spite of your condemnation."

"Now, listen to my ultimatum to you!" answers the churchman, a stranger light glowing upon his holy face. "For the salvation of your sinful soul I will use

every effort, as your spiritual director, to win you from your awful project. For it—" his voice trembles here, he knows the awful meaning of the vow he makes—"for it, by my duty as a priest of the Church of Rome, I go with you to Greece."

"Come with me to Greece!" says the girl, her voice full of almost unhoped-for happiness. "COME!" she cries triumphantly to him as he turns from her, and there is a subtle unholy light in her blue eyes.

Then, she whispers to herself, her look like Cleopatra's when she first saw Cæsar: "Come! for I will make another slave before we reach these vineclad shores—slave to my love—my Lucas. I swear it—BY THE TEMPTATION OF SAINT ANTHONY!"

And he against whose soul this Circe makes her devilish vow, standing apart in the silence of that moonlit deck, is crossing himself and muttering prayers.

The fire of self-sacrifice is upon his face.

*Padre* Lucas de Alvarado, in order to save this girl's erring soul, believes he is dooming himself to martyrdom!

The next morning, the schooner being at anchor in the harbor of Gibraltar, Miss Turnbull, charging Mrs. Catto to keep Irene and Natalie strictly to her cabins, and taking little Cora with her as her attendant, goes on shore.

Here fortune at first greets this commercial bandit most kindly, then woefully disappoints her. Having secured apartments in the best inn of the place, and left her slave confined in them arranging her wardrobe, for Susan expects to be detained in this port by business for some little time, she visits the offices of the agents of her uncle, and finds her mail from England awaiting her, as she directed by letter from Cuba.

With this comes to her exceeding joy, for one of her

letters contains a statement from the Messrs. Hoare, private bankers in London, that acting under her instructions from Havannah, they had duly presented the joint order of Alceste Vannos and wife, forwarded from that place, to the Bank of England, and have now to her credit and subject to her check or draft, the sum of fifty-five thousand seven hundred and twenty pounds, fifteen shillings, and five pence, also two boxes of papers received at the same time, which they hold to her order.

"Alceste's documents can wait till my return to England, but his fifty-five thousand and odd pounds—that I have got my business fingers on—that I shall use now!" she chuckles, in mercantile glee.

Looking over the various drafts upon the East she has purchased in Havannah, Miss Turnbull discovers she has nearly eighty thousand pounds at her disposal, and becomes as happy, figuring how many Greeks this will bring to her Florida slavery, as a Turkish pasha or Muscovite general over a rich and captured city.

But now disappointment confronts her. She makes inquiry what vessels are in the port and can be chartered, and finds plenty, but also discovers that none flying the English flag will *dare* to visit Greece. Though no actual war has been declared between Turkey and England, the assistance of the British Government to the Russian fleet en route for the Morea, without which it would have been impossible for them to have reached the Mediterranean,\* the general volunteering of English sailors for Catherine's fleet, and the directing of the Muscovite armament by distin-

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\* The real leaders in all the naval operations were Admiral Elphinstone, Captain Gregg, and other English officers, some of whom were to be found in almost every ship of the Czarina's fleet.—*Creasy's History Ottoman Turks*.

The Russian fleet never could have reached the Mediterranean had it not been for the assistance which it received in the English ports.—*Schlosser's History Eighteenth Century*, Vol. iv.—Ed.

guished officers from the English navy, have created such a feeling among the Ottomans that British vessels, their captains and their crews, have slight chance of escape or hope of mercy from Turkish privateers, and even Turkish warships and galleys, when occasion offers in the waters of the Levant, which is now the scene of hideous barbaric conflict.

But Susan, inflated by small successes, has reached a point where she thinks her will is Providence, and will not be balked!

When British merchant skippers refuse to take her charters for the Peloponnesus and the return voyage to Florida, even though she offers them double and triple the usual rates, and mutter that they dare not; their vessels and crews, their lives also, would be in jeopardy, she disdainfully calls them "cowards!" and proceeds with much trouble and considerable expense to charter Spanish and Italian craft for her project, paying even these double charter figures. So that by the time she has obtained twenty-five vessels, that may perhaps bear eight thousand slaves, she finds she has spent nearly twenty-five thousand pounds in liberal advances to the owners of the ships and the equipments necessary for their voyages.

These arrangements occupy something like three weeks, and it is now the beginning of October.

Of the refusal of every British captain to make voyage to the Levant and their fears of special danger to the English flag, she says nothing to her own skipper, who is busily engaged in overhauling the schooner, muttering to herself airily: "La, perhaps Bully Bullock would be frightened, too;" then adds, with British bulldog confidence: "Pish! They'd never dare assault that flag!" gazing with insular serenity and pride at the Union Jack floating from the *Sea Gull's* peak.



During these negotiations and charterings she has been extremely busy, having brought Natalie on shore for her correspondence. Irene she has not trusted off the ship—but this beautiful victim could not now be driven from the schooner. Is she not sailing to Greece—and Greece to Miss Vannos is the land of Marco Trefussis.

Both Susan's slaves at the inn have been strictly confined to her apartments, and neither of them has made any attempt at evasion. In fact, where *would* they fly? Besides, their natures have been made thoroughly subservient to Miss Turnbull's stern discipline, who now, being without the softening influence of Lucas, has grown strict with them as of yore.

For during this time she has seen naught of Fra de Alvarado, though she has devoted much thought and some little preparation to lighting the fires of Venus in his cold heart upon the coming voyage.

He has taken advantage of the delay of the *Sea Gull* to visit his family at Seville, his native city. This the friar has done very solemnly, making it a farewell; for he knows the danger that is upon him, though no thought of shirking what he thinks his duty ever comes to Lucas's mind.

But the afternoon of the day before the *Sea Gull's* sailing, De Alvarado is announced to Miss Susan, as she lounges in her apartments at the inn.

With a smothered cry of joy she is up to receive him, looking excitedly beautiful as she stands bending her head for his blessing. But he says to her in worldly tones: "I have come to discuss a secular matter."

"And no blessing, father?" Her voice is softly pleading.

"Not from me, so long as you do not abandon your cruel crime."

"It is you who are cruel," she falters to him. Then a haughty spirit blazing in her eyes, she murmurs lightly: "La! As a secular gentleman I don't know if it is seemly for me to receive you without a *dueña*."

"Do you doubt my indifference to all worldly desires?" he answers in tone so calm, even as he gazes on her beauty, that it drives her nigh to distraction.

For she is looking fit to conquer any man by love. Her blue eyes are like purest diamonds; her face would be radiant—for has he not returned to her—did not a latent pathetic mutiny make her sensitive lips pout as she thinks: "Godliness has changed this man to stone!"

She motions Fra Lucas to a seat, and asks eagerly, even effusively, of his visit to his friends and relatives. To her inquiries he replies affably, but all too curtly, Susan thinks. She enjoys hearing his polished converse on matters of the world, perchance imagining it brings him nearer to her. A moment later his eyes grow very serious, his tones almost entreating: "You still intend to visit Greece?"

"Of course!"

"Then I warn you not to go!"

"And why?"

"You know, the brotherhood of the Church sometimes receive private information. I have had reports from the officials of the Roman Church, brought but lately from the Levant, showing that you put grievous risk, not only on your vessel, your captain, and your crew, but on your own liberty, perchance even your life, if you visit the Orient under the English merchant flag."

And she, gazing through her open window at the great citadel of British power, whose guns, tier after tier, rise towering above her on Gibraltar's rock,

laughs in his face, and jeers: "What nation dare attack the flag of England?"

"All countries do not regard Britain as invincible."

"La! Spain, for instance!" she scoffs. "Dost remember your Armada—and Havannah, taken only eight years ago—and this fortress, the gem of your Peninsula, held in defiance of your country's arms?" Then she suddenly sobs: "Forgive me!—for—forget my miserable, wicked, haughty, patriotic heart!"

For De Alvarado, with a flushed face that shows his struggle, has answered simply: "My country's misfortunes, of which you, Doña Turnbull, so generously remind me, make it well that I am a churchman whose first duty is to forgive. I still warn you of your great danger."

"Ah, you hope to frighten me, as the English captains did when they refused my charters. But why do you fear for me?"

"Why? The Levantine seas swarm with Algerine, Egyptian, and Ottoman piratical crafts! Why? The Turkish navy regards the British flag as the banner of an enemy! Why? Because the land you visit, as well as the sea, is made a vast slaughter-house by contending barbarians. Your vessel will not be assaulted in Constantinople, under the eyes of the British ambassador; but still on the disturbed shores of Greece it and its crew and passengers may *disappear*, and who shall say whether it is mighty tempest, hidden rock, or Turkish sword, that has destroyed a ship flying the flag the Osmanli now hate?"

"So this is the way you think to frighten me from my project, Father de Alvarado," she sneers petulantly. "Or perchance, as you go with me, you are afraid yourself—" But here she checks herself and begs with faltering shame: "No—no! Forgive me—

pardon me again! Don't think me an ingrate! I know your courage; I have seen you *fight*, my Paladin." And her eyes blaze with apologetic admiration. "Come with me to Greece, Fra Lucas, and then either you convert *me* or I convert *you*;" a subtle but tender light glowing in her radiant eyes.

"Then I go with you," sighs the priest, who doesn't guess what Susan Turnbull means by her conversion.

Chancing as he takes his leave to gaze into the rear apartment where Natalie and Cora, lightly clothed to keep them from excursions to the street, are standing at work in a corner, their mistress, noting his glance, suddenly blushes like a rose and hangs her head even as he says "*Adios, Señorita!*"

The maids are sewing as fast as their fingers can fly, upon a dark altar-cloth, broidering on it the Cross of Christ—a part of a most subtle project their autocrat has found time to concoct for this holy priest's undoing.

Curiously also, any doubts, compunctions, ay, even fears Susan has in visiting the Orient are brought upon her by this handsome churchman.

Miss Turnbull dreads *not* for herself, but dreads *for him*.

Standing on the deck, even as her vessel, next day, is weighing anchor, as a boat brings De Alvarado to the *Sea Gull*, and he, coming up the ladder, steps beside her, the peril she may be putting on him is in her mind, though she knows not its immensity.

But doubt and fear are all swept away by one blessed thought. "In this sunny Mediterranean Sea, each shore we pass, each breeze that fans us will be balmy with love and poetry. And he beside me!—Oh, it will be to me a dream of heaven. And if he loves me——. But I shall *make him*—MAKE HIM!" And to her bizarre mind comes vision of a temptation

even much more deftly contrived, much more insidious than that which came upon good Saint Anthony of blessed memory.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE TEMPTATION OF A SAINT.

THEY have scarcely left Gibraltar when Miss Turnbull begins her witcheries with rare and subtle talent, for she is determined to win this priest to love of her by her own *tremendous* holiness—to gain the heart of this missionary by an *enormous and self-sacrificing righteousness*.

Under his convincing eloquence, she will give up her ambition, even the myriads of slaves she has designed for Florida barracoons—*apparently!*

To aid this assumption of holiness, Miss Susan, during spare moments in Gibraltar, has read the history of the Church, and pored over the lives of the canonized until she has every artifice of sanctity at her command.

Not that she scorns appeals to the young friar's senses; but these are to be made in a manner to delight and soothe a refined and cultured nature, not to shock it.

To Lucas, as he looks around the deck, the *Sea Gull* seems changed. From a ship of commerce, it has become a pleasure-craft. Luxurious cushions and curtained awnings adorn the quarter-deck.

As he passes to his little oratory to pray—for a stern decision he has made causes the *padre* to fear this cruise may be his last on earth—he pauses astonished. His rude altar is decked with cloths embossed with golden threads and all the richness of cathedral orna-

ment; waiting for him is a set of canonicals, alb, stole, and surplice, beautifully brodered—to replace those lost by shipwreck.

Susan, attended by her maids, stepping beside him, murmurs: “Yesterday your eyes reproached me for having these worked. You did not know it was a labor of love my slave-girls and I were busied with. Give us thy blessing, father, that we may all worship with you.”

“All?” queries the priest. “Irene is a member of the Church, but the others?” He looks at Natalie and Cora, who seem both pretty and innocent in their maids’ white dresses.

“They are converted also. *You* have converted them, through converting *me*. I have said to them: ‘Repent!’—they have repented. Have you not, wenches?” Susan’s voice is soft in inquiry, but a little gleam that sneaks out from her blue eyes makes her attendants sure that they are very holy. Both Natalie and Cora murmur devoutly: “Yes, madame; by your words we have been converted.”

“Thank God!” ejaculates Lucas, in simple-minded reverence. Then perchance some suspicion coming into his mind, he says: “Before I pray with you, I would inquire.”

“Don’t be afraid, father,” answers Susan, confidently, “La, I’ve made them very good girls since you have been away.”

Taking Cora and Natalie, one by one, aside, he asks them as to their religious convictions, questioning them long and thoroughly.

But they have been instructed by too astute a sinner to fail in such examination; for Susan, in Gibraltar, has devoted some time and much correction to their religious education. They have screamed out their

*Credo* under their mistress's cane ; their recitations of the *Miserere* have been a foretaste of purgatory.

But, assured that if guess of this comes to Fra Lucas they will suffer woefully, both Cora and Natalie tell him their religious convictions and repeat the Articles of Faith with drooping eyes and properly solemn voices, and he believes in their conversion, though, being a true missionary, he has hopes of making it fuller and stronger.

Calling them all together, the slave-girls with their mistress sink down before the altar, and the priest prays for blessings on the voyage.

Knowing what he means, Susan grows rebellious in her heart, but prays also for *her* blessings, "Not eight thousand slaves, but twenty thousand, if I can get vessels enough," she begs mentally of heaven.

So upon the deck of the ship, day by day, is exhibited to De Alvarado a picture of beautiful yet increasing holiness.

Then Susan plays her master stroke!

After many struggles with herself, much argument with the priest, and heart-breaking tears and piteous sighs, she permits the man of God to convert her from the ambition of her life. She acknowledges with penitential humility its selfish wickedness, its cruel crime. SHE GIVES UP HER PROJECT OF ENSLAVING GREEKS.

Ah, what a mighty joy is in the voice of Fra Lucas de Alvarado at this sign of true penitence and unselfish goodness! Not because he thinks it practically removes the sentence of death from him—but that he now knows there is another truly repentant sinner.

"Give your orders to your captain to turn back," he whispers.

She cries: "No! We go on!"

"Go on—to Greece?"

"Now—more than ever! I have determined to make this a *true* voyage of mercy. My ships shall take the fugitive Peloponnesians from Turkish enslavement and massacre, not to my barracoons at New Smyrna, but to give them another chance in life, to land them in Italy, in Spain. Would you counsel me to turn back—when the Turkish divan are even now discussing whether it is not wise to exterminate this whole people? Some of them I will save! These sufferers from barbarous war shall step upon a foreign shore, *free*, and blessing not me, but *you*, Fra Lucas," she murmurs, and her soft eyes look into his, beaming with what he thinks is a holy light.

"God forever bless you, my child! You are now a true disciple of the Church. *Santa Susana!*" murmurs the priest, with admiring eyes; and looking on the beauty of his penitent, is enchanted with the glory of her loveliness.

Miss Turnbull is reclining upon a couch of cushions, a summer sea about them, a summer sun on high—for even in the autumn these soft southern waters are bright and pleasant—and he now perceives, though Lucas pays little attention to the arts of toilet, that his convert is dressed as a Grecian maiden, the soft, white robes clinging about a form that has the graces of a girl, the glories of a woman. Attended by her beautiful slaves, whose limbs gleam white as they ply the fans about her dainty loveliness, Susan looks to Lucas de Alvarado beautiful as a goddess of mythology, but oh, so much more holy. And now he is as

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\* The enormities committed by the Albanians in the Peloponnesus were indescribable, and it was debated in the divan whether it would not be well to seize this opportunity of extirpating the entire Hellenic race.—*Felton's Ancient and Modern Greece, Vol. ii, page 412.*

Strange to say, this plan for the annihilation of a people in the eighteenth century was looked upon with as much complacency by European diplomats as Weyler's attempt to exterminate the Cubans to-day is viewed by many American philanthropic statesmen.—ED



anxious to get to Greece as she; and she is very eager.

"I would save twenty thousand, Lucas, if I could get the vessels; but every one except you and me seems afraid to visit the Morea," she whispers, and glancing over the deck, says: "Look at our crew!" Placing light hand upon his arm, she points to the first and second mates, who are in somewhat perturbed consultation, using their spy-glasses upon a distant sail. "*Ma foi*!" she sneers. "Why have they not the courage of our Faith—these white-livered mariners who think everything on the horizon is an Algerine cut-throat corsair. Even Bullock has taken a northern course and is going through the Straits of Messina, to keep as far away from the Barbary Coast as possible."

"And you, my daughter, have you no fear?"

"No—now that I am bound on an errand of mercy. Besides, the Governor of Modon is my friend; I bear him a very handsome present." And Susan gives a very curious though veiled glance at Irene, who in her loveliness is waving fan over her despot.

So with admiration in his heart, Lucas journeys with his charming penitent until they reach Sicily and put into Messina for fruits and provisions.

Here trouble once more comes upon Miss Turnbull.

Learning the tales of massacre from the Levant, and how the barque *William Pitt*, sailing from Smyrna to England, had suddenly disappeared, though the seas had been smooth and the winds favorable, and of the brig *Mary Jane*, which left Constantinople cleared for Malta, and had never come to port, and many other stories of mysterious vanishings of vessels bearing the English flag in Eastern waters, half of her crew desert the *Sea Gull*, with them the second officer, who says he is "no coward, but no blarsted noodle-bird to take such devilish chances!"

Into Miss Susan's cabin comes Bullock with white lips, and begs her to go no farther.

But she whispers to him determinedly: "Do you see that roll of contracts—ten thousand of them? Each one of them means a Grecian slave. I go on!" Then noting her skipper's face is pale and sickly beneath its sailor tan, she adds to him, under her very breath: "La, you foolish tar. You don't know my secret, Bully Bullock. We have a contract with Ballyho Bey, the Turkish Governor of Modon, and for him I have a gift over which his eyes will glow with pleasure: my beautiful slave-girl, Irene. For three years he has loved and longed for her with both Oriental and Irish eagerness; I am now bringing her to him as a present, to give him joy. But hush—no word of this to any one on earth," and her finger is on her lips. "If the wench guessed the glory for which I design her, she might jump overboard, she is such a rebellious creature."

"My jaws are close as a shark's, and mum's the word," mutters the skipper. But still he dissents: "You don't know what may happen. Some bloody Muscovite——"

"Why, they're our friends also! Half of the officers of the Russian fleet are Englishmen. We have allies on both sides. I am, as usual, *supreme*," she laughs in airy triumph. "Besides, the run to the Morea is now a short one."

So, half-manned, though they have obtained a few Sicilians, by enormous wages, to increase the depleted crew, the *Sea Gull* wings her way toward war and butchery and every crime of barbarous conflict.

But on this vessel's deck, a more cruel attack is now being made by a woman who mutters to herself: "He is driving me to despair—this priest who will

not love!" upon a man whose noble innocence makes him all the more open to her insidious allurements.

Miss Susan Turnbull commences to tempt the priest of God with suggestions of high offices in the Roman Church. Seated upon the deck, in dainty loveliness, she talks to him of the glories of being the head of a great religious see.

"With thy talents, Father Lucas, what may not be open to thee in the future. You are young; so am I: let us work together for the Church, so that some day you may become archbishop, cardinal, and perhaps—why not?—who knows—there is a higher office."

But he, being all missionary, replies: "I have but one ambition—to save souls!" and leaves her disappointed, to go to his devotions, which are long, and his penance, which is severe, this day; as despite himself, the glorious beauty, the subtle arts, the appealing nature of his penitent have made him—priest as he is—know that he is gazing upon lovely womanhood—helpless womanhood—whose appeal is almost a caress.

For Susan has become, with rare discernment, not only his obedient disciple, but one who gives to him her very soul. It has been: "Fra Lucas, do you think that this is right?" "Holy father, guide me that I may know the truth. Should I do this?" "If you think I deserve a penance, put it on me, and I will thank you."

One day she has, with tact derived from Satan's telephone, been disobedient to him—haughty, defiant, and sneered at a dogma of the church—and got her wish!

For he has said to her: "Your proud and haughty temper deserves condemnation. Every tone in your voice to your servants proclaims a domineering spirit. Even your language to me, your spiritual director, indicates

you need humiliation. Betake yourself to your cabin! Fast for twenty-four hours; pray long and often!"

The answer that comes pleases the priest, yet almost astounds him in its humility: "Dear father, I—I obey you," she murmurs submissively.

"Then to your cabin!"

Ah, the subtle light in her blue eyes. Her Lucas is assuming the attitude to her she wishes.

Making no answer, with bowed head, her handkerchief concealing the tears of penitence apparently flowing over her contrite cheeks, Susan goes down the companionway.

Such unusual meekness excites comment among her attendants, little Cora whispering to Irene tremblingly: "She looks like saintly pictures. Perhaps our mistress is really becoming kind and good."

"Wait and see!" shudders Irene, nervously, for she has caught a glance in Susan's eyes that she remembers in school-girl days at the Misses Prindle's, and knows it always meant evil to somebody. Twice in this voyage it has lighted the cold, blue orbs when they have been turned on the beautiful serf; once when her mistress had suggested she was bearing a lovely present to Ballyho Bey.

Though the girl doesn't understand, she dreads! It is so easy for a slave to fear.

But Irene is near Greece. Marco Trefussis, if living, is but a few hundred miles from her longing glances. Joy beams in the captive maiden's eyes—then they fill with tears. She thinks of the oath of servitude forced from her by the demon who is playing penitence in her cabin, and sighs of despairing agony float from her exquisite lips that still await the Grecian patriot's kiss.

Twenty-four hours afterward, from her apartments Miss Turnbull emerges, looking to Fra de Alvarado

even more saintly. "She is pale from fasting," he imagines, not guessing it is from a conflict of her emotions, and that the little sybarite, behind the curtains of her alcove berth, has guzzled sweetmeats half the night and now is sick from an indigestion, which he thinks is holiness.

This evening brings Susan another chance to creep a little closer to this heart she has declared shall be her prey.

They are chased by a galley!

Flying to the deck, where Lucas, in the moonlight, is sturdily working with the crew, the light robes of night blowing about a form like that of a nymph rising from the sea, Susan Turnbull clings frantically to the warrior-priest, and implores in the pleading voice of woman: "Save me! You're the only one who can fight like an olden Crusader. Lucas, you are my Christian knight; guard me—save me from defiling Turks!"

As she speaks, the delicate loveliness of her white arms and sculptured maiden bosom gleaming in the soft moonlight shows De Alvarado what a prize his penitent would be in Moslem harem. Her weakness makes him tender of her fears, if not of her. For a woman in distress is always potent to a manly man.

But he cries cheerily: "Non-combatants below!" and puts the fainting saint into the arms of her attendants, who have followed her agitated and dismayed. Then going to work sturdily with the crew at sheet and brace—though he has sword and pistol at his side—the time of conflict never comes.

Favored by an increasing breeze, the swift *Sea Gull* leaves the dreaded craft in her wake.

The next morning no sail is on the horizon, and the hills of Greece are rising purple in the sunlit mist upon the schooner's bow,

Upon her knees, apparently in prayer, her face stirred by a mighty longing, a half-hearted hope, is Irene Vannos. Marco Trefussis—if alive—is in the land on which she gazes.

This is scarce noted by Fra Lucas de Alvarado, who, pacing the deck, wonders why his penitent, Miss Turnbull, who has shown so sturdy a spirit in running into danger, is so timid when she encounters it. "It is the girl's innate purity of soul that causes her to dread so awfully the dangers of capture from the Ottoman—a catastrophe that must make sailing in these piratical seas a voyage of terror to all women—most of all to one so beautiful, so fragile, so *immaculate* as this one, who has repented and turned from her sins, and is now—thank God!—with wondrous devotion, risking even herself to give escape to a suffering race!"

Even as he thinks this, Natalie stands courtesying before him, murmuring: "Thy blessing, father. My mistress begs you will see her in her cabin."

"She is not too ill, I hope, from last night's fears, to come on deck this beautiful morning, and see the purple glow of the Grecian hills, the land to whose inhabitants, suffering from barbarous war, she brings a grand and Christian mercy."

"My mistress is well, I think, father, though she suffered much in spirit last night," answers Natalie. "But please, I beg you, come to her, otherwise she may think my message carelessly delivered." And an anxious whimper ripples the slave-girl's lips. "She begs you to come and pray with her."

So following the messenger down the companionway, Fra Lucas enters the large aft cabin, and pauses astonished at what greets his eyes.

The room is draped in penitential black. In it has been set up an altar, upon which incense candles burn.

Before it, robed after the manner of the nuns of our Lady of Carmel, kneels Susan Turnbull, praying with all her soul.

For now Susan is very desperate. All this night—since she had clung to him—she has been crying out: “I will have my Lucas’s love;—not for my ambition—but *for my love!*”

For, trying to kindle the flame of Aphrodite in this priest’s heart, she has added to her own, fires unendurable. Therefore she is prepared for a grand *coup*: the stroke of supreme submission—the most saintly holiness—the most absolute repentance.

This *coup* she is playing very deftly. No more beautiful penitent has knelt before the altar—nor one more carefully arrayed for sacrifice. The dark robe, from the very plainness and sheerness of its material, and scantiness of cut, makes the exquisite figure it envelops, yet outlines, a thing of sensuous beauty. Her sunny hair, unbound, floats even to her feet, which are bare, white, gleaming, and not even sandaled.

Rising from her devotions, the last prayer of which is: “God, pity my love! Strike fire from the flint of this priest’s heart! Give him unto me, and I will be good!” the convert turns eyes upon the friar. These beam, Lucas thinks, with adoration for God, but really blaze with love for him.

Bending before the priest, she murmurs: “Bless and sanctify this altar, where I shall worship until I enter the cloister.”

“You have an avocation? You become a nun?”

“Yes; of our Lady of Mount Carmel.”

“Do you think, my daughter, the extreme severity of that order is necessary to your salvation?”

“I do not, *but you do!*” she answers, with reproachful eyes; then says resignedly: “That is sufficient for

me, your penitent. Do you not remember your awful sentence, imprisonment for life in that austere community, with grievous penance of *cilice* and scourge, for having done no more nor less than many ladies in Havannah who are considered saintly? Don't you remember Florida?"

Faltering this out, her blue eyes—very tender now—reproach him, yet caress him.

Noting her delicate loveliness, Lucas thinks he may have been too severe to so fragile, so true a penitent.

"Ah, yes; I do remember Florida," sighs the priest, thinking of his deserted mission.

"Florida, where to a three days' convert, who had come, anxious in her hope of winning God, to accept your Faith, you uttered the words that now take her life from her and give it unto punishment. Oh, Fra Lucas, may you never know the despair you gave to me then!" Her eyes suffuse with tears.

But, brushing them away, she sinks on her knees before him, and, burying her head as if ashamed in the cushions of the divan, whispers: "But I have accepted your condemnation, so that you will be able now to ask God to pardon me. Put thy blessing on my soul, father, for from now on I shall act as if I were already veiled and cloistered. You shall be to me as the stern Mother Superior of our convent; as her representative, from thy hands I shall accept in humble resignation penance and discipline!" She sighs and points to a knotted scourge that lies upon a convenient table, and with one sweep of her quick fingers draws from her shining shoulders the single black garment, leaving them bare in their superb outlines and nude and dimpled beauty down to the very cincture that she wears.

And Fra Lucas almost shudders as he sees that her fair waist is outlined by the harsh *cilice* of haircloth;



that her feet and limbs are bare in their white beauty. To him she is crying and sobbing as if broken-hearted, and catching his hand in pathetic appeal, murmuring: "This is the last of the world to me; you have condemned me to the cloister! As my father confessor, as the representative of the Lady Abbess to whom I now bow the knee, place thy penance on me; scourge me while I repeat the *Miserere*. 'Tis, I believe, a common discipline to all the order of Carmelites."

Ah! heavens and earth — how frightened this trembling sybarite is that he may take her at her word.

But all the time those tearful eyes are looking into the face of the astounded Lucas, begging not for condemnation, not for scourge, but for his forgiveness, even for his love.

And now—oh joy ineffable!—she thinks she has won it, for his voice is very tender to her, as he says sadly: "My daughter, I have been too severe to one who loves the Lord as you do. No such austerities are needed to make you purer than you are."

With a quick sweep of his hand, he has thrown the scourge out of the cabin window, torn the black draperies from the skylight, and the sun—the rising sun of Greece—shines through and haloes her beauty in its light.

"No; for you I will ask forgiveness all my life! For you who are risking your liberty and your *life* to do a grand act of generous mercy to a suffering race, I will always implore the blessing of God." Then he, placing his hand upon her head, murmurs: "*Benedicte*," and thinks: "She is a good girl and will be an honor to the Church, without the cruel penance to which I have doomed her!" and grows very tender to this sinner who has repented, whispering: "Come on deck; throw away this garb of austerity.

Be thine own bright self, for God loves bright things—though He loves holy things better—and you are both.”

Then, as if frightened at the splendor of her beauty, as Susan kneels before him, Father Lucas, with another muttered blessing, turns to go, but getting to the door of the cabin is called back by his enchanting penitent, who wishes him to again drink of the cup of her alluring beauty she has so lavishly placed before him.

“These letters to the captains of the two Spanish ships,” she murmurs. “Please deliver them and count their passengers. These are their instructions—*not* to sail to New Smyrna but to ports of France and Spain, to land the fugitives from Turkish massacre, *free!* A boat will be furnished you. Instruct the skippers, so that no hint may get to the Ottoman Pasha, not to break the seals of these documents till they reach the open sea. Nay, do not thank me!” for he is looking at her, his enraptured eyes, she thinks, devoted to her loveliness. “It is fitting from thy blessed hand, dear Father Lucas, should come this act of mercy.”

He leaves the cabin, and she, gazing after him, laughs a Circe laugh, and mutters: “I have his heart! At last the flint gives out fire! HE LOVES ME!”

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## CHAPTER XX.

“MY LOVE HAS GIVEN HIM DEATH!”

BUT Lucas loves only Susan's piety. On her supreme and humble contrition he muses, even as he waits for a boat to be lowered, for the swift *Sea Gull* is now in the harbor of Modon. The two letters he

holds within his hands are evidence of her unselfish mercy; the friar feels these prove that he has been too severe to so repentant a sinner—one who loves God so truly—little guessing he has been sent away so that his commercial penitent may, without his censure, complete her unhallowed bargain with the Turkish governor.

As the priest's boat leaves the *Sea Gull's* side, Susan becomes a thing of joyous business. Her maids, who have prepared her for her last eccentricity, and have wondered if she were crazy, and Mrs. Catto, who has been frightened nearly to death, fearing her mistress meant a Voodoo worship by her preparations in the cabin, perceive she has become a different being from the anxious girl of the last few weeks. Her orders are quick, sharp, and thoroughly businesslike.

"Get me into this Eastern dress and veil me for interview with the Turkish governor, you wenches!" she cries.

Arrayed in these garments, from the deck of her schooner Susan looks out upon the port of Modon. Awaiting her coming are two Spanish vessels; the two Miss Turnbull had first chartered.

She had, early in the morning, given Bullock instructions. He is already on shore, with contracts signed in advance by her for the first cargoes of emigrants. For fear of her Greek maidens' babbling tongues, or some attempted evasion, now they are in a Grecian port, Susan orders at once that Natalie, Cora and Irene be securely locked up; Mrs. Catto bringing her the keys with a grin.

Some half hour after, Bullock returns to her, bearing word Ballyho is now at Kalamata, engaged in preparing an expedition to conquer and destroy the last of the resisting Greeks in the Mainote mountains.

The Pasha not being in Modon, Reis Gazoul, his *agha*, comes aboard with the captain.

This officer, gazing at the Frankish lady, anxiously enquires: "You are the niece of *Effendi* Turnbull?" For Susan, with wisdom, has veiled her face, after the manner of females in the East.

"Certainly. You remember one of his old captains!" she points to Bullock. "Besides, I have the gold to pay for each emigrant under our contract. That, I am told, is as important here as in more western lands," she laughs.

But not replying directly to this, the *agha* remarks: "You are the *Giaour* lady called Sus—Susan—na?" consulting a little scroll in Turkish script.

"Of course. I am Miss Susan Turnbull, of New Smyrna, Florida," the girl remarks, haughtily.

"*Bismillah!* Welcome! Your coming will brighten the eyes of the great Ballyho Pasha. His Excellency has been looking for your arrival as for the rising sun. Day by day he has murmured in my ear: "The Frankish beauty is on the wing!"

"Ah, yes, and I have the *beauty* locked up below, for transfer to him. Do you wish my slave Irene, who is now *his* slave, sent to his castle here at once, you giving me receipt for same?" says Susan, in business tones; then adds, eagerly: "I want immediately eight thousand emigrants; that will be to you nigh unto eight thousand English guineas."

At mention of this great sum, Reis Gazoul rubs his hands with Eastern affability, and salaaming, murmurs: "I am afraid, lady of the *Giaours*, we will, in this district, be unable to furnish many emigrants."

"Do they not wish to go?"

"Oh, nearly all would depart. The Albanians are a living terror, sometimes even to good Turks," mutters

the official, his eyes flashing. "Some day we may have them to fear even more than the Muscovite. But the siege has left Modon depopulated."

"You have been besieged?"

"Yes; by the Russ for several months. But by the blessing of Allah they have been defeated; they have gone the way of all unbelieving dogs. But look how they have left us!" And he points through the cabin windows.

Following his gesture, Susan sees crumbling battlements and great rifts in the castle walls, broken fascines and dismounted guns. She gazes at the town; some of its houses are ruined, some marked by fire; the only things that seem uninjured are the hills green with the olive and the vine that reach unto the sea, and the water placid and soft, as if cannon balls from Russian ships had never ricocheted over them in splashing foam.

Besides, all the evidences of military occupation are before her. Upon the beach a company of bearded Janissaries are performing evolutions. Sentries are everywhere on the walls. Four guardboats patrol the harbor, and a great Turkish galley, rowed by three hundred wretched slaves, chained to their oars, and manned by some hundreds of turbaned, scimitared and pistoled Turks, its cannon frowning out from the forecastle, apparently obeying some signal from the *agha*, as he chats to Miss Susan, moves lazily to within a hundred yards of the *Sea Gull*.

But Miss Turnbull thinks little of this. All her thought is "SLAVES!" "Have you not enough for my two vessels?" she says. "The two that are here?"

"Oh, yes. Your agents have been at work for you. By Allah! See how they crowd on board your ships now!"

"But the other emigrants?" she asks eagerly,

"These cannot be obtained in Modon. My master—the Pasha—left orders to request you to proceed to Kalamata after him. There he will bow to the earth before your beauty and make arrangements; there he will give you such instructions to bear to his governor at Nauplia, a district not ravaged by war, that you can obtain whatever emigrants you wish. Leave with me your instructions for your other vessels as they arrive; then depart for Kalamata—'tis but fifty miles—guarded by this galley that his Excellency has detailed for your defense and your safety—lady of the *Giaours*." There is a curious twitching in the dark eyebrows of the Eastern official as he says this; then perhaps to conceal a wink, he mutters: "The Pearl of Beauty will proceed to Kalamata?"

"If by your Eastern metaphor you mean me," laughs Susan, merrily, "the Pearl of Beauty will proceed this evening, as soon as we get some of your lovely grapes from the shore for the Pearl of Beauty to enjoy."

"Your crew is not very strong, I grieve to notice. We will place a few more men on board to guard your precious person in case of attack from Muscovite light vessels, some of which give us trouble on the coast," murmurs the *agha*, with deprecating salaam.

"You are very, very kind," answers Miss Turnbull. "You are sure cargoes of emigrants can be obtained in Nauplia?"

"Oh, all you wish. Ten thousand, twenty thousand! The infidel dogs are all anxious to go, and we would just as soon that you receive these fugitives, paying properly for the privilege, as our Albanian allies, who would pay us nothing for their plundering and slaying. You will proceed, O moon-eyed *hourî*? Kalamata is hardly fifty miles along our coast."

"Certainly—this very night. Thanks for your courtesy. How many emigrants can be obtained here in Modon?"

"Six hundred."

"I will pay you for them now." And Susan, opening her strong box, pours out so much gold before the Turkish official that he rubs his hands and weeps to himself: "Ballyho, accursed by love of this beauty, is going to stop this flow of tribute into my pocket!" but, valuing his head, simply salaams.

"Accept a *rouleau* for thy kind personal offices, *Agha*," remarks Miss Turnbull, and makes the Turkish official so glad he says: "I will myself see your decks are properly manned for your defense, O generous-hearted flower of affluence."

At his orders, two boatloads of turbaned Turks coming from the attendant galley, swarm on board, and would produce dismay in Bullock, were not the reason of their coming explained to him by Susan.

So the Turkish official takes his leave, remarking: "Your present of your beautiful slave-girl will delight my master; likewise your—your coming to Greece, Frankish *houri*!" He hesitates a little over his last expression, salaams again, and murmuring: "*Shukur Allah!*" goes on board the big Turkish galley, apparently to give some orders to her captain; for this great vessel from this time on seems to keep a very sharp eye for the protection of Miss Susan Turnbull.

And now Susan is very happy. Releasing her slave-girls, she cries: "Make me as beautiful as you can! Tear off these eastern draperies and veils that make me feel as if I were a nun or odalisque, I know not which. No more dark robes! Light, gauzy ones—Cleopatra's garments. Make me like unto that woman for whom the Triumver threw the world away."

Under their deft and eager hands, robed in white gossamers, she becomes a fairy. Then directing Mrs. Catto to lock up her maids, for she will have no prying eyes or open ears upon this interview in which she means to make the man of God her slave, she whispers to herself: "Now that the arrangement is made with the Turkish officials, the sooner Lucas comes from the Spanish vessel to me, the better!" and looks eagerly toward her chartered ships.

Suddenly she claps her hands and cries: "There he is!" for a boat is leaving the little flotilla which is apparently putting Greeks on board the Spanish vessel. Her bow is turned towards Miss Turnbull's craft. As it flashes through the blue waters straight for the *Sea Gull*, Susan, putting telescope on it, murmurs: "I see him; his godlike face—the glory of his form; coming to meet his Cleopatra!"

Then she flutters bashfully: "I must not meet him at the gangway; that would seem too eager. Let him follow me to my cabin. Here, where I gained his heart by penitence and beauty, I'll woo him to share my ambition by my joyous love—my Lucas! La, I am as bashful as a giggling school-girl! Just one more glance at mirror! *Pardie*, how beautifully Irene has socked my feet! I wonder if open-work hosiery will be as becoming as pink and white bare penitential toes."

So she stands watching with anxious, love-lit, faltering, yet confident eyes, the cabin door, until it opens to Lucas de Alvarado. To him she murmurs: "Come, dear father, from thy errand of mercy?" then stops, appalled.

For these eyes she loves are filled with holy indignation; this form she worships is made more commanding even than before by disdainful scorn. The lips for which she hungers whisper to her: "*Miserable!* You



have deceived me ! You would have made me a partner in your cruel crime ! ”

“ A partner in my cruel crime ? ” Her face loses its radiance, her lips grow pale as she falters : “ What crime ? ”

“ The crime of the enslavement of this unhappy people, whose terror I have seen with my own eyes ; whose wrongs and butcherings I have heard from their own lips ; the unfortunates who appeal to all for mercy, and would have, by thy treacherous hands, been juggled into slavery. ”

“ Your evidence of—of this, father ? ”

“ My evidence ? For some part of your deception, you wanted me on board that Spanish ship. You asked me to check the emigrants—your dupes—as they came on board. First delivering your letters to the skippers, I did so, thinking each person tallied was another proof of your repentance. While doing this, in my innocence aiding your atrocious plan, one of the captains came to me, remarking : ‘ You’re a Spaniard ? ’ To my ‘ *Si, señor,* ’ he said : ‘ Are these instructions to me written in English ? ’

“ I answered him : ‘ Yes ; I think so. ’

“ ‘ Then I must open them. You must translate them for me. That done, I will seal the letter again. ’

“ What mattered it to me ? I knew your orders were for mercy ; the vessel was directed to some port of France or Spain. Together in his cabin we opened that letter and found—God forgive you!—your absolute command to sail *direct* to New Smyrna ! ”

To this accusation Susan makes no reply. Looking at him, she knows that almost within the minute will be determined whether this man will love her for all his life, or despise her for all eternity.

She begins a Cleopatra contest.

"You do not know my reasons," she murmurs. "Even now you prove to me my wisdom in deceiving you *for a little while*. Did you suppose I had so slight respect for your superb intellect as to think I could trick your astute churchman's mind for *very long*? That would have been a poor compliment to *future Cardinal*."

"*Future Cardinal!*" he echoes, astounded.

"Why not?" she asks simply. "I, if I sin, am sinning for our Church."

"No! No! The Church whose cross I bear accepts not sin for any reason."

"Listen to me—O, as you hope for mercy, don't turn thy face from me!" she begs. And she has got his hands in hers; her white arms are almost around him; her panting bosom, gleaming white under its gauzes, throbs up as if it would implore him. "Listen to my dream! Ambitious, if you like; but Lucas, my father in the Church, my director even to God, do not say it is sinful!"

"What! What do you mean?" For even with the evidence before him, it is difficult for the priest to believe this being, who, but an hour or two ago, had seemed to him the embodiment of humility, resignation and repentance, would have tricked him, to his own dishonor and undoing, into mortal sin.

"This! I have hinted it to you before. A wilderness made to blossom as a rose. A mighty city with many churches, and a grand cathedral like unto that of the Havannah, where all the day and all the night, incense is burning before God's altar, and the organ and choirs in saintly music proclaim the glories of *our* Church and God. A great archbishopric unto the glory of Rome. Perchance for you, even a cardinal's cap; mayhap the mitre of the Pope; thy name and

mine canonized and remembered in the procession of the saints. For this we must have people in multitudes. Where can I get them more industrious, more skillful, more pliant than these? And these are nearly all *unbelievers, heretics*, each one of whom I will make a convert, as I did my maids. 'More souls!' you cry as a missionary. 'More slaves!' I cry as a potentate. Each slave of *mine* shall be a soul for *you* ! "

She gazes on him anxiously, to note whether her ambition has fired his heart; for, at the mention of the grand cathedral, the friar's eyes, which had been sad and heavy, have lighted up.

"Such an ambition, if compassed by *worthy* means for the exalting of the church, would be holy," he answers slowly; then bursts forth indignantly: "But supported by cruelty and slavery, by even the selling of beauty to the arms of lust, is an object not divine, not even human—*having no human motive* ! "

"No human motive ! " She stammers, and her eyes, looking straight at his, shine with a tender, a reproachful brilliance. But suddenly the girl's form seems to droop, blushes fly over her fair face until they conquer the glory of her eyes that fill with unshed tears. She bows her head. "Can you—not see, blind one ? " she falters, then cries to him desperately: "No *human* motive ? I have the *highest*—I LOVE ! Insensate priest, have you not seen what has brought me to God has been the love *of you*, my Lucas—*my cardinal*—MY POPE ? " Her eyes blaze, and she is round his neck, and her arms will not be taken from him, and her bosom beats against his like the sea-waves on a rock they would destroy.

"God defend me ! You love me ? " The first is a shudder of afright—the last a moan of horror.

"Why not ? " she cries, despairingly, "Have I not a

right to love you, and to love no other man?—you, who won me as a priest and conquered me as a Paladin. Who saved me from pirate desecration?—who showed me the glory of my own soul?—but you, to whom I have given view of my loveliness that no other man's eyes have looked upon !”

To this he shudders hoarsely: “God forgive you! A—a temptation!” and blushes like a boy.

“No, no—it was love, *true* love!” And her sweet breath is on his face, and her lips, dewy and fresh as rosebuds, have reached his—but only for an instant.

For with a cry of horror, and power given unto him for resistance—even against her beauty, which is greater than her strength—Lucas tears the beguiling implorer from him and throws her off in all her loveliness; and she, a mass of waving laces, ribbons and gauzes, and gleaming arms and flashing limbs and panting bosom, sinks to the cabin floor.

Gazing upon her with abhorring eyes, he shudders: “Deceitful siren! You have put a mortal sin upon a man who is now about—heaven forgive you—perhaps to give his soul to God.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean in the streets of that town to denounce your plans of emigration. It was with that determination I came to Greece—in case I could not make you repent, to *stop your crime*, to save the unfortunate, to warn the victims of your fraud that they go on your vessels, not to freedom, but to a cruel slavery !”

And she, knowing what peril he is placing on himself, admires him more for the light of holiness and martyrdom on his noble face.

“These Greeks will not believe you,” she answers, desperately.

“They must! For I shall go to them as a priest of the Church of Rome.”

‘No—no! That is your murder by a Moslem mob. They’ll stone—stone you to death—unless you insult the Cross we worship!’

“Then it is my death!”

And though she springs up and screams to him and begs him for love of her to spare himself, he has fled from her with a cry of despair, perchance of dread, perchance of loathing.

As she sinks swooning on the floor of her cabin, Susan Turnbull’s last gleam of sentiency brings to her the splash of oars that takes from her Lucas de Alvarado, doomed by her deceit and treachery and lust of power and lust of love to cruel death among the Ottomans.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

“BOTH!”

SOME little time after, rising faint and trembling, the weakness of despair in her limbs, it seems to Susan almost as if it were a dream. But through the cabin windows there is Greece and its vineclad hills, and Modon, with its crumbling battlements and Turkish sentries, and beside her the great Ottoman galley, and on the *Sea Gull’s* deck, as she falters stumblingly up the companionway to look around to be sure Lucas has gone from her, she sees some two score turbaned Turks mingled with the few English of her crew, and knows she is in the land of the Ottoman, and that a Catholic priest, for her wickedness, has taken great risk of martyrdom beneath the Crescent.

Under such circumstances Susan Turnbull is a girl to act, not muse. She calls to Bullock and whispers: “De Alvarado has gone on shore?”

"Yes, and the clerical fool wore his surplice, though I begged him not, and told him it would get us all into trouble. If the torturing Tartars seize him he'll think he's struck the Spanish Inquisition!"

"Stop your blasphemies and send on shore at once for Reis Gazoul; he is my friend," commands the girl. "Quick! Go yourself!"

Watching the boat as it departs, Susan begins to gasp and wring her hands, for now over the water is coming faintly to her ears the sound of Moslem rabble, and the cry: "Down with the *Giaour*! Stone the insulting infidel!" rises up from the near-by town. The drilling Janissaries are in motion, and seeing their gleaming scimitars, as they dash into a Moslem mob that now throngs the *marina*, she murmurs to herself: "It is for my sin he suffers; it is my wickedness that has driven him to death!" but still does not repent.

In truth her one thought now is, "How to save my Lucas!"

Ten long, sighing minutes and Reis Gazoul upon the *Sea Gull's* deck salaams before her.

He murmurs: "What is thy pleasure, Frankish *hourî*?" her beauty astounding this creature of a despot, for, careless of Eastern etiquette, Susan is now unveiled, and the agony of her blue eyes gives them pathetic loveliness.

"There was sound of riot," she whispers, approaching the subject deftly.

"Yes; an accursed infidel had the audacity to warn your Greek emigrants against sailing in your ships. To make them believe his lies, he proclaimed himself a priest of the Church of Rome, bearing the cross we see upon the banner of the Knights of Malta, our perpetual enemies. The faithful were about to stone him, but I seized him from them, to give the auda-

cious unbeliever a death of proper torture. He will be impaled within the hour."

At this there is a gasping moan. Trembling in every limb, Susan does the only thing that will save the priest of God; she says: "Gold for his life!"

"You want this your enemy spared?" queries the *agha* astounded.

"Yes! On this vessel he came to Greece. His death would complicate my business with his nation. Gold for his life!"

"I dare not. The mob would call for *my* blood."

Here, inspiration seizing her, she cries: "Send him to Kalamata, that thy master Ballyho may judge and punish his offense?" And half dragging the astonished *agha* into her cabin, she throws rouleaux of gold to him, until his eyes light up and he says: "Who could refuse the prayer of mercy from the lips of generosity? I will to the galley, Frankish lady. The blaspheming infidel, thrown into the hold, ironed and manacled, shall journey with you to Kalamata."

"Then get him on board quick! I leave at once!" cries Susan frantically; next begs: "Could the priest not be trusted on this vessel?"

"No; upon our galley the mob will know that he is bound for punishment and torture; upon your vessel they might think it was a plan to save him."

"Then—get him—out of your town—your cruel town—at once!"

So the Turkish *agha*, bearing her gold away, leaves her with many protestations.

Gazing after him, she cries anxiously: "Oh, if Ballyho were only here, so that I might win his heart by the loveliness of the slave-girl I have brought to him."

But Ballyho Pasha is nearer to her than she thinks,

Within the big curtained and decorated cabin of the *Devah*, the huge Turkish galley, smoking lazily a nargileh pipe and regaling himself with the wine of the infidel, squats on a divan an Irishman in Turkish uniform, his turban blazing with diamonds, his breast a mass of decorations.

In attendance upon him are Mustapha, his African page, and the gigantic creature of fat figure, blackest face, thickest Hottentot lips, and softest tenor voice, whom he addresses familiarly as "Gilly." This Ethiop is Narcissus, Ballyho's chief eunuch, whose name his Irish master has translated into Gilliflower, and abbreviated, for colloquial purposes, into the easy synonym of Gilly.

"Gilly, me lad," says his Excellency, "begorra, do ye think I look fetching in this new uniform? Will these diamonds catch the two darlings' eyes, who are now waiting for me love, cooped up in that troublesome schooner that flies the accursed English flag? Bedad, it's hard work delaying, but I daresn't seize the beauties in the harbor. Some bastely British minister, about ten years from now, when things have become ppaceable and quiet, might rake it up against me, and if me Padischah had an ill-feeling for me it might mane the bowstring. But jist out of this port, I think I can do the business like a flash, and niver a word will be heard, except that some nasty accident has happened to an English craft which ventured into the troubled waters of the Levant when Muscovy and Turkey were hard at it on the sea."

Then his dare-devil eyes light up, and he laughs: "Gilly, ye'll have under ye the two most beautiful *houris* this side of Paradise. By the powers, one of 'em would have already been in yer hands, if that dawdler of an *agha* had only had sinse enough to have told her



witch of a mistress to send Irene to the galley for transfer to his Pasha, Ballyho, at Kalamata. By me soul, I'm eager to get back me sacred kiss!" Here he checks his confidences, and growls: "What's that? Is Reis Gazoul on deck again?"

"Tell the baste to come down here!" he says to Mustapha, who darts out of the cabin, and soon announces the *agha*. "Well, what's the matter?" he asks anxiously. "Any trouble on the schooner?"

"No, your Excellency. But a Catholic *imaum*, one of the same kind that blesses the arms of the Knights of Malta, has been arrested by me, and saved from the rabble who were stoning him to death. He was preaching to some would-be Greek emigrants, who were going on board those Spanish vessels, and was accusing that Frankish *hourî*, who is the most beautiful on earth."

"Bedad, she ain't! The other one is prettier. But she's the wickedest. Ah, little Susan will lade ye a divil of a life, me poor Gilly; such cavortings and elopings!" he laughs. "Well!" he turns to Reis Gazoul again: "The priest was accusing Susan Turnbull of *what*?"

"Of taking the Greeks from this land to make them her slaves."

"Was he? That's what I want: a little accusation against the naughty beauty. By Allah, that makes iverything so smooth and aisy. I had a kind of suspicion that all was not well with me poor suffering Grakes that I let go from me paternal government, but now that I *know*," Ballyho's voice grows stern and terrible, "we will have Turkish justice—Turkish justice, eh Gilly?" Then adds: "What have ye done with the infidel baste, Gazoul?"

"Under the supplication of this beauty who loves him,

I have ordered the blaspheming infidel sent on board this galley, to be given to thy justice at Kalamata. The Frankish *hourî* on her schooner sails at once to implore thy pardon for him——”

Here Reis Gazoul pauses, the appearance of his potentate is too awful. Ballyho is muttering between his clenched teeth: “Loves *him*? Tare an’ ages! Does she dare?” Then he suddenly says: “That’s right. Send the spalpeen on board at once to me mercy. After his evidence has condemned wicked little Susan to my harem, this priest shall also receive Turkish justice for blaspheming the Prophet. The *Sea Gull* sails at once? Then the jig will be up the sooner, and by me soul, it’ll be Miss Susan’s dancing to me fiddle *this* time.

“They are raising the schooner’s sails. Mustapha, order the captain of the galley to get ready; suggest to him to tell the bo’s’n to flip up the slaves, so they row right smartly. On the way to Kalamata the *Sea Gull* becomes the prey of Turkish justice.” Then he rubs his hands, and smiling to his eunuch, murmurs: “Aha, Gilly, bedad, ye’ve a lively time ahead of ye. Ye understand me orders? Make my two new *houris* both beautiful like the roses, and pliant like the willow trees; for this evening their arms shall clasp their lord and master, Ballyho, Pasha of two horsetails.”

The *Sea Gull* is getting up her anchor rapidly, for a new hope has come to Susan Turnbull. She thinks there is a chance of saving the man she adores.

A boat is bearing the form she loves, ironed and chained like basest criminal; they are hoisting him on board the Turkish galley to confine him in its hold. She shudders as she thinks of his sufferings in that hot and pestilent darkness, and in her cabin grows like unto a crazy woman, calling wildly

through the skylight to Bullock: "Hurry! for the love of God. Up anchor, quick! Each pang he suffers is a curse on me!"

So the *Sea Gull* leaves the harbor of Modon, accompanied by the huge Turkish galley, which keeps very close to the doomed English schooner; though Ballyho has no fear of losing her; forty of his turbaned sailors are on her deck, headed by the second officer of the *Devah*.

Passing between the mainland and the pretty islands of Spienza and Cabrera, she rounds the Cape de Galli, and making the point of Coron, stretches away over the blue waters for Kalamata, whose frowning castle flies the flag of Ballyho right under the Mainote mountains, indicating it is the present stronghold of the Turkish pasha, where he is gathering his troops and making his preparations to smite at Misitra the last Greek patriots in arms for freedom.

'Tis but a short fifty miles from Modon to this place, over a placid sea, the breeze scarce filling the schooner's sails. But still the little sunny voyage bears more danger to the craft than if she were beset by hurricane or tempest. The forty turbaned Turks upon her decks mean her destruction. The long Ottoman galley, its slaves shrieking under their boat-swain's lash, hangs on the *Sea Gull's* quarter, ostensibly for her protection, really for her doom—under the guise of Turkish justice.

And O, what passions are pent up within these two vessels! In one, surrounded by Eastern draperies, the ceiling of its cabin made gaudy by Oriental ornament, sits eager Turk waiting for Christian beauty; in the other, the cabin of the *Sea Gull*, is a woman wringing her hands with despair and muttering: "I have doomed him to death!"

Suddenly her eyes light up. Bullock reports Kalamata but ten miles away, and she whispers: "Now to save him!"

Sharp orders come to Cora and Natalie, who have been gazing at her with sad and frightened eyes, for they all love the priest and know his peril. "Quick! Get out the Eastern garments—the gauzes I had made up in Havannah. Bring out my pet slave-girl!" Then she whispers, a strange significance in her voice: "Now, Irene, I will deck you to meet your lover."

"To meet my lover!" gasps the girl, her eyes, that all this day have been lighted by some hidden fire, becoming more luminous. Then suddenly she sobs in broken joy: "You—you mean to keep your promise? You mean—O heaven bless you, Susan Turnbull! Have you softened your heart to give me happiness at last? Quick, make me beautiful! You have had word of him?" She is kissing her autocrat's hand. "Marco Trefussis awaits me on that shore. I knew if my letter had reached—O God, it is the peril of that blessed priest of God which has made your heart merciful to me at last!"

"Yes," mutters her mistress, significantly. "You owe this happiness to Lucas's peril." Then she whispers hoarsely: "Hurry! Make Irene fit for a lover's arms! Her garments must be worthy of the lustre of her eyes!"

Urged by Susan, her fellow-slaves proceed to deck Irene Vannos like a bride, even her mistress using her deft fingers and coiling up the heavy tresses of brown hair that grow sunny in the glare of the skylight.

And the girl becomes as a goddess of love, and her eyes are moist with tears of longing and of hope.

But suddenly she cries, affrightedly: "This is not the dress of the bride of a free Greek! You are deck-

ing me as an Eastern slave !” For they have slipped over her bare white ankles the loose trousers, that, falling to her little feet, indicate the Turkish, not the Grecian dress.

“I am decking you for the man you love !” says Susan, sternly. “I am adorning you for Ballyho Bey. Dost remember his kisses of which you prattled ? The sacred one—that afternoon in school-girl’s garden ?”

“BALLYHO BEY ! You promised me——”

“To the man you so often said you loved. Besides, what do I care ? I am giving you, my slave, as a present, to Eastern despot, to win his favor for my Lucas—to save the life of the man I love. Dost think I care for your pleadings—even though your eyes are weeping, even though you hang your head, even though you blush till your fair skin is red as Adrianople roses ? Dost think I heed your whining, screaming, faltering womanhood, when the life of Lucas de Alvarado is my price for you ? Would not *I* cast myself into the fires of purgatory to save him ? Then why should I spare *you* ?”

“That holy man would never accept life bought by a woman’s despair and shame !” shudders the slave.

“That he shall never know !” mutters the mistress. “In Ballyho’s harem, your voice will never reach him.” Then she spurs on her maids, crying : “Quick, make her more beautiful ! See that the gauzes display her graces temptingly. Make her what an Eastern satrap fancies——”

But with a scream Irene Vannos tears herself from them and whispers : “Before you sacrifice me to the man I loathe most in all this world, *I kill myself* ! I am your serf *no more* ! Death frees even the slave !”

Suddenly her scream is echoed from the deck ! It is the death-cry of the faithful Bullock, who shrieks ;

"Save yourself, Miss Turnbull! The infernal pirates have knifed me!"

There is commotion above; the splash of a body overboard; the Turkish galley is ranging up upon the schooner's quarter, forcing her into a little land-locked nook—of which this beautiful shore has so many—each one having its tragic legend. To them now is another added.

The Ottomans are up! The English crew are butchered or thrown into the hold.

Susan and her maids, screaming, would fly on deck, but are met by a Turkish officer with laughing Irish voice and devil-may-care manner. Behind him stands at cabin door a great black eunuch, and attentive to his signals are his mutes, some three or four in number.

The ardent eyes gaze upon Susan Turnbull and Irene Vannos.

As the girls retreat before him, Ballyho, the diamonds on his turban blazing, the smile of eager triumph and longing joy upon his reckless face, follows them into the great stern apartment.

Cora and Natalie, with a faint shriek, sink down in a distant corner. Irene and Susan, their faces pale, their hands upon their beating hearts—for each knows she is in a desperate strait—confront him.

Then the mocking voice says to them, in such tones they know its dread meaning: "BOTH!"

Next it goes on in jeering case: "Ye beauties nade not take the trouble to step on deck; Gilly, at the door, will have full charge of ye!"

"Of course you see, Irene," laughs Susan, attempting an almost despairing frivolity, "his Excellency, Ballyho Pasha, has come to accept you from my hands."

“Many thanks for yer trouble bringing her, though I had always hopes of Irane. Yer transporting yerself to me, little Susan, was the *unexpected* pleasure. For ye’re now both confiscated to me harem; you, Irene Vannos, because yer father, the conspirator, fled from me after betraying the Sultan; you, Susan Turnbull, because I’ve had word ye’ve been enslaving me faithful Grakes in far away America.”

“And do you think,” cries Susan desperately, “you grinning Irish popinjay, that this insult to the English flag will not be avenged and cost you, life?”

“And who will tell the British Ambassador about it?” grins his Excellency. “What tongue will wag? All you ladies locked up in me harem, or somebody else’s,”—he chucks little Cora playfully under the chin—“your crew and skipper knocked on the head or thrown into the hold to be chained for life to a Turkish oar? Yer vessel disappeared—a common thing in these waters now where the Osmanli and Muscovites are fighting, with many privateers afloat. As for the blaspheming praist——”

But here Ballyho gets sensation, for Susan Turnbull is on her knees to him and imploring as if for more than life: “Spare him! Save him! Let not my crime destroy the man I love!”

“You love him, ye shameless jade! Didst ever hear an odalisque confess to her master that she loves a rank outsider to his harem? An amour with a man of God! *Bismillah!* Here’s a minx that’ll make ye bald to kape her good, Gilly. Take cognizance of her, and make her supple to her master’s will.”

“And as for ye, Irane, I know the sweetness of yer lips.” His face lights up as he steps to her, as the girl, drawn up like a Grecian statue, stands gazing upon him, a latent horror in her eyes. “I know yer

truth; that sacred kiss ye have kept. You could not look into a man's face, as you did mine, and say you loved him, and tell him any flirting lies. Me faithful sweetheart, *the sacred kiss!* "

The gleam of passion is in his eyes, his lips are drawing nigh to hers, when, with a sudden bound, the girl moves from him, and jeers despairingly: "Your sacred kiss, which was an insult to me, who, in my innocence trusted in your faith, was destroyed by a Grecian patriot long ago!"

"O murther!"

"Ask Marco Trefussis, whom you fear and hate! Ask him what he did with the sacred kiss of Ballyho Bey, the *renegado!* "

"Howly Moses! Has that rebel brute Trefussis been giving me more trouble?" snarls Ballyho. Then a cruel ring comes into his voice: "But let me tell ye, I've an expedition agin him now, me haughty darling, that will place Mr. Marco under the sod—a position I've been long wanting him to occupy."

"Oh, God bless you for your words! He lives—my Marco *lives!* " cries Irene, and the light of hope for her lover glows in her eyes, making them more lovely. But as she gazes on Ballyho's ardent face, the gleam goes out in despair for her own beauteous self.

"By Allah, ye need that sacred salutation replaced upon yer rosebud lips, me darling," mutters the Eastern satrap, and merrily approaches the Greek maiden. "The brush of my mustachios will make yer complaisant to me as they did before, me sweetheart."

But nerved by rage, loathing and despair, Irene Vannos smites his grinning mouth and whispers: "I have endured slavery, but never infamy!"

"Ye spiteful divil!" cries the astounded pasha. "When next I meet ye, ye'll be begging for me favor,



at which ye turn your pretty nose up now." Then he glares at his faithful Gilly, who has been unable to conceal a hideous chuckle, and mutters to him: "I have business on deck that cannot be delayed. It is thy office to make these ladies of me harem subject and supple to my will. Gilly, ye know yer duty."

"Ay, that I do, master of men," answers the Ethiopian severely.

So Ballyho strides from the cabin to superintend the disposal of the captured schooner, leaving his black eunuch to deal with the fair ones that the foolish confidence of Susan Turnbull has placed within this Eastern pasha's grasp: all equal now; mistress and maids alike subjects of his despotic will.

This comes home to Susan with an awful slap, for her two wenches who had trembled at her nod almost within the minute are grinning at her. Natalie is courtesying lowly and jeering: "Now you will know the joys of slavery yourself, Madame," and Cora is laughing maliciously: "Oho! We're birds of a feather, aren't we, Mistress Susan."

To her the black eunuch says sternly: "Into this cabin, slave! I will teach thee obedience to a master's will."

And she, gazing upon the black, who seems a demon endowed with power over her, and noting at his signal two of the mutes step silently toward her, bows her head and whispers, a strange timidity in her voice: "Coming, sir."

Then the gloom of slavery, which she had meted out to others with no stinted hands, descends on the fair head of Susan Turnbull.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE DIRTY DERVISH OF KALAMATA.

VEILED from the eyes of men, and dressed in the garments of the harem, Irene sits waiting in the cabin of the looted ship. Near her are Natalie and Cora, their faces also veiled.

The vessel seems deserted. Even Mrs. Catto has somehow disappeared. The Turks upon the deck are quiet too; they had been noisy enough before, when carrying off the things of value from the vessel. No sound comes to her, save some stifled sobs, veiled cries and piteous implorings from the stateroom where Susan is receiving her first lesson in slave's obedience. These shortly die away.

Some little time after, Miss Turnbull, habited in Eastern costume now, is led out by Gilliflower, her eyes teary, her glance drooping; though once or twice she turns it falteringly upon her stern governor, as if pleading for his favor and his mercy.

No signs of severity are in her costume, which, like Irene's, is magnificent. Rose-colored trousers of Turkish damask fall to the white feet upon which Eastern slippers have just been placed. The eunuch's discipline has proved potent, as Susan appears now as wax in his hand, and at his order bends her white neck and even assists him with trembling fingers while he arranges on her head the two *murlins* that veil her, all but the eyes, from the glances of mankind. Over her are quickly thrown the draping *feringees*, the last of which reaches to her finger ends and sweeps unto her feet.

Looking at Irene, Gilliflower remarks sternly: "Your crime, my audacious beauty, is too great to be

atoned for here. *Bismillah!* What are we coming to when odalisques smite masters on the cheek? Oh, if my pasha had not commanded me to treat you like a rose-leaf!" and he gives a significant gesture to his neck.

A moment later, at his signal, the eunuch leading the way, the captives follow him; behind them close in the mutes. Jostled together in the small passageway which leads to the companion ladder, Irene can't help murmuring, in bitter sarcasm, to her former tyrant: "Now, by this *mild* experience *you* can guess, though not in their full magnitude, the agonies of your cruel slavery *to me*."

To this Susan answers only with a sobbing sigh.

Then, made merciless by her own despair, brought to her by this girl—her equal now, an hour before, her autocrat—Irene, in harsh whisper, scoffs: "How sight of you would delight Marie!"

"Curse Marie!" breaks out Miss Turnbull, crazy with impotent rage, not only at fate, but at herself. "Curse her and the greedy lust of power that Greek plotter put within my mind that brought me here—helpless to the shackles!" Then, in the yellow laugh of despair, the ex-tyrant jeers herself: "Poetic justice—that's what Cora and Natalie say it is. Ha! ha!—O my God!—poetic justice!"

But suddenly the sound is choked within her throat; Gilliflower, at the companionway, sternly commands: "Less noise, my doves! Silence, Susana, silence!"

Then they are on deck—the deserted deck. A few Turks are staying behind under Ballyho himself to complete the looting of the great cabin, which, as soon as they have left it, is plundered also. The pasha is so engaged with this business, especially Miss Susan's strong box of gold, that he scarce notices his

beautiful captives, but simply whispers to his eunuch certain orders, muttering: "On thy head be it!"

And from now on Irene notes that the details of government of this great pasha's harem are in the hands of this black creature, who is all powerful. For, engaged in politics and war, his master's only wish is that in his leisure moments the fair ones of his household shall have sweet smiles, and pleasant witcheries, and obedient love for him, their autocrat.

Under his orders a boat awaits them. Into this they pass, and, pulled by some brawny Turks, are soon upon the shore. Irene, gazing about despairingly—for now from her even the little hope that had sustained her in Susan's Florida captivity, has passed away—notes that the Turkish galley still rides quite near the looted schooner.

On the land stand two *arabas*, drawn by oxen, and guarded by some fifty *Spahis*. Apparently they have been waiting for them for days, the soldiers having been encamped. Into one of these gilded carriages Irene and Susan are assisted; into the other Natalie and Cora, though they could hardly be distinguished one from another beneath their veils, had not Gil-liflower, with the cunning of the eunuch, tied different-colored ribbons upon their arms.

Then the trumpet of the *Spahis* sounding "Boot and saddle," the drivers of the oxen crying harsh Turkish words, and merrily cracking long whips of hippopotamus hide, they begin their journey. Gazing from her gilded carriage, Irene Vannos's anguished eyes look from the expanse of pretty cliff, and hills green with their rhododendrons, over the blue water. The Turkish galley has by this time drawn away from the beautiful *Sea Gull*, and under the stalwart strokes of her slaves, speeding to Kalamata, has

already passed the little jutting headland from which the girl looks down upon the schooner in the bay.

But even as she gazes, a pillar of smoke and fire rises to the heavens, and with a roar and tremor that shakes the earth the *Sea Gull* disappears forever from the eyes of 'man—emblematic of Susan Turnbull and her greedy scheme of slavery and empire.

With a gasping cry Susan is up on her knees beside Irene, and gazing on this wreck of all her hopes, the tears spring from her eyes and flow down in rivulets beneath the veil of Turkish serfdom.

Then, wondrous to relate, even as she wrings her hands and mutters, "Gone!" the girl falters to Irene: "Forgive me! I—I did not appreciate the full measure of my cruelty. My misery has made me know what you have suffered! With your love wrecked as my love is wrecked; with your heart tortured as mine is tortured—equal at last, Irene—you and I—both slaves, with broken hearts, and destined for the embraces of the man we loathe most in all this world!"

"No, no!" the Greek girl whispers: "We're both Catholics, sworn to the love of God. Resist Ballyho, Susan Turnbull, as I shall do. Fear not his eunuch's cruel chastisement; let them kill you first, but die immaculate!"

"O, God! if this satrap didn't hold the life I love within his very grasp!" gasps Susan. Then the gleam of her bright intellect coming into her tearful eyes, she moans: "Some plan—merciful heaven—to save the man I love, without my own surrender to this grinning Turko-Irish fiend," and goes to thinking with all her soul.

So, over the dusty autumn road the *arabas* drawn

by the slow tread of oxen come into the streets of Kalamata, a town founded by the Villehardouins, the haters of the Turks, and now a stronghold of the Ottomans, its walls patrolled by Turkish troops, its population, both Greek and Moslem, bowing to the dominating Crescent.

The Greeks, traders and merchants mostly, are under the hand of their Ottoman conquerors, who show them the mercy Turks have always had for Christians, looting their treasures under the guise of taxes, confiscating their women under the plea that they are rebels, and making this city a glimpse of Hades upon earth. Though it would be heavenly if it were free; for its romantic walls are still laved by the blue waters of the Coron gulf, where they wash the base of the great Taygetus, whose foot-hills, covered with green vine and paler-tinted olive and white and purple rhododendrons, rise up to the grand Spartan mountain, which looms as sternly magnificent as when Leonidas and his three hundred braves gazed on it, and smiting their bucklers with their unconquered blades, marched to die for freedom.

Within one of its streets, that one nearest the waters that almost wash the castle walls, lying even in the fetid gutter, is a dancing dervish, his rags the dirtiest of any dervish in Kalamata. For a week this creature has begged alms about the place, and each day grown more dirty, till his accumulated filth has made him exceeding holy in the eyes of Turks, who look upon these wandering religious mendicants as raised by squalor to a greater sanctity. The greater the dirt, the more contaminating the rags, the higher the saintliness of the wretch who bears them.

Many times within this day, and four times within the hour, this wretched creature, wiping the sweaty

dust out of his haggard, suffering eyes, has looked over the gulf as if seeking some coming thing. So much so, that an *Arnaoot* soldier has jeered: "By Allah, the dervish gazes upon the water as if he would like to take a bath!"

This, an Armenian has answered with sycophantic frightened giggle: "If the dervish bathes, the harbor will become a bank of mud and filth."

But Kalamata's harbor has been spared.

Unanswering gibes and jeers, the dervish has salaamed to the ground, whirled forty times round on toes with the usual gesticulations of his sect, and seizing the Armenian, has robbed him of his purse. Holding this up, he cries: "Audacious infidel, dost dare to speak irreverently of a monk of Mahomet! *Allah illa Allah! Akbar Mahomed!* By our battle-cry, despoil the infidel!" and stalked away amid the jeers of the surrounding crowd at the plundered Armenian, who dares not raise his hand.

Having straggled from the throng, looking over the waters once again, the dervish curiously mutters to himself: "I saw the sail of a merchant vessel upon the waters of the Gulf, but it has strangely disappeared. Two weeks in Modon, one week here, and yet no craft from far-away America that may give me tidings of my suffering love."

Here, attracted by a little buzz among the loungers, he notes two *arabas* drawn by oxen, guarded by *Spahis*, and in them four veiled women's forms. Observing they take their way to the great arched entrance of the castle, whose sculptured lions of Saint Marc tell of Venetian domination passed away, he thinks: "Some new captives for that devil's harem—Christian maidens perchance!" and—curious action for one of his sect—his hand seeks his side as if to find a sword;

but being disappointed of it, he turns away and laughs lightly: "By Jove! I forgot!" then thinks: "The first incautious gesture since thou'st become dervish! Marco Trefussis, obliterate the warrior in the dirty Moslem priest whose rags you occupy." A moment later he again mutters: "The *Devah*, the satrap's galley!"

His eyes kindle; for the great, long Ottoman galley is swinging into the harbor of Kalamata, upon its deck a turbaned Irishman, who landing, takes his way, accompanied by the captain of the vessel, to his castle, laughing with him in a manner that is unusual among the Turks; and Marco Trefussis knows it is his enemy, Ballyho, Pasha of the Southern Morea, the man who has done, next to Hassan, the most to defeat the patriot cause.

Suddenly there is a murmur of rage from the Moslems about the landing. The cry comes up: "Smite the infidel! Down with the *Giaour* priest!" and Marco sees a form of young and virile manhood that should walk erect, bent by the weight of fetters, surrounded by Janissary guards, upon him, torn, disheveled and muddy from the hands of Moslem mob, the surplice of a priest, a cross on his cassock proclaiming the Church of Rome.

Then how the dervish's eyes gleam with indignant fire, as the offscouring of the streets pick up stones to smite the minister of God, and throwing mud upon him, would do him then and there to death, were it not for the discipline of his Turkish guards, who draw their scimitars and drive the rabble back.

Foremost among this mob is the dirty dervish of Kalamata, tossing mud with the rest of the Moslem fanatics and crying even more savagely than his fellows: "Down with him! The dog defiles us with the



livery of the infidel! Let me at him; give the dirty dervish one throw! Let me at his throat! Let me convert him to the religion of Allah. I will make him spit upon his faith! I will teach to him the Koran! This dog shall be my prey! I'll dance my prayers upon his defiled body until he shouts 'Mahomet' louder than I!"

Such is this fanatic's rage, and such his holy fury, and such his sanctity from rags and filth, that the officer of the Janissaries, a wild Albanian creature, jeers: "Let the dirty dervish at the priest; let him convert him. If not, he'll give him the plague he surely carries with him, and send the dog to Sheytan, where he comes from."

"Yes! Let me at him! The dervish will convert the priest!"

And so great is his fury, and such his wild gesticulation, and such his dancings, that the grinning Janissaries open their ranks, and priest and dervish enter Kalamata's filthy and tumble-down jail together.

Here, in the gloomiest hole of the Turkish bastille, the man of God, ironed, is thrown down by his guard and left gazing, somewhat in wonder yet chiefly in contempt, at the priest of Mahomet.

"I pray you, leave a dying man!" remarks Lucas, calmly. "Leave me to my God, irreverent sinner—mistaken votary of a false prophet!" and crossing himself, expects for his insult to Mahomet to receive from the outrageous creature who stands over him, the buffet that the faithful are wont to bestow on Christian dogs.

But suddenly a look of amazement flies over De Alvarado's noble face, for this dervish of Mahomet, this priest of an unclean religion, is bowing before him, crossing himself after the manner of the Roman

Church, and murmuring: "Thy blessing, father! Thy pardon for my apparent irreverence. It is to give thee one chance of life; for I am, like thyself, a Catholic Christian."

"*Benedicite*, my son," murmurs Lucas, almost too astounded to speak. "But my chance of living has passed away. Besides, my need is not the greatest. Two helpless girls, one in her sin of covetousness, the other brought here as a slave to be presented to the Mohammedan pasha of this place, have been seized and taken away, as well as I could judge from my confinement in his galley, to the harem of the infidel. Their strait is most urgent; can you aid them?"

"Tell me your story—but be brief!—so I may know what best to do for them, for you—if there is any hope for any of you," mutters Trefussis, sadly.

Then his eyes grow agonized, this strong man's breath comes to him in great panting sighs; he, who has seen, unmoved, the slaughter of a battle that has become a massacre, weeps tears that are half blood as he hears the story of the wrongs and sufferings, in cruel slavery, of the woman he adores. For Lucas de Alvarado is telling to Marco Trefussis the story of Irene Vannos and Susan Turnbull.

"They have taken my love to his accursed castle!" he gasps. "And I knew her not, and she knew not me!" then mutters bitterly: "'Tis not strange that I should not recognize her, a slave, and she should not know me, a beggar; but still only a beggar for her safety, and for my revenge!"

"In the name of God,—who—who are you?" says the priest, staggering up, manacled as he is.

"Marco Trefussis—the man upon whose sweetheart's suffering you have gazed, and done—thank God and you!—the little that you could to aid her in her misery.

For that let me aid you now. The time is short! Permit me, the dancing dervish, to go out and hint that I have converted you to the faith of Mahomet, and so save you from cruel murder for our Faith."

And the Greek patriot would leave the Spanish friar, who is holier than he; for Lucas puts hand upon Trefussis and commands: "Not so, my son. No stain must rest upon a priest of our Church. Not as a ruse may you tell them I recant; not to save my life may you declare that I have forsworn Christ Jesus."

Looking at the friar, the patriot pleads: "Forgive me, father," and mutters: "Let me think of some other plan."

Then being used to conspirators' stratagems, he suddenly proposes: "This jail is but a tumbledown affair and easy to break; but that is little thought of by the Turks, who always manacle and iron prisoners of importance. There are a hundred men within my call; with them, introduced into the town in disguise, to-night I will batter down these gates and rescue you."

"That would be merely to lose your life, my son, and those of your brave followers. Keep them to save Greece."

"Greece is already lost; we raise our swords now only for revenge! Besides, this plan—O God, if it should!—may save the being I love most upon this earth—save her from the satrap's contaminating arms. In rescuing you I may be preserving, in all her purity, Irene Vannos to become my bride."

"Impossible! How?"

"This Ballyho Pasha is an Irish officer—once a Catholic, now a Mohammedan, *renegado* from the faith of Christ."

"God pity him!"

"Though a rake, this Pasha is no effeminate volup-

tuary. He is first of all a soldier. Like most of his race, he prefers fighting even to love. An expedition he has already prepared to escort him to his capital, Nauplia, and on his way give the remnant of the Greek legion and the Mainote chiefs a last blow at Misitra, is now ready to march. If I assault him here in his stronghold, my very audacity will make Ballyho take immediate steps for the punishment of my followers and me. Let him march to battle, and for a time—a little time—there is safety to my love! Perchance within that blessed delay—I'll seize my suffering dear one—from this tyrant's very harem."

"To him who dares all things are possible," mutters the priest, who being a brave man, knows another brave man when he sees him, and the dirty dervish now looks like a Spartan warrior in the days of old.

"Then expect me to-night, and give me your blessing, father."

Bending before the priest, who puts his hand upon his head and prays for him, the Greek patriot goes out from the prison and becomes once more the dervish of Mahomet, muttering to the guarding janissaries: "The infidel dog! The unsanctified *Giaour*! But do not let him die *quite yet*. I have buffeted him into half believing in the Prophet; let me jump on him and walk on him with my feet again and exorcise *Sheytan* from out his accursed body. Give me a little time to make another rough and ready, hard-handed, tough-footed assault upon this dog of an unbelieving enemy of Allah!"

Laughing at his eagerness, as he chants verses of the Koran and goes begging amidst them, the officials toss him coins, and the rabble jeer and cry: "Old rags and dirty dervish—get at the infidel dog again and make his bones sore till they cry for Allah and Mahomet!"

So moving out of the throng, with one look at the castle that holds the being of his love—of his despair—Marco Trefussis tramps the streets of Kalamata, and passing at the gates the sentries, who know his dirty holiness quite well by this time, within an hour, in a rhododendron scented grove in the fair foot-hills near the entrance of the Langgada Pass, finds the one hundred men he wants; a sturdy crew of wild Mainotes; half of them robbers, the other half bandits, but patriots all, and fighting men such as had pleased even Pausanias.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

“TO YOU, I AM ALL NUN!”

AT evening, after darkness has come upon the Grecian hills, in the huge banquet-room in the mediæval castle of Kalamata, Ballyho Pasha sups in military state. With him are some of his most trusted officers; Mourad, the colonel of his Janissaries; Selim, the commander of his Spahis; Muza, the captain of the *Devah* galley, that has done such cruel work this day; and Ahmed Ali, governor of the town, who has within the year hanged by the neck the Greek Metropolitan, suspecting him of being friendly to the Russ. They are discussing the expedition that is now ready for the smiting of the insurgent patriots; his officers reporting to their superior that everything is in readiness for the march.

Five hundred Janissaries, one thousand Albanians, eight squadrons of Spahis, and enough light troops to make nearly three thousand men—all ready for this last blow at despairing mountaineers.

"What do ye suppose that baste Trefussis's band numbers?" asks Ballyho of Mourad, who is his second in command.

"From reports brought to me, your Excellency, I should judge not much over a thousand Mainotes and three hundred others, the remnant of the Spartan legion."

"Then it's thundering bad luck if we don't make mincemeat of 'em in a day or two, if they don't defend the Langgada Pass; that may delay us for a little while," laughs the Pasha. "Sure iverything is coming my way now." And his eyes light up with passion and his laugh becomes easily the gayest in the company; for champagne is flowing, though Selim, who is a very strict Mohammedan, frowns upon the passing wine.

Noting this, at opportunity the satrap whispers to the dark-browed cavalry leader, who has taken personal charge of the Spahis that escorted the captives after they had been brought on shore from the *Sea Gull*: "Ye'll find, my Selim, when ye return to yer *zenana*, another inmate of it—a Grake lady whose name is Natalie. Ye understand—yer share of the spoil of to-day."

"That I do, Pasha," laughs the trooper. "Beauty is one of the pleasures not forbidden to true believers," and grows merry over the thought, though he still refuses the wine forbidden by Allah.

A moment later, Ballyho remarks, with a wink, to Muza, the *reis* of the galley: "'When ye get home ye'll find yer portion of to-day's sport awaiting ye.'"

"Is she very beautiful, your Excellency?" questions the commander of the *Devah*.

"Bedad, ye'll think so. Little Cora dances and sings like an *almeh*—so me eunuch reports."

"Good! Please Allah, I will sell her for a thousand pieces of silver in the *yesser-bazaar*," remarks the nauti-

cal man, who, having been an Algerine freebooter, is apt to place a money value upon everything.

So they all grow very merry.

But an Irishman can easily beat Turks, who are a solemn race, a-laughing, and Ballyho's joy might now become uproarious, he is so very happy, did not at this moment Ahmed Ali, the governor of the town, remark to him: "Your Excellency, what disposition shall be made of the infidel priest you brought with you from Modon?"

"Faith, I suppose the usual thing," answers the Irish Pasha, chewing his moustache grimly.

"Not knowing thy wishes in the matter, and the mob demanding the unbeliever's head, I have ordered him brought before your Excellency this evening that his doom may be declared before we march."

At this announcement Ballyho's face twitches; he mutters, a hang-dog look coming on his countenance: "Ordered him brought here *to me!* Tare an' ages! What—what are ye thinking of? I don't want to see him. Do the regulation thing by him."

But at this moment an officer comes in, salaams and announces: "The dog of a *Giaour* is crawling in the antechamber."

"Would it not be better that your Excellency see him now that he is here!" suggests his lieutenant deferentially. "The populace call for the infidel's quick execution. It would be a wise thing if you left a head or two upon the battlements before you march out of the place."

"Well, bring the baste in!" says Ballyho, a kind of desperation in his voice.

A moment later, Lucas de Alvarado, still wearing the torn and mud-bedraggled canonicals of the Roman Church with the cross of Christ embroidered on them,

stands before the Irish Pasha, whose eyes droop before the sign of the religion of his boyhood.

"You are a priest of Rome," he growls, burying his face in the wine-cup, though his lips quiver as he quaffs the liquor.

"I am; and as such am a believer in the only true God, and Christ our Saviour," answers the friar, the calmness of a martyr on his face.

At this Selim the Black places hand upon his scimitar, as if to make the infidel's audacious words his last. For this leader of *Spahis* has taken part in slaughtering many unbelievers.

And Mourad and Ali both whisper: "Doom him to the death of torture! Impalement for this dog who proclaims the cross of Christ!"

"But this is not exactly in accordance with Turkish law. *Rayahs* have been protected by the Sultan. Churches are even in Stamboul, and the Grakes have not been doomed for Christianity," mutters his Excellency, his face flushing.

"Your words are true, Pasha," answers Mourad. "But this unbeliever has incited a mob and brought riot into the streets, both of Modon and Kalamata. For that we doom him; not for his being infidel!"

"By Allah! that's a curious way of bating round the bush, me boy!" says Ballyho, then adds eagerly and apparently savagely: "I would spake to him. Let me take this dog and see if he won't recant; if he will, then it'll be another victory for Mahomet."

Not waiting for discussion on this point, the Pasha rises and commands: "Come with me, sir!" and leading De Alvarado, who moves slowly in his irons, to an ante-room where they are alone, this Irish officer looks in a hang-dog, agonized way upon the



representative of the Church of Christ, and whispers to him : " By me soul, let me save yer life. I don't want ye to die. I'm not exactly a fiend, me poor fellow," and would pat his captive on the shoulder, but the friar's bearing is too haughty. " Just let me step out and announce you have been converted to the religion of *Islam*. Begorra, it's not hard; I've tried it myself ! "

" Never ! "

" But ye don't know the awful death ye're dooming yerself to ! It's only a few words, and then the pope will absolve you for it. Oh, tare an' ages, have mercy on yerself ! Don't yer see I want to save yer life ? "

But the priest's glance is calmly stern. He answers : " Not for my life ; not if I had a hundred lives ! " Then looking full at this great *renegado*, Lucas de Alvarado sneers : " I have met many of your countrymen. A few were heretics, many were Catholics, but you are the *first* Irishman into whose eyes I have gazed who has denied the Christ. "

" Howly Saint Patrick, don't reproach me for that ! Ye—ye don't know—what it is to be chained for life to the oar—a galley slave—when the world an' success and glory were open to ye by saying one word, like it was offered me ! The lash upon me naked back—shackled forever to that awful oar—no hope, nothing but despair, until I died, still chained, or went mad and rowed, still ironed to bench ! And before me were all the glories of the world for *but one little word*. I said it ! Ye don't know——"

" Do not I know ? " returns the priest. " And have I said the word ? " Looking with scorn upon the Eastern satrap, who has bowed his head in shame, Lucas de Alvarado would pass from the ante-room ; but suddenly he sees tears of abased anguish in the

Irish Pasha's eyes. Encouraged by these, he returns to the great Turkish officer.

"Ah, ye've changed yer mind, me boy. Ye've come to say the word that'll give ye life," says Ballyho, his voice relieved.

"Not for myself I speak, but for others. In your hands now are helpless womanhood; spare them the degradation of your harem."

"Ye mane Irene Vannos and Susan Turnbull?" The satrap's eyes light up with a joy that horrifies the priest.

"Yes; also the others."

"Ye're speaking most for little Susan, I am thinking. Ye've come to plade for that purty jade. Ye love her!"

"God forgive you!"

"Ye love her better than yer life."

"Remember you are speaking to a priest of the Church of God."

"If ye don't love her, she loves *you*. Bedad, that's worse!"

"Miserable man! I love no one but Christ. In His name I——"

"Faith, why should I spare her? Haven't I the records of her transactions in the ledgers taken from her cabin? How many of me unfortunate Grake subjects didn't she enslave? Begorra, it's poetic justice, it is."

"And is it poetic justice to seize the other, Irene Vannos, who has suffered the cruelty of serfdom in the West? Shall she suffer the defilement of slavery in the East, when near her is the man she loves? Perform one act of noble mercy that shall be counted for you before the judgment seat of God, not by the intercession of Mahomet, but by the grace of our Redeemer,

Christ Jesus. Grant to these girls freedom, and I go out from you to my death, blessing you."

"Give Irene to Marco Trefussis, the baste who destroyed me sacred kiss? Relinquish her to this filcher from me harem before she entered it? Surrender me prize beauty to me arch-enemy, who has been giving me more trouble than all the other Mainotes combined? Ah! ye've done well to spake to me and harden me heart. What better vengeance is there upon this Grake, who has fought me like a rat in a trap, than to have him know the woman he adores is prey to me, his Pasha? Go! If ye will accept it I will give ye life. 'Tis only a word to spake, and ye're free."

"But I shall never say it, though my last prayer shall be that God may forgive you, and you may repent." And Lucas de Alvarado, with the face of a martyr, passes into the banquet-hall, leaving behind him a Turkish satrap, muttering: "He's brought his own doom on himself. Didn't I want to be dacent with him, and he wouldn't let me!"

A moment after, hearing a murmur from his Turkish officers, Ballyho comes out behind his prisoner and says, sternly: "Order him to jail at once! I have not yet made up my mind; before we march in the morning will be time enough."

And though Mourad and Selim and Ali, the Governor, all suggest immediate execution, he commands: "Not till the morning. Wait! I, the Pasha of the Southern Morea, direct it. On your heads be it."

To this his officers reply: "On our heads it is," and salaam in the abject manner of the East to the representative of their Padischah.

Then after another glass or two, as if wishing to throw this subject from his mind, Ballyho mutters:

"To-morrow morning, gentlemen! Ye are dismissed till daybreak; at the sixth hour of the morning have everything ready for our march."

Muttering to him: "*Selam aleikum!*" they bow their heads and depart.

"*Aleikum selam!*" he replies; then clapping his hands, Mustapha comes with obeisance unto him. "Quick, tell Gilly to meet me in the outer chamber of me *zenana*," he orders, and murmurs to himself: "Bedad, their bright eyes shall drive this praist out of me mind;" next passes to the apartments of his harem, to which have been brought none of his odalisques and but few of his slaves. For Ballyho's palace is now in Nauplia, the Turkish Pasha having only come to Kalamata so as to be within easy reach of Modon, where he can seize Susan Turnbull and Irene Vannos immediately on their arrival from the West; and also to organize this expedition which, marching through the Langgada Pass and crossing the great Spartan plain straight for Nauplia, with fire in one hand, sword in the other, and death in both, on its way will extinguish the last remnants of armed resistance to the banner of the Sultan in abject Greece.

In a circular apartment, made like unto a boudoir and decked with the gaudy trappings of the East, its ceiling pictured with the loves of Diana and Actæon, before the great divan, draped and cushioned in exquisite colors, a table has been placed, spread with a dainty supper and service for two. Attendant on it are slaves, who make obeisance silently. A moment after Gilly comes grinning in, with huge *salaam*.

"Let the girls retire until I clap me hands," says his Excellency easily.

They being alone, he asks his eunuch: "Which one of my two beauties did you make happy by telling her I'd honor her with me favor?"

"The lady Susana," murmurs the black. "Your Excellency informed me you had weighty business matters with her."

"And so I have, though I'd have preferred resaiiving that sacred kiss again. Bedad! she's beautiful enough. Bring little Susan in. I've never kissed her yet, I think, though once I brushed her blushing cheek with me moustachios when she was a bewitching school-girl at the Misses Prindle's. But let her appear; then, when I summon the slaves, send in the *petit souper*. Egad, it will remind me of some fine affairs I've had in gay Paris and naughty London, with an Eastern flavor. A little *fête* for two as if it were after the theatre, Gilly, 'll make it all the aisier for bashful Susan. Chatting over old times, I'll gradually insinuate to the alluring witch she has a doting master who would do her honor. Bring Susan in!"

"To hear is to obey," answers the eunuch. Passing to the entrance of the apartment, Gilliflower cries: "Is the lady Susana bathed and adorned for the greeting of her master?"

To him the answer comes from the attendant slaves: "She is."

"Then let her be brought into the presence of her lord."

A moment after, Susan Turnbull, feeling in all its true significance what slavery means, is led in so that her beauty may regale the eyes of Ballyho Pasha.

And it would delight the eyes of any man, as the girl stands, a drooping grace to her posture, her white shoulders and dazzling arms and maiden bosom gleaming beneath the light smock of gauze sparkling with silver broidery and brooched with diamonds at her sculptured neck.

Over this an *antery* of glistening satin is fitted to

the exquisite outlines of her form. Beneath are Turkish trousers that fold on fold drape her from the jeweled girdle that spans her slight and pliant waist to her pink-tinted ankles. Through these gauzy folds come glistening hints of limbs as graceful as those of any nymph that in mythology played with a sacred fountain in a fabled Grecian grove.

"Bedad, ye're like a *houri*! With ye, me darling, I'll make a Paradise on earth," whispers Ballyho, his eyes lighting up at the piquant loveliness of the girl who has now become his slave.

But she answers him naught; only two tears of broken pride and outraged modesty spring from the blue of her eyes, which turn to her master in mute appeal, though now and again a dazed expression of unbelief springs into them—for it is hard for Susan Turnbull to realize that some short hours have changed her from the autocrat to the abject—from the mistress to the serf.

Still, when they look upon Gilliflower, Susan's are slave's eyes in their anxiety, fear and obedience; for, have not the hands of this stern black taught her that she must no longer have a will; that the sprightliness of her intellect, the graces of her mind, the beauties of her person must be for the delight and glory of her master?

"On thy knees, slave, and make obeisance to thy lord!" commands the eunuch severely; for the lady has been rebellious within the hour, struggling against her decking and adornment for her master's *fête*.

But Ballyho interrupts him, saying easily: "Come here and sit down, my pretty charmer. We'll run this in the European commercial way; I have a little matter of business to chat to ye about. Gilly, bring in the books and papers, and the little documents I have had

filled up, also a quill and ink for me angel to write with."

As the black goes out, a ray of hope springs into Miss Turnbull's anguished eyes; she says eagerly: "Ah! It is about my ransom you would speak. For my liberty, unscathed in person and in honor, I will pay to you, you greedy Irishman," for she is growing confident, "five thousand English pounds!"

"Bedad, it *is* on money I would talk to ye, but the ransoming is a little in a hurry. When we've got through our little business.—That's all right, Gilly, that's what I want," as the black places before Ballyho several memoranda, also some other papers and pen and ink. "Ye can take post in the ante-room till I clap me hands.—As I was saying, when we've got our business finished, ye won't have money enough to ransom a lapdog, little Susan."

"Im—impossible! Why not?"

"Because, Constantine, me man of affairs, who is about as acute an Armenian as they make 'em—which means superior to three Grakes and six Jews—has gone over yer ledgers and has discovered that ye have forty-five thousand and odd pounds left in bank at the Messrs. Hoare in London, subject to yer own signature, me swate Crasus. These little drafts to various traders of Modon and Kalamata for supplies advanced, cover the whole amount. Plase put your autograph on them for collecting."

"O, merciful heaven! You are robbing me!" she moans. "I do not owe these merchants money."

"No, but it will look straighter and more business-like in England, the drafts being drawn in that way, Constantine suggests. Oh, don't be afraid, the money will all remain in the family. Bedad, these merchants will all indorse their drafts to me, yer master.

Faith, if they don't, the bastinado will ask the *raison why*. And if ye don't sign, the bastinado may also ask those pretty feet, trembling now in their little slippers, the *raison why*. Shall I clap me hands for Gilly to come in?"

"It isn't *my* gold! Would you make me a robber?" cries Susan despairingly. "That money is the property of Alceste Vannos."

"By me sowl, the father of Irene! Then it's three times in the family. Sure, ye must have despoiled him of it in Florida something like I am despoiling ye in Greece, I'm thinking," chuckles Ballyho, his eyes lighting up with that great joy which always comes to Turkish pasha in sight of infidel plunder. Then his voice grows menacing, and he commands: "Sign, slave, or I clap me hands!"

And she, the tears of abject obedience in her blue eyes, staggers to the table, and taking pen, writes, falteringly, yet very carefully, "Susan Turnbull" upon the drafts he indicates.

"Ah, that is well," laughs Ballyho, and looking at the signatures, compares them with some others on various papers, then chuckles: "Constantine knew ye, ye little deceitful divil, better than yer doting master. He insinuated ye might write yer name but *not yer signature*, ye cunning witch. Here are three more drafts, covering also the full amount; put the *signature good at bank* of Susan Emma Turnbull on each of these, or by the piper that played before Moses, if Gilly once gets to beating a tattoo on yer white feet, he'll teach ye to write yer name properly with yer very toes. SIGN!"

Thus coerced, and Ballyho comparing carefully, Susan Turnbull puts her signature, as recognized on 'change, upon the drafts presented to her, signing away



the gold that Alceste Vannos had given up to a similar cajoling on the sunburnt indigo field at New Smyrna, Florida.

"Now all is very aisy with ye," murmurs Ballyho, pocketing the drafts. "Me darling, ye have a master whose joy it is to do ye honor; ye're as beautiful as an angel stolen from Paradise." And his eyes grow passionate as he softly murmurs: "Forget ye're in Turkey."

"Forget I'm in Turkey!" mutters the girl, "when I am slave and you are master. O God, if you would let me!" And an awful wave of blushes flows over her face and neck, which have been deathly pale with assassinated hope since the money of the Greek has been taken from her.

"Faith," the Pasha's voice is insinuating, his tone hospitable; "imagine this is a *petit souper* in fashionable London, me dainty lassie. Here's sparkling champagne—lots of it! A glass or two of this, and after we've got on aisy terms over our wine and bonbons, sure—just as if I was yer young man in London sparking ye—I'll give thy rosy lips the kiss of amity."

Even as she looks on him, a sudden allurements flies into the blue eyes of his captive. She thinks: "Were I the Susan Turnbull of old, how I'd jump at Ballyho's supper, and before the last bottle of champagne, be not his *slave*, but his *favorite* and his *RULER*; and reign queen of his harem, till by my arts I got the brute bowstringed by his master, the Sultan at Stamboul!" then her manner changes as, remembering the love for Lucas burning within her heart, she mutters: "My Heaven!--that scoundrel's caresses would drive me crazy with shame!" Her eyes flash and she cries, though her voice has in it despair; "NO KISSES FOR THEE!"

"The deuce you say! Ain't I, thy master, the only man ye're permitted to love by the laws of Mahomet? Doesn't the prophet decree, one wife ye shall take, and then another, and so on till the fourth, and beyond that what is given into thy right hand, meaning the slaves of conquest or purchase in the mart?" Then Ballyho's voice grows savagely determined: "Bedad! Since ye won't accept Parisian terms, we'll go to Eastern ones," and he commands: "Attend thy master, slave, as he sups! Pour out my wine and tender me the goblet on your knees, with Oriental reverence! Ye've scorned exaltation; ye shall take abasement. Ye've refused to be the *pet* of me harem; be its *slave*! Apropos, it is not usual for me ladies, when they attend upon me, to wear the garments of ceremony. Throw off thy *antery*!"

"Wait on you like a low born serf?"

"Shall I call me eunuch?"

"Anything but that! Pity me—have mercy upon me. Yes, my master, I obey." For Ballyho has raised his hands to clap them.

So the iron of slavery entering deeper and deeper into her soul, Susan Turnbull obeys, and with a disdainful gesture tosses away the white satin over-garment. Then, gleaming like ivory under veils of snow, with trembling hands she pours out the wine condemned by Allah for Ballyho to quaff, and kneeling humbly at his feet, presents the cup unto his lips, wishing it were poison instead of sparkling vintage of the land of France.

"Oho!" he chuckles. "Ye're not so haughty as when ye faced me in Miss Prindle's room and by yer threats deprived me of the love of Irene Vannos. Bedad, times have changed, ye alluring little spitfire." And his arm would go round the inviting waist, even

as his odalisque tenders him the goblet of champagne.

With a muffled scream Susan has sprung up and started from him, her eyes lighting with rebellious fire. "You miserable tyrant," she cries, "dost think, though you've tricked me into captivity, I shall submit to be your—your plaything."

"*Bismillah!* I *must* clap me hands for Gilly."

At his words the girl falls on her knees again and begs: "No—no! In mercy, not that cruel eunuch! Please—please bear with me. I—I have not yet learned to be a slave."

But Ballyho has already clapped his hands, and the attentive Gilly coming in, salaams and says: "Light of the world, is it this other book you want, for which the lady has been praying me? I found it when I disarrayed her, concealed within her garments," and extends to Ballyho a little volume.

"Begging for it, eh?" remarks the Pasha. "By the powers, it may be an account of other funds in bank. Just wait in the ante-room, Gilly; I may be needing Constantine at once."

He opens the book eagerly and reading:

"From Fra Lucas de Alvarado, to his disciple in the true faith of Jesus Christ, Susan Emma Turnbull,"

a flush of rage flies over his face.

"By Allah! an amorous token from the man you love, you contumacious hussy," he snarls.

"Yes, but I love him only as a *priest*. It is a missal of what was once *your* church. In mercy, give it to me!" implores Susan, with entreating hands.

"Faith, ye're too eager for me to belave you, ye little divil." And Ballyho, opening the volume, gives a start, and seems for a moment struck as if by palsy.

Tears of shame fly into his blinking eyes, as he mutters: "The same little prayer book from which good

Father O'Toole instructed me when I was—God help me—a little *Christian* boy.” And with a hang-dog look and a snarling “Pish!” and several smothered curses, he dashes the thing away.

But with his gesture, with his face, a new idea has sprung into the bright intellect of Susan Turnbull. “This Irishman was a Catholic. Once a Catholic, always a Catholic!” comes in despairing spasms to her mind. “He threw the missal from him on account of its reproach. The look of anguish in his eyes!”

With this, still on her knees, she is before the Irish-Turk, murmuring: “As a daughter of the true Church I claim mercy from you, who once had the same hope in Jesus that I now have.”

“By me sowl, don’t prate to me of that!—with thy beautiful face in front of me, with thy lovely arms awaiting the caresses of thy master. By Allah, I’ve given up thinking of that long ago, or I should have gone crazy. You’re talking to a Mohammedan Pasha; remember that when you address Ballyho, the Turk!”

“I am petitioning a man who once *fought* the Ottomans, not worshiped *with* them. I am pleading with a man who once commanded a galley of Malta, and, in the name of Christ, smote the infidel. I am imploring you, who must have taken holy orders to be a Knight of Malta, and as such——”

“No, no! Drop that infernal nonsense; that is naught! Slave, silence! that is forgotten.”

“I will not let you forget!” falters the girl in desperate disobedience, who sees one pitiful chance of escaping embraces that now she loathes like the fires of the Inferno. “As a nun—a *promised* nun——”

“Death and the devil! *Do you mean it?*”

“A novice, even of the order of the Carmelites! I

do not ask," and rising to her feet Susan Turnbull cries: "I *demand* mercy from you, who were once a Knight of Malta! Dare you, who have once been consecrated, contaminate me who have been consecrated also?"

"Consecrated?—I—I must respect that!" he mutters, and the girl for one moment thinks that she has won.

"Consecrated?—and coming here on a slave-stealing expedition!" jeers Ballyho suddenly. Then laughing as if to split his sides, he cries: "Bedad! Ye're the same little lying Susan of three years ago!"

"No, no! I am a nun in spirit. Spare me—save him—that holy man—that priest of the Church of Christus."

"'Sdeath! Don't talk to me about him! Ye love him; I'll have his head. Yer love has condemned him. I'll impale him within the hour!"

But with these awful words Ballyho wins. Susan Turnbull, whose love is *true*, whose religion yet is *false*, falls down on her knees and sobs: "Spare him! Mercy for my love!"

"Spare him? By Allah and the Prophet, no!"

"Spare him—and—and *forget* I am a novice!"

As she sighs this out, a wave of crimson, red as the fire of Hades, flies over her face and neck and shining shoulders, even to her bosom. Then suddenly she becomes white as marble of the dead, and in all her freshness and her loveliness the Eastern slave is kneeling abject at the feet of Eastern pasha.

Bending down to reach all this beauty that is even within his hand, prostrate now and weeping—for it is only a woman who is begging for the life of him she loves—Ballyho would gather Susan Turnbull to his triumphant breast.

But of a sudden there is a furious knock on the outer door, and cries of sentries on the castle walls and military commotion comes echoing from the streets, and the eunuch strides affrighted in, calling: "My Lord!"

"Damn it, Gilly, don't come in here now! Don't ye know the etiquette of the harem? Do ye want to lose yer stupid head, ye blasted fool?"

"The officers of the troops demand your presence. The guards of the *Giaour* prisoner, even on his way from your castle to your jail, were cut down by a band of Mainotes, who rose up in the streets. The infidel priest is rescued! One of the gates of the town has been forced. Marco Trefussis has fought his way out from Kalamata, and borne with him the blasphemer of the Prophet!"

"Escaped—the priest of God!" screams the odalisque, her eyes on fire. "Escaped—the man I love!" And Susan Turnbull is up. "Now, Ballyho Pasha, cut me in pieces, if you like," she cries, looking like a vestal. "Send me to your cruel eunuch for the chastisement of a rebellious slave—but not thy arms, *now!* Death, if you like; to you I am—all nun. I swear it by the Church of Rome!"

But she is speaking, not to ardent lover, nor to effete dawdler in the harem, but to a dashing military commander, who has cried: "Away with dalliance! What do I care for love; I am now an Irishman, *fighting mad.*" Cursing Trefussis under his breath, Ballyho flies to his audience chamber and orders: "Let the assembly be sounded! Mourad, advance the light troops and Anatolian irregulars as skirmishers to the head and flanks of the column. I take march *at once.* I will pursue that dog Trefussis into his stronghold of Misitra, and will have the rebel's head within the week upon the walls of Kalamata!"

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## CHAPTER XXIV

BY THE PASHA'S TENT.

AT daybreak, such is the energy of Ballyho and the discipline of his command, he has already left Kalamata. In advance are some few hundred light troops, mostly levies from Asia, Kurdish and Turcoman cavalry, which bring their master word that the band of Greek *evzones* is now slightly in advance of them, sometimes even in sight in the rocky defiles of the great Langgada Pass, which his troops have just entered.

Trefussis's plan is to fly but *not* fly too quickly. He will give his enemy hope that he may overtake and smite him in the defile, and so keep him marching until he reaches Misitra. For Marco knows, to save his love immaculate, Ballyho must not encamp until he reaches and occupies the ruined city of the Crusaders. There—please God—the Greek will make his desperate attempt to seize his sweetheart from Turkish desecration.

Looking with eager eye through the defiles of the Langgada from a high point of observation, the patriot leader utters a sigh of relieved anxiety, as by the morning light he sees, in the center of the armament that Ballyho directs against him, though surrounded by marching Janissaries and impossible of succor, the draped palanquins in which the satrap moves the beauties of his harem.

“God be praised; my love is with him! This night, by earth and heaven, I will save her from him or he will have my head!” he whispers to De Alvarado, who has once more girt on the sword, to wield it against the infidel even as he wielded it against the pirate.

“My son, restrain your passions.”

"How can I, when I think of all my darling has endured at the hands of that female fiend!—that here, under my very eyes, yet still beyond my grasp, is Irene Vannos—she who offered to leave her London luxury to suffer with me here, a nurse in our rude hospitals and mountain villages; tricked from her English home, duped into abject slavery, and brought even to my sight—to be offered as a sacrifice for her mistress's greed! God give me vengeance on them both! This fine London lady, who has made my darling live in Hades, and this Irish Pasha, who has my love in his harem even now—My God! when I think, do you wonder, priest, that I am like a madman?"

"Which you must not be, my son. No lunatic could save one guarded by all that Turkish power. Throw away the lover; become the military strategist. You have an acute brain, Trefussis; put it to work upon the problem that is before you. Three thousand trained troops, commanded by an energetic and alert officer, and only thirteen hundred men available against them—good soldiers, too, in an irregular way, I should judge," adds Lucas, looking at the stout Mainote mountaineers, who are even now with their rude muskets and matchlocks exchanging shots with the pursuing *Spahis*.

Gazing about the rugged pass that, covered with rhododendrons on its sunny side, but rocky and precipitous everywhere, leads down from the vast mountains to the blue waters of the Coronian Gulf, the friar remarks: "This defile can be defended."

"Yes; but to delay him is not my scheme," answers the Greek. "Should I hold Ballyho here, Irene is lost to me. Defenseless against him, with her enchanting beauty, each hour is fraught with danger to



my love. For this reason I will only give his light troops sufficient skirmishing to lead their Pasha this very night to Misitra. There I have a plan—chimerical, perchance absurd, but the only stratagem that offers hope of saving Irene Vannos.”

With this he rapidly whispers into the ear of the ecclesiastic, who has become—like many priests of his Church in time of desperate strait—not only a valiant, but an astute warrior, a plan so subtle, yet so desperate, Lucas de Alvarado stares at the Greek astounded and murmurs: “Can it succeed?”

“It must! It is the only one that can bring happiness to me or her. Besides, the Albanians are superstitious dogs—likewise the Turks and Janissaries, and many a weird and ghostly tale has traveled Greece for ages about the dead Crusaders of Misitra.”

“Have you the men who dare essay it?”

“Yes! For desperate wretches who draw their swords for vengeance are less careful of their lives than even patriots who wield their blades for freedom. These, having hope, wish to live; the others, bereft of it, do not.”

“Can you trust every man in your command?”

“Yes!”

“Be sure! A single traitor’s single syllable to yonder Pasha would doom us all to absolute destruction.”

“Don’t fear for that. I can trust each one of them. Every fellow of them has wrongs enough to make him prefer vengeance on the Turk to passport to heaven.”

“My son, you speak too fervidly. But can your stratagem be prepared in time?”

“It shall!”

So leaving enough of his followers to bring by slight

resistance the Turks to greater activity of march, Marco Trefussis hurries through the tortuous defiles of the Langgada Pass, which cuts the great Taygetus mountain, and some four hours before his pursuer's light troops reach view of the city of the dead Crusaders, makes his arrangements with the same subtle Hellenic art that brought about the fall of Troy, nearly three thousand years before—and makes them very carefully, designing for himself a special danger; for a single Judas could destroy, not only the stragem, but every man upon this desperate service, by a word—by even a gesture!

Pressed to the utmost, Ballyho Pasha's veterans have made a long and weary march this burning day. Late in the evening, just as darkness falls upon the land, his advanced light cavalry, the *Spahis*, enter Misitra, to mutter curses, for they find their foe escaped, the place deserted.

"The unbelieving dogs have fled from us," growls Selim, savagely.

"The jackals have scurried to their mountain crags. We shall have to hunt them out and exterminate them, band by band and chief by chief!" cries Mourad. Then looking at his dusty and worn-out Jannisaries, he mutters: "But this night we can go no further."

With this he gives orders for his encampment, and being a tried man of war, puts his sentries and pickets out, sending his light cavalry through the deserted and ruined city, to gather up what information or inhabitants they can find.

But his troopers, having been in the saddle many hours, and not caring much for exploration in the night, of ruined tombs and other ghostly places,—the homes of bats and owls and sometimes serpents—make short work of this, finding nothing save the bodies of faithful curs, all of whom have curiously been slain. / —

Then, as luck will have it, discovering a few gold cups and valuables very deftly placed for that purpose in a convenient ruin, they use the twilight, during which they should be examining each crevice of the town, in looting the place.

So word is shortly brought to Mourad that Misitra is a city of the dead; no living thing within it.

Being a careful soldier, even as he makes encampment the Janissary colonel orders patrols upon each street, to which the details go reluctantly, some whispering: "*Allah illa Allah!*" and others muttering prayers as they tramp their beats, to drive off passing ghouls and the ghosts of the dead heroes who had fought their ancestors at Acre, at Jaffa, upon the plains of Syria.

But soon the camp-fires of the Turks begin to light up the darkness of the night, and the men grow merry as they enjoy their scanty evening meal.

Into this ruined town, that at noon was his enemy's, comes Ballyho with the main body of his command, one thousand Albanians, three hundred Bulgarian infantry, and quite a following of Asiatic irregulars.

In the center of these, kept very closely from the eyes of man, are a number of horse-litters, guarded by eunuchs and bearing his ladies and their attendant slaves. Besides these are also many mules packed with the luxuries of a great Pasha on the march. Ahead of this cortege rides the black Gilliflower, keeping a wary eye upon the beauties under his care.

Preparations are soon made for the erecting of a gorgeous pavilion. But Ballyho takes little heed of this; like all good soldiers, he is inspecting his camp.

He rides through the streets with Mourad and Selim, and sees the sentries are alert and at post; then questions his second in command quite sharply: "You say

not *one* of the fleeing Greeks has been captured?"

"No, your Highness."

"Faith, don't ye think that's rather curious? How long could the beasts have gone before your *Spahis* reached here, Selim?"

"That I cannot answer, your Excellency. It was growing dark. We saw none of them; they had probably left some hours. In these near-by mountains they might disappear and still be very close to us."

"I've been thinking of that," answers Ballyho. "Have all the outposts doubled, also strengthen the inner picket line. To-morrow morning we'll see what has become of Mr. Trefussis and his hiding curs, and—by the blessing of Allah—have a little fighting."

As he mentions the Greek hero, the satrap's eyes light up and he gives orders to the attendant Gilliflower: "Have my pavilion pitched in yonder big cathedral. Its walls will serve to kape the night dews away from me delicate beauties." Then he laughs slightly, perhaps uneasily, "I belave I have a great crusading ancestor somewhere therein, who died six hundred years ago."

So in the glare of a huge camp fire, the silken pavilion of the Pasha is set up, its curtained draperies of great extent making apartments for the ladies of his harem and himself, alert eunuchs seeing that no one enters it on pain of death; for it is set apart for the luxury of their master, who has promised himself a night of sweetest vengeance.

"Tare an' ages! divil doubt me, but I'll recapture Mr. Marco's sacred kiss, as I've taken his fortress," laughs Ballyho to his immediate officers. Then what a guffaw comes from them as their chief tells his little pleasantry with the dog Trefussis.

Soon, having made the dispositions of a careful com-

mander for the night, the Pasha turns from war to love.

Behind his great *marquée*, in which are Irene Vannos and Susan Turnbull, trembling for his coming, stand the ruined columns of the old cathedral, the crumbling tombs of passed-away Crusaders, and running from it is the gigantic crypt, full of the dead who fought for the Cross in the days of yore.

"By St. Patrick!" thinks Ballyho, as he stands in front of the huge tent, "I wonder if old Godfrey's bones lie here, or in that dirty, dark, and unpleasant-smelling crypt. To-morrow morning, if I've time, I'll look up the tomb of me great ancestor."

But he had better look for his dead ancestor to-night. A search might save him even now. For within that giant crypt and its outlying ruins, packed close as mummies in a catacomb, suffering from the tainted air, afraid to move for fear of clanking arms, dying with thirst they cannot quench, each sabre bared, each yataghan on edge, a torch of resined wood by every side, and each man having painted on his white shirt a great Crusader's cross, are every Greek that manned Misitra's walls—save one, and he a traitor.

But to the Turkish commander there is only the silence of the night, barring the sentries' steps, some noise of owls around the ruins, and some subdued chatting among the slaves in his lighted pavilion, where the supper is being set.

Then the Pasha turns to stride to a love which has now become also a vengeance; but just before he passes the line of guarding Janissaries placed here for his protection, he stumbles with a muttered oath, over the body of a prostrate man.

"Tare an' ages, what are ye doing here? Ye beggar, ye smell unclane. Who is it?" he snarls, as into the

light of the camp-fire a ragged, dirty, unkempt form rises before him.

Gazing on the creature, the Albanian captain of his Janissary guard, who is on duty before the tent, laughs: *Bismillah*, the dirty dervish of Kalamata, your Excellency! The most sanctified Mohammedan in Greece, I think."

"Judging by his dirty skin, he must be very howly," returns the Pasha, then says sternly: "Dervish, what are ye doing here?"

"Earning my crusts by many a prayer to Allah and the Prophet." And with a hundred whirls of dirty limbs and dirtier skirts and *caftan*, the mendicant priest cries: "Alms for the dervish who has come to proclaim a glorious victory for the Pasha!"

"Faith, I go to one now, but it is over a rebellious lady," says Ballyho gayly, then cries: "Give the *Mevlery* food and drink."

"And let me lie here to warm my limbs by the camp-fire," pleads the shivering priest. For at Ballyho's remark that he goes to victory *now*, an ague seems to have smitten the limbs of dancing dervish.

"Bedad, ye can lay there, me poor divil," says the Irish Turk. "Thanks for yer prophecy. Sure, and I think ye must mane the sacred kiss," he laughs.

But at his words, with a low, smothered sigh, the dirty dervish of Kalamata sinks down by the camp-fire in front of the pavilion of his Pasha.

As the draperies are let down and the black eunuchs guard the entrance, this wretch writhes and moans, apparently struggling with heart-breaking prayers, for he is muttering to himself, in misery unendurable: "O, God, must I delay until the appointed time, while she——"

For to strike now, before slumber has fallen on the

surrounding force, before his men who have skirmished in the pass are ready to make, from the outside, distracting onset on the Turks, means not victory and safety, but defeat and death to him—to her!

Still every rustling breeze that sighs through the crumbling tombs seems to him a cry of anguish from his love within those tented walls; each murmur of jabbering eunuchs, each laugh of cooks preparing satrap's supper, appears to him a shriek for help from his adored.

What agony so great as that of lover listening to a rival's triumph; what misery so mighty as that of this poor dervish, who longs to strike, but cannot, YET!—and in the waiting by the illuminated pavilion of the Pasha who holds his heart within his hands, suffers the torments of the damned!

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE BATTLE OF THE TORCHES.

BUT others suffer. All this day, in her secluded palanquin, Susan Turnbull, holding converse with herself, has endured those torments of mind that lead woman to repentance.

She knows now what the slavery is that she has meted out to others. She sees De Alvarado, who has gone to martyrdom to mitigate her sin, still pursued by the implacable vengeance that her love has brought upon him. Reckless of slave's punishment, though that has been dealt out to her with liberal hand by the stern eunuch, for her defiance of her lord, she still cries: "I will not be the plaything of my master!"

At times however she can't help thinking: "If I

were the Susan Turnbull of old—how easy it would have been to me—the Pasha is a handsome, dashing fellow!” But this only adds to her despair, recalling one who, even to save his life, did not abjure the cross.

All she cares for now is the safety of the priest. She prays to God: “Save him! Save my Lucas, and *I repent!* Save him, and to Thee, Christ Jesus, I give my life, if Thou wilt accept the vile thing I offer Thee.”

But in the next apartment there is another maid who suffers perchance even more than she. Here, breathing the perfume of the flowers of the Grecian hills—here, in the land the man she loves is fighting to make free—Irene has been informed by Gilliflower that this evening her master, Ballyho, the *renegado*, will do honor to his beautiful slave.

“By the sacred carnalate flowers you are as fortunate as Sindbad’s seventh voyage. Where others would get the bowstring, you’re offered your lord’s favor, you foolish, sighing, tearful *houris*,” remarks the eunuch. “Slapped your pasha’s jaws, and for your buffets, he, in his mercy and his love, will give you kisses!”

And now the dread summons comes. Appareled like a bride to meet her lord, even with nuptial veils covering her face, the maiden, her head bowed in shame unutterable, is led into the brilliantly lighted apartment of the man she hates.

“Faith, I hope ye’re in a pleasanter mood, Irene, me dear, than when I saw ye last,” remarks Ballyho affably. “Sure, an’ if ye knew how I’d been thinking of ye all this blessed day, even when the muskets were popping, ye’d have some little mercy upon a man who has waited three years for that sacred kiss. Gilliflower, remove the veils that hide the face of me long lost swateheart, who has now, bedad, become me bride.”



As the gauzes are thrown off her graceful head by the deft hands of this attendant-of-women, Ballyho pauses in rapture at the beauty that is given to his eyes.

For the girl is like a bride. Golden campac flowers are in her hair. Her eyes, made big by that Eastern essence that dilates the pupils, yet made bigger by her despair, in their affrighted brilliance give her face a loveliness not of the earth.

Even the black eunuch, who has seen in his day many joyous beauties, and some despairing ones, is impressed. Muttering: "*Mashallah!* I have brought a spirit of air to mortal arms!" Gilliflower retires.

"By Saint Patrick, ye look like a *houri* of the Seventh Heaven of Mahomet's Paradise!" exclaims her master. "But since ye seem a little frightened, Irane, sit down with me and take a bite of cold partridge, sweetmeats, champagne, and all the *bonnes bouches* that ladies love. Cross yer pretty feet on a cushion—as we say about here—and during a little supper, chatting over old times, ye'll remember how much yer Ballyho always loved ye."

To this the slave does not answer, looking about with despairing eyes. Seeking some weapon with which to immolate herself or strike him down, Irene perceives an old tombstone over which, for lack of unoccupied ground the spacious palanquin has been erected. This has been deftly made use of by the attendants as a table, being covered with damask cloth and set after the manner of a European supper—all except knives and forks; these, Gilliflower, noting a strange light in the captive's eyes, has deemed it best to dispense with in the service of the feast.

"Be aisy now, *acushla*," comes to the maiden, and with it a shudder as bitter as the death she cannot

lay her hands upon. Her master is approaching her !

Even as she shivers from him, a hasty knocking is heard upon a tent-post outside the entrance of the pavilion.

"Bedad, stop that noise !" cries Ballyho, angrily

Speaking through the draperies, Gilliflower answers:

"The officer of your guard says a Greek declares he must have audience with you within the minute."

"A dirty Grake ? Ask him his business. Divil take it, what are ye botherin' me for now? Do ye want to lose yer foolish head, Gilly ?"

"He insists your life depends upon your seeing him."

"My life! Begorra, perhaps it does! Mayhap the brute wants to assassinate me. These *Klephs* are desperate now. Kape him within your hands; I'll question him in the morning."

"The Greek says to-morrow will be too late."

"Command him to give his business to the captain of the guard."

"He refuses to speak to any one but you."

"By the powers, that looks suspicious. May be the crature wants to poniard me. Ask him his name."

"He gives it as Theodoric Chalcas, and declares seconds mean your safety or destruction."

"The deuce you say! Tell him I will see him *now* !"

And Ballyho, always an alert commander, is stepping from his tent.

But even as the Pasha speaks, penetrating the canvas of the pavilion wall, comes a shrieking death-cry.

Tearing open the curtains, the satrap flies out, to see in front of his camp-fire a dying *Kleph*, who raises himself, trying to point somewhere, but before he does, receives another stab from the dervish, who, laughing over the body, says: "Your life I have saved Pasha. Glory to Allah, this fanatic Mainote would

have been death to me—to you I mean—and every good Mussulman.”

“Do any of ye know him?” asks Ballyho, sharply, of his Albanian captain, who has seized the dervish.

With this, a sergeant of the Janissaries, striding up, looks into the set face of the dead man, illumined by the fitful blaze of the camp-fire, and saluting, cries: “By Allah, I know the rebel well! Four times this dog and I crossed swords at Tripolitza. He’s a Mainote chief—a son of *Sheytan*—one of Trefussis’s gang.”

“Then Allah bless ye, dervish, for yer saving of me!”

And with a mighty sigh, the dervish thanks God also, for had the traitor Theodoric Chalcas got word this night to Turkish Pasha, his comrades buried in the crypt of the old cathedral that lies scarce fifty yards from Turkish sentry, were as dead as the defunct Crusaders among whose tombs they hide.

But suddenly there is a slight commotion in the pavilion. Through the parted curtains of the tent, a lady has peered out, and the stern eunuch Gilliflower is drawing the *odalisque* back that men may not have cognizance of her charms.

Attracted by the sound, the dervish’s eyes have caught the face he loves and seen the beauty of his betrothed, for whom he has sighed through two long weary years of waiting; Irene, her hair unbound, her eyes made almost supernatural with fear, excitement, anguish and despair that give a supernatural beauty to her face, her fair form decked for the *jouissance* of her master, gleaming under the pavilion lamps like ivory beneath its silvery gauzes. A sight to make a lover’s face burn with rapturous joy—a sight that makes *this* lover’s face like Satan’s when he looked upon the heaven from out of which he had been thrown.

One glimpse of Paradise; then the curtains close, and Hades is around Trefussis—the hell of waiting—  
FOR YET IT IS NOT TIME!

“Bedad, I’m bidding ye good-night, Mr. Dervish, many thanks for yer saving me life,” says Ballyho affably.

“One moment! Stay—let me pray for you.”

“Be the powers, ye can pray outside; I love inside the pavilion. I think yer wicked praishtly eyes caught sight of the allurements that attract me!” Then the Pasha, striding in, enters his tent, expecting heaven, and receives rebuff.

Irene, who has been silent up to now, is pleading. With tearless eyes, she begs: “God has saved your life this night; give to me the same mercy!—for, desecrated by your hands, at first opportunity I destroy the life you will have made worthless! Pity me! The man who loves me is a soldier; surely a warrior should have some mercy on another warrior’s love.” Then she shudders in awful voice: “Mother of heaven! do not approach me.”

“Why not? Were ye not my swateheart *first*? Ain’t I the one who’s injured? Didn’t this Trefussis rob me of the sacred kiss that I will replace upon yer lips?”

“Spare me—by the Virgin!”

“Spare ye? Love ye, ye mane; that’s the way to plase the ladies. I’ll kiss ye, *acushta*, till ye adore yer Ballyho as ye did when ye were a school-girl.”

“No—no! Pity me! I loved you when I thought you were true!”

“And ain’t I true? Begob, I’ll prove it. I have a treat for ye, Irane—a present that will make yer little heart bate with savage joy.”

Clapping his hands, Ballyho steps to the entrance of

his apartment that leads to the pavilion of his slaves, and says: "Gilly, quick!—is Susana robed for attendance? Bring the jade in to me!"

Then, before the astounded maiden is brought Susan Turnbull, once autocrat of New Smyrna and owner of Irene Vannos, robed as a humble harem slave.

Seeing her the Pasha laughs: "Bedad, here's a grand revenge for ye, Irane." His voice grows tender as he remembers that she once loved and trusted him. "I will divorce me first wife. Ye shall be the queen of me harem, and as such I offer ye yer *first* slave-girl! By Allah, you can treat her as she treated you. She shall bow down to you and tremble at yer nod!"

Then the supreme beauty of the Greek virgin making his eyes light up with tender fire, the master pleads: "Now ye'll love me a little, just for old time's sake. *Acushla*, think what a swate revenge it will be," and cries commandingly: "Susan, attend yer mistress—the lady Irane—and me yer master, as we sup!"

Ah, what an infinite revenge is offered to Irene Vannos. Susan Turnbull is at her feet, abject and defenseless, as she was once before her tyrant. The girl thinks of her despairing mother—of her father's anguish on the sunburnt indigo field; she remembers her sister sold away into degrading slavery. She has but to say one word, and she can make it "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

Then Susan Turnbull astounds her former slave. She says sadly, contritely, ay, even devoutly: "My sister, remember you're a daughter of the Church of Rome."

"Out upon the juggling jade!" cries Ballyho. "Ye're coming the same little nun's trick ye did last night, ye lying minx!"

But unheeding him, his odalisque goes on, a strange

pathos in her voice: "To give me despair, Irene, you will take our tyrant to your arms and doom yourself to remorse forever. Remember your lover, who has your troth; forget not our Church!"

"I remember them *both*!"

And suddenly the face of her Greek sweetheart rising before her, Irene Vannos cries: "Never!—not even for this revenge, though it is the sweetest that could have been offered me."

"By the powers, don't trate me so cruelly, Irane," whispers the Irish Turk. "Don't compel me to play the *master*, when I would be the *slave*." And his arm would imprison the lithe and graceful waist of his exquisite captive.

"No, no!" shudders Irene, despairingly yet determinedly: "Not for all the glories of this world can I, who love one man, be anything to any other man!" then screams to him: "Keep your vile hands from me!"

"By the powers, ye refuse me offer of vengeance, ye refuse me offer of love. Gilly!" the Pasha claps his hands, "bedad, another rebellion in me harem. Have ye ever seen such things? Ye don't know yer business, me eunuch."

"Don't I?" growls the Ethiop, entering the apartment. "An end to this rose-leaf business with them both, master of soft mind and lily-bud methods with your jeering odalisques. Dost know the Koran instructs us to make our slaves obedient?"

And the two great hands of the gigantic black reach out, the left seizing the fair hair of Susan Turnbull, twisting it to make her captive; the right fastening on the chestnut tresses of Irene Vannos and wrapping them about his arm. Thus he would drag the two to chastisement, while they both utter affrighted screams.

But suddenly there is a sound of ripping canvas in the tent wall just behind Irene's back, and the girl sees over her head a gleaming scimitar wielded by a hand protruding into the pavilion. It flashes and smites off the sinewy right arm of the black, as Gilliflower with a scream sinks down, the life-blood flowing from him.

In a trice Irene is drawn through the cut-away canvas, and still clinging to her tresses is the brawny arm, dripping the gore of Gilliflower the eunuch.

In her astounded ear a lover's voice whispers: "It is thy Marco. Silence! Obey me, that I may save you!" For, noting she is held in a dirty dervish's arm, the girl is screaming wildly.

But other screams are now about her, and battling men. The great canvas of the Pasha's pavilion is swept away and becomes a heap of trampled rags. Slaves are running about, and eunuchs in pursuit of them. And all about her is a blaze of light, for Irene Vannos is looking on the weird beauty of "The Battle of the Torches."

From the high oaken rafters of the great roof to broken pavement the vast ruined cathedral is alight; torches everywhere! Before the crumbling altar blazing brands are tossed aloft; from each chancel, waving flambeaux by the hundred; from every alcove and the giant crypt torches are coming!

And bearing them, for one moment the girl thinks, are the ghosts of dead Crusaders, marching as if to battle at Ascalon or Jaffa; for each has upon his breast the Templar's cross; each shakes in one hand a flaming torch, and in the other a shining, naked blade.

"Here, under this old tomb, lie as if dead—or some

fanatic's dagger may seek your life. Now I am the leader! Adieu—till death or victory!"

Whispering this, Marco, with the hungering kiss of two long waiting years, lays the beauty, robed in spotless white, as if it were a shroud and she a corpse, beneath the tomb of Godfrey de Ballyho, the old Crusader.

But the girl must look to see her hero fighting for her safety. For crying, "St. Constantine," he has sprung toward the Irish Pasha, who is calling: "Begob, it's Donnybrook," and is shouting to his eunuchs, "Stand fast, ye spalpeens!"

And now the *mêlée* has become general, and steel clinks on steel as if a hundred forges were in action. The Turkish sentries, screaming: "The Crusaders' ghouls are rising from the tombs!" have roused the Janissary guard, who, pouring into the cathedral, are aghast to see still trooping from the giant crypt and ranging themselves in the array of battle, the ghosts of Ascalon and Jerusalem.

Some have fled, and more would fly; but now their leader is among them, jeering: "Do ghouls give blood as this one does?" and with a Milesian yell Ballyho Pasha lays about him as lustily as ever Irish soldier did, and what mortal can do more.

Remembering he is commander, after the first dread surprise, he calls to his men: "Why are ye knaves faltering? Ye couldn't run away from ghosts if ye tried, ye poltroons. Stand fast, I say!" Even as he uses sword, this trained officer of many combats gives orders coolly: "Bate the general alarm! Send word to Mourad not to waste men upon the outside; the main fight is in the cathedral."

But these orders never reach. Attacked upon the outside by Marco's men who have skirmished in the



pass this day, and others who have come from the mountains, called by Trefussis's messengers, some hundreds in all, Mourad and Selim, having beaten these back, are engaged in pursuing them, and in their *little* victory lose for their Pasha the *greater* battle. No reinforcements come pouring into the cathedral!

Though Ballyho still fights as demon and as Irishman till his scimitar is bloody to the hilt, and cries: "Bedad, see that ghost bleed!" as he smites a Greek wearing the Crusader's cross, and laughs: "We'll put these goblins in their tombs again!" and his stout Janissary captain, standing by him and striking, jeers: "By Allah, here's another ghost I've decked for burial!" still the Pasha's eyes are growing haggard.

He is fighting an up-hill fight; for it is now simply those of the Janissary guard who have not run away from demons or from ghouls—some two hundred in all—battling against a thousand; and arms will tire, and men will go down, even if they are the tried troops of the Sultan.

"Send another messenger to Mourad. Tell him to get here, *quick!*" orders the Turkish Pasha.

But Mourad now is a mile away, charging fleet mountaineers that he can never catch.

So, pent up in the cathedral, the Moslem battle-cry: "*Allah illa Allak, akbar Mahomed!*" grows gradually fainter; the shouts of: "Saint Constantine!" rise higher; the waving torches seem more brilliant, the Crusaders' crosses flashing in them, as Greek steel finds many Moslem hearts.

Through all the combat Marco has sought the Irish Pasha, for Ballyho down, the rest will fly; but in the ed-dying battle his blade has not crossed the one he seeks. And now a small band, growing less and less,

gathers around the remnants of their Pasha's tent, to protect his harem, and battle not for victory, but for protection of the women of the *zenana* that the Turks hold sacred. Standing in front of dead Gilliflower, with bloody scimitar in his hand, the Albanian captain fights for the last time beside his master.

"Most of your beauties are still safe," mutters the soldier of the Crescent.

"Allah be praised for that! Bedad, we'll win yet, if Mourad only takes the tip I've sent him," cries the undaunted Irish Turk, and strikes down another ghost.

But coming to meet the Irishman is the priest of Christ, his head bare, his tonsure showing beneath the torches. In his hand he holds, not a Toledo, but a Greek yataghan.

Springing in front of his commander, the stout *Arnaoot* captain, after three quick passes, goes down before the sword of the conquering churchman.

Seeing this, some of the Janissaries shriek: "Peter the Hermit issuing from his tomb!" and fall shuddering back.

"Peter the Hermit, ye lying dogs!" cries the wild Irishman. "I'd fight him if he were Richard, the Lion Heart!"

So the two cross blades, and Susan Turnbull, crouching in the tattered draperies of the Pasha's tent, sees Lucas de Alvarado fight again; not the light play of his Toledo blade, for his weapon denies him that, but simply cut and thrust and parry and riposte.

Gazing into the face of this man who represents the religion of his youth—the one, despite himself, that he believes in—Ballyho's arm seems to have lost either its cunning or its strength. Once when he has the vantage he mutters: "Kill a priest! Holy Virgin,

have I not sins enough ? ” and his hand cannot do its work.

But it is not De Alvarado's blade that brings the downfall of the last Turkish hope. Perchance noting the Pasha's sword has given him mercy, the priest also hesitates to slay.

In the varying movements of the fight, Terence O'Ballyho chancing to step over a wounded *Klepht*, the wretch in his dying agony, half rising on his elbow, strikes upward with a keen Venetian dagger; and with a smothered cry: “Stabbed from behind! Ye don't fight fair, ye spalpeen!” he who has fought so long, so gallantly, so undespairingly this night, sinks smitten, surrounded by his enemies.

As their leader falls, the rest give way, and Janisaries run from battle—a thing they are not wont to do—and scream, to hide their shame: “We have been defeated by the ghosts of the Crusaders!”

With them fly all the followers of the camp outside—the eunuchs and women of Mourad's and Selim's harems that are with them; this rabble adding to the confusion of the stricken Turks.

Speeding over the plain in darkness, they break into Mourad's victorious troops, shrieking to them the story that genii have risen and slain their Pasha, and panic seizes the whole Ottoman array. Discipline is naught, and brave men are cowards.

Hotly pursued and massacred as they fly, they speed down to Kalamata, leaving Misitra to the Greeks; and in its cathedral ruins, lighted by torches, cumbered by the dead and surrounded by the living whose blades would seek his heart, wounded unto death, Ballyho, the *renegado*.

Over him stands Lucas de Alvarado, beating up the weapons and crying: “He is mine—I claim him in the name of Mother Church!”

To his side, Marco breaking in, knocks up other swords and orders: "No butchery to a brave man after battle!"

So the two keep avenging yataghans from the dying Pasha's heart; who now, staggering to his knees, startles both friend and foe—for even dying Moslem wretches gaze in wonder, and curse in fanatic rage—as he, the leader of the power of *Islam*, screams with pale lips, upon which the death dew gathers: "'Tis the mercy of heaven! A priest of the true faith, a friar of the Church of Rome, is here to shrive me ere I die!"

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE NUPTIAL TORCH OF TREFUSSIS, THE LACEDÆMONIAN.

THEN a sudden palsy seems to strike Ballyho Pasha. Even as the priest is murmuring: "Can it be possible that *you* repent?" he rises convulsively, and, stumbling forward, sinks, face downward, on the old Crusader's tomb, which had concealed Irene Vannos during the fight, but which she has now left for the protection of her lover's arms.

Then, as the torches, held on high, disclose the inscription to his anguished eyes that are now growing slightly dim, Ballyho, the *renegado*, sees what makes him start up, a curious horror in his drawn face.

He reads: "*Godfrey de Ballyho, Knight of Jerusalem,*" next shudders: "Me old ancestor's tomb—the dead Crusader. Bedad, it's me banshee!" and laughs half mockingly: "Faith, that's a failing of all noble families. The Ballyhos always have a banshee."

And now, for his eyes will turn toward the tomb, he reads: "Knight of Jerusalem, *who died fighting for the Cross*," and murmurs plaintively: "God pity *me*, who die fighting *against* the Cross!" Staggering to the priest, he whispers, with white lips, a strange entreating pathos in his voice: "Father, the—the mercy of the Church!"

"Confess, my son," murmurs De Alvarado. "Tell me all thy sins."

"*All* my sins? I haven't time. Lump 'em! Say I've been an infidel and battled against God and Christ. If ye can forgive that, what more is needed for me? I, who was once a little Christian boy; I, who was once a Knight of Malta and took the holy vows; I, who—O God, forgive me past! Father, I can't die under the Crescent; that will mane the fire of eternal hell! Shrive me!—for the mercy of God, shrive me!"

"Have you regret?" questions the priest, sternly, yet sadly. "Would you, if you lived, throw down the Crescent and take up, with all its burdens, the Cross of our Redeemer, who died to save you?"

"Yes; give me the chance! If I have to pull an oar in Turkish galley till I die, give me the chance!"

So, bending over this man, who but an hour ago was potent, triumphant, a ruler of this world—who is now only a poor, dying sinner, like the humblest of earth—the priest shrives the Irish *renegado*.

As he utters the last words of the extreme unction: "*In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus sancti. Amen*," a sigh of immense and pacified relief comes from the dying sinner's lips; he mutters: "Rescued from the fires of hell!" then moans: "O how they must burn!—for I'm now athirst. Water!—give me water!"

At his sufferings, the few Greeks standing about—for most of them are plundering the captured Turkish

camp and giving short shrift to wounded Ottomans—jeer, not caring to soothe the last agonies of this, their old-time tyrant.

But two ministering women come to the dying officer, and one bathes his brow, while the other pours drink down his burning throat.

Looking on them, a little delirium in Ballyho's voice, he murmurs: "Ah, Heaven bless ye! Irene and Susana, the beauties of me harem, who are going to Paradise with me. Ye loved me in this world, ye will love me in the next."

Then hearing a groan of agony from the Greek leader, and seeing the priest look very solemn, his senses coming to the *renegado*, he mutters: "Atone-ment for ye both! Trefussis, ye're a brave fellow, and though ye pillaged the sacred kiss from me, I'll relieve yer fears. Though Irene has been queen of me harem for two whole days, her lips are as pure as when ye kissed them last. And you—God bless you, priest!—who have given me life in the next world—ye can present this other, a bride of God, that she declared herself to be, as fitted to be a nun as *when* she entered me seraglio. As a dying man, I dare not guarantee *more* about little Susan!"

At this, the blush of shame in her face, the tear of mortification in her eye, Miss Turnbull turns away: for the priest's condemning glance is upon her; he remembers the temptation of St. Anthony.

With a sigh of mighty relief, Marco has Irene in his arms once more; but the agonies of the dying call them from themselves.

Ballyho gasps: "More atonement! Father, take from me bosom the drafts I made that little devil Susan sign over to me."

And Lucas, removing from the fluttering breast, on

which even now the chill of death is coming, the documents to her London bankers Susan Turnbull had signed so unwillingly and reading their amount; Irene Vannos cries: "Some of my father's money!"

"Restitution must be made! By heaven, restitution *shall* be made!" says Marco Trefussis, with the voice of a military commander in his own camp.

"It shall be made," whispers Susan; "but wait—see, we are in the presence of the dying!"

For they are now looking upon a gallant officer and cool soldier growing despairing under an awful remorse. Suddenly a shudder racks his frame, though not so much of the body as of the mind. Ballyho has again caught sight of the tomb of his ancestor, the old Crusader, and is gazing at it with horrified eyes and muttering: "O Virgin, forgive me that I—who was a Knight of Malta, sworn to protect the Cross—have struck it down. Priest—another absolution! That last one wasn't strong enough for me, I fear: Saint Payter may not believe it."

And he begins to pray, his lips very faint "*Pater noster qui es in—in calis*. That's what I used to say when I was a little Christian boy. *Sanctificetur*—I can't remember more. The shades of night are coming all about me. Torches are flickering and dying out. I—I can only see"—he rises and staggers to the old Crusader's tomb—"the Cross!"

So, falling on the grave of the Knight of Jerusalem, he seeks with his lips the sculptured symbol upon the marble of his dead Christian ancestor, and kissing it, he dies.

"*Requiescat in pace*," murmurs De Alvarado.

Even as he speaks, the wounded Albanian captain of the Janissary guard, whom they had all thought dead, staggers up, and, with drawn scimitar stands

over his dead leader, crying: "Keep back, unbelievers! Accursed dogs, do ye think your mummeries have taken him from *Islam*? He died upon the field of battle, fighting in a holy war. Is it not written in the book of fate: 'In the shadow of the crossed scimitars there is Paradise?' Ballyho-*Ghazi* is in the arms of the *houris*."

Uttering this, the soldier of the Sultan falls dead; for, with a muttered snarl, a wild Mainote has sprung forward and stabbed him to the heart.

But the Greeks, not satiated with blood, want more this night. A fair-haired woman, with disheveled, unbound tresses, and dressed as an Eastern slave—but recently escaped from the looted harem of Selim, the commander of the *Spahis*—flies into the cathedral, followed by a throng of wild-eyed *Klephts* and savage Arcadians. Looking on Susan Turnbull, she cries: "That's she!—the woman who made slaves of Greeks in far-away America!—that woman, whose scourging I feel now. She has enslaved your brothers; she has sold your sisters to degradation; she is worse than a Turk! In this hour of triumph you will let her go unpunished?"

With a start, the mistress of Florida barracoons sees Natalie, who but two days before had cringed to her very breath; and even as a little sneer runs over her mobile features, she knows she is facing death; for the woman has told to the ferocious camp-followers drawn from the hills by plunder, her story of Greek slavery.

The lust of blood is an appetite that always cries for more. A dozen yataghans are unsheathed to give swift speeding to the soul of the pale-faced girl who stands confronting them; for many of these mountaineers remember relatives that have fled, under the smooth tongue of Andrew Turnbull, to his barracoons across the ocean.



But the priest, stepping forward, cries: "Have I, who fought with you, no rights of plunder from this glorious victory of to-night?"

"You have, Peter the Hermit," laughs one.

"By Mars!" shouts another. "He battled like the God of War himself!"

"Then I claim this girl!" And De Alvarado holds protecting hand over the head of the condemned.

To this there are dissenting voices, and one mutters: "I have a brother who is now surely working beneath this devil's taskmasters."

"She came to Greece to enslave more of us!" cries a fourth.

Here Susan, stepping before the priest, says to them: "If you want my life, take it!" Then, bending her head, and weeping tears of mingled repentance, defeat, and misery, she murmurs: "What have I to live for now? The man I love——" She is whispering to Lucas now: "Don't turn from me! Through the chastening hand of Providence mine has become as holy a passion as the one I feigned to you."

"You repent? You mean your words? You are not juggling with me?"

"No; this is the truth *at last!* I dare not die a death like his." She points to the ghastly form of Ballyho, the *renegado*.

"You give your life to penitence?"

"I will; I *do!*"

"You swear it?"

"As I hope to see heaven, I am now as cut off from earth as if the black veil had fallen on my head."

"Then I claim her life for God!" says the priest commandingly.

Still his voice would not save, for the mob with awful oaths and gleaming knives are around their

victim, and Natalie is screaming: "Kill her who tortured me!"

But Trefussis felling their leader to the earth, cries: "I settle the affairs of life or death within this camp! Linger here another second and my provost-marshal deals with you!"

So the crowd slinking away leave the Greek warrior gazing grimly on Susan Turnbull. Apparently not trusting himself to address the author of his sweetheart's slavery, he says to the priest: "There must be atonement—restitution!"

"There shall be," answers De Alvarado.

Turning to him, Susan mutters: "This is all I have; it is the property of Miss Vannos. This money, stolen from your father, I will sign over to you in such way it will become yours in London."

"But there are other things for you to answer," whispers Marco.

"Everything you ask shall be given you," replies Lucas—except this girl; her I claim for the Church."

"Then," remarks the Greek, "her life I spare, not for justice, for by it it is forfeited, but for love of you who fought by my side so gallantly." Then he murmurs softly: "And in return grant me another favor?"

"What is it, my son?"

"Mate me with this being who was torn from me by her patriotism and mine, who has been brought back to me by victory this night. Give us the sacrament of marriage now."

"O Marco!" cries Irene, her face like Grecian rosebud, her eyes sparkling with tears—partly of bashfulness, partly of astonishment, mostly of joy.

"Why not? You would have married me in England ere I sailed away. Here in this land, made dangerous by war, I can the better protect you as your

husband than as your lover. Why not make the torches of victory our nuptial torches, in the old Lacedæmonian way—when a Spartan virgin feared not to clasp the man she loved and say: ‘He is mine!—and I am his!’” Then his voice grows low and sweet in its entreaty as he murmurs in her ear: “Do you love me—heart of my heart—well enough for that?”

“I do, Marco.”

“Are you Spartan maid enough to make the field of victory your nuptial bower?”

“I—I am, Marco!” The girl’s arms go round him; and with a great sigh—as if she can scarce believe her happiness—she hides a face lovely as Peri’s, and blushing as Mother Eve’s when first she ate the apple, upon the breast she longed for in the servitude of the Old World and the New.

So Trefussis, calling his chiefs together, cries: “Behold a Greek maiden, won by your swords to-night, the affianced of your commander—stolen from a Turkish harem, but still worthy to be a Spartan’s bride.”

So, while shouts come up from *Klepht* chiefs and cheers of joy and triumph from the Pyrrhic legion—after the holy rites of Mother Church have been performed—in nuptial procession like unto the days of old Lacedæmon, not with the flowers of puny modern bridal, but with flaming torches that have blazed over flying Turks and flashing blades that have tasted tyrants’ blood this very night, waving over them, Marco Trefussis leads Irene Vannos to the victor’s tent.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

“GIVE ME THE CROSS!”

BUT Marco Trefussis has little time for the soft joys

of effete honeymoon. No wedding tour can the Greek chieftain take, save to the higher regions of Mount Taygetus, to which he moves his whole command; for staying at Misitra, they will ultimately be surely cut off and overwhelmed.

So in the upper valleys of that Spartan mountain that has always been the home of liberty—for the Mainotes have never to this day paid tribute to Turkish tax-gatherers—in one of those little square stone towers called *pyrgoi*, built partly for habitation, but wholly for defense, the Mainote bridegroom and his blushing bride find that delay has only added to their love.

Some six weeks after they have found safety in their mountain fastness, the Greek commander, coming to the warrior-priest, says to him: "There's a chance by a light bark which puts out to-morrow evening from a little cove near Pyros, to give you voyage to Italy." Then, his brow growing very black, he mutters: "Does *she* go with you?"

"Yes, my son."

"As the bride of Mother Church?—for otherwise she goes not at all."

"Yes, my son."

"Then before she departs, Irene Trefussis wishes word with her."

"Why do not you come with me? You cannot win here," murmurs the priest. "Why should you stay, only to be another victim in this Turkish holocaust?"

"I do not think they can ever capture me here," returns the Spartan, gazing confidently at the surrounding mountains. "Besides, my band! I induced them to fly to arms for liberty; can I, in their extremity, desert them?"

The priest, bowing his head, does not answer. He knows were he a warrior, his course would be the same as that of the young Greek commander.

"It is in this regard," remarks Trefussis, "that I wish to speak to you. I will not permit Susan Turnbull to depart until she has made restitution, as far as she is able, to my bride—whom—Lucas—you—you saw enchained in Florida." And tears come to the young husband's eyes.

"She cannot take more slaves from here—the Turks having seized her money," continues Marco. "Ballyho's officers, for their own safety, to prove before the Sultan they had no complicity in the kidnapping of his subjects, will prevent any more emigration to Turnbull's barracoons. But the others—" he utters sternly, "Vannos and his family—I must have!"

"Of them Miss Turnbull will speak to you to-day, before we leave. Everything shall be as you demand. Will you bring your bride to see the woman who has injured her so greatly, but is now, I trust, a penitent at last?"

So that evening Irene Vannos and Susan Turnbull stand together and look into each other's eyes, for the last time, and the Greek bride is astonished at the change in the appearance of her old-time autocrat and tyrant.

As Susan Turnbull looks first upon this lady who had once been her slave, a blush of shame flies over her countenance, which has been deathly pale before—perchance from fasting, perchance from midnight vigil, for she is leading even now the life of a recluse.

"The money I stole—that my spiritual governor says is the proper term for my offense—from you," she says, droopingly, "has all been placed in such commercial drafts that it is now practically yours."

"I attended to that five weeks ago. I have already received word of the arrival of both my messengers, one in Venice, the other at Marseilles. Beyond almost

a doubt, the funds are now in my wife's name at the Bank of England," returns Marco confidently.

"But my father!" whispers Irene Vannos. "His freedom!"

"That is impossible," answers Susan, who has given a little sigh on hearing she is now no more rich in looted booty. "He has gone to God."

"Dead?" screams the girl.

"Yes, and your mother too. Forgive me."

"O God, can I ever forgive you!" Then Irene Vannos gasps: "You're not tricking me? I know your cunning lies."

"It is the truth. News came to me while we were in the Havannah. But I did not tell you, fearing grief might destroy your beauty and your usefulness in my household."

"Dead!" sobs the girl, a wistful, far-away pathos in her eyes. "Father and mother *dead!*" Then she whispers: "Clyte—my little sister Clyte—I know cannot be returned to me; she has been sold away into hideous Western slavery. But Georgia, my other sister?"

Then, for Miss Turnbull doesn't answer her, suddenly her lips grow white, and she whispers: "*Sold also?*"

"Yes," mutters Susan.

"Sold where?"

"I do not know. In some far-away isle of the West Indies or the Spanish Main."

"O God of Heaven! Why did you destroy my *whole* family?"

"It—it was commercial prudence," falters the slave-dealer, "so none could claim the money of Alceste Vannos," and hangs her head ashamed.

"By heaven above us, she should surely die!"

whispers Trefussis with horrified lips to the sad-eyed friar. "God pity me! Her crimes have also killed my bride!" for Irene, at these dread revelations, has sunk fainting in her husband's arms.

"Remember you swore to me she would go free."

"But only to enter a monastery."

"To that she is already consecrated."

"Swear to me you will put her in perpetual vows, or I execute upon her the justice she is escaping."

"That is not necessary," sighs Susan. "I have already whispered them to my confessor. I am even now as a cloistered nun."

"I don't take your word!"

"But you will accept mine," remarks De Alvarado.

"I give it. I shall not leave Sister Francisca until she is sequestered from the vanities of the world."

"Then God forgive her, she is safe from me!"

So that evening, hidden from Turkish galleys by the darkness of the night, embarking upon the shore of the Mainote peninsula, in a little Venetian felucca, Lucas and his penitent depart from Greece.

The next morning, as she sits upon the vessel's deck, looking over the blue waters, an awful shudder seizes the novice. De Alvarado, following her glance, sees some of the very vessels Miss Susan Turnbull, autocrat of New Smyrna, with eighty thousand pounds in her pocket, had chartered to bring ten thousand additional slaves to do her honor and make her rich, in far-away America.

Noting for one moment the gleam in the girl's eyes, he says: "In the destruction of your earthly hopes, there is proof how little the vanities of this world should weigh with us. You will be happier in the cell of Our Lady of Carmel."

"Father, I have nothing for which to live in this

world, except the next. When my attempt to make you as wicked as myself failed—that was the last of Susan Turnbull. Still Sister Francisca has something of the tyrant in her—even to herself; I will to my cabin and fast and pray. Pray for me also, my spiritual director, for no one on this earth needs more the supplications of the righteous. Father, good-bye. I shall keep in seclusion till we part at the cloister—I—I am not strong enough to dare to—God help me, God pity me, God forgive me—Lucas.”

To this the priest makes no answer. De Alvarado knows what Susan Turnbull means when she says there is nothing to live for in this world.

But Susan’s hopes, even if she strove again for earthly power, are wrecked. There is no gold to pay Turkish fees for letting Greeks escape. There is no money to disburse for provisioning the vessels for long ocean voyage: So the transports she ordered are turned back without cargo by Reis Gazoul, who trembles for his head in case whisper should come to the vizier at Constantinople of his having permitted Peloponnesians to fly from the rule of the Moslem.

\* \* \* \* \*

Therefore Andrew Turnbull, in far-away New Smyrna, sits on the piazza of his sumptuous cottage; beside him, old Justice Cutter, drinking himself into a delirious grave, with despair at the destruction of his beauty. And though they sit and look till their eyes are tired for slaves, none come from Greece; no other vessels sailing into New Smyrna harbor with their human booty.

But one day they read in an English newspaper that it is reported that a schooner, the *Sea Gull*, was blown up by accident on the coast of the Morea, with all on board. And Turnbull mutters: “Od rot it! Didn’t



I warn the little wench? Blown up with all on board?—that's some deviltry of our friend, Ballyho Bey, the *renegado*. He loved the minx. My heaven, perchance my niece is even now in his awful harem!" and sanctimonious horror runs over the merchant's face.

But afterward Lucas de Alvarado, journeying to Florida and coming to New Smyrna to try and mitigate the pangs of Turnbull's slaves, tells him the story.

At which old Andrew cries, savagely: "The accursed little Jacobite!—you say, is in a French convent?"

"Of the severe order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel."

"Humph! Susan was robbed and seized by Turkish pasha and in his harem for a day or two?—and loved you? After that, I suppose you didn't love her."

"I am a priest of the Church," answers the missionary simply though sternly. "The only reason I am here is to demand from you mercy for these beings you have unjustly and, I think, illegally enslaved."

"Bah! Go to the governor; see if he will listen to your Jacobite yarns!" Then suddenly Andrew screams: "Who has that fifty thousand pounds of Alceste Vannos's?" next cries in accents of despairing fright: "My God! The little sanctimonious fool has dowered her convent with that fifty thousand pounds."

"It is in the hands of the one to whom it best belongs—Madame Trefussis, who was once Irene Vannos, your slave."

"Damn it, has she escaped? O Lord, they—they will use that money to prosecute me in London—what is the world coming to?" cries the horrified and commercial Andrew. Then he says savagely: "Go

to St. Augustine, if you like; see if they will listen to your talk about the illegality of my property in indentured Greeks."

This Lucas de Alvarado does—but receives no satisfaction from the English officials, who in that day looked with great distrust upon all who wore the cloth of the Church of Rome. So he turns himself once more to converting Indians.

But six years afterward, a new governor being appointed, who is not Turnbull's friend, and the attorney-general of Florida wishing to make a reputation, they, by process of law, adjudge the entrapped Greeks free—what are left of them.

And Turnbull, deprived of his slaves, and cursing England, flies North and—would you believe it?—joins George Washington, who is fighting for American liberty, and dies a blessed patriot.\*

In 1777, the Pasha of the Morea is compelled to ask assistance of the Mainotes in order to check his former allies, the Albanians, who are now killing and plundering Turks as well as Greeks. Marco Trefussis, arranging an armistice, takes advantage of the cessation of hostilities to transport his wife and his two little children to a more peaceful land.

For Irene, when she leaves the Peloponnesus, bears with her a little boy called Lucas, at whose birth there had been great firing of guns through all the higher ranges of Taygetus, and a pretty little girl, at whose name, even as she calls it, the mother's eyes often grow sad, for it is Clyte.

Arriving in London, Trefussis finds the forty-five thousand pounds Miss Turnbull had made over to his wife, awaiting her with accumulated interest, and soon after, using some portion of this in commercial ven-

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\* See International Encyclopedia; also Williams' Territory of Florida.—Ed.

tures, is compelled by business to settle in France, where he becomes a prosperous merchant.

\* \* \* \* \*

A hundred thousand heads upturned to see another's fall—for liberty!

Hemmed in by an immense concourse, in the *Place de la Revolution*, are a lady and gentleman.

With a little hand laid as if for protection on her husband's arm, Irene Trefussis flutters: "Marco, quick, get me from this awful place! They're—they're going to——"

"I cannot; the crowd is impassable. Besides—" here he whispers very close to the fragile ear—"it would be dangerous for us to appear *not* to wish to see the execution of those who die for their country's good!" There is a horrible sneer as he says the last; but Marco's remark is full of the wisdom of that awful time.

For it is *Thermidor* in 1793—and to the *manes* of the infamous Marat, lately done to death by the firm hand of Charlotte Corday, is being offered up a sacrifice of the best blood of France.

And now—in this nation just gone mad with a new liberty it does not know how to use—it is considered a crime to display human pity for the victims of the Terror, by even shuddering face or head turned away from that potential pillar of France's freedom—the guillotine.

Arrived from Marseilles this very day, and caught within the crowd, Trefussis knows it would be dangerous to his fair, innocent and beautiful wife, for years of happiness have told lightly on Irene, if it were whispered that she has even the charity of sorrow for an aristocrat, or any other unfortunate, that Robespierre, Danton and St. Just have condemned as enemies of France.

As he speaks Madame Trefussis shivers, for now comes the presaging rumble of the carts.

To give them passage, *gendarmes* force back the jeering, gibing crowd; though some have serious faces, and a few would perchance shed tears, did not the all-pervading terror dry up the drops of pity.

"O mercy! We're—we're near the guillotine," whispers Irene.

"Yes; but you need not raise your eyes," answers the gentleman, then mutters grimly: "You have seen more awful sights even than this." And his arm is pressed round the waist of Irene Trefussis.

Feeling protection in it, the wife nestles her head against the husband's shoulder and closing her eyes—waits.

Suddenly she gives a startled shudder, for now a subdued murmur and low clanking thud proclaims the knife has fallen, *once!*

But Marco, who has, though nearly twenty years ago, looked on the blood of many battlefields, sneering in his heart: "This is a maniac liberty!" chews his mustache grimly and gazes, as a white-haired steward of a great noble family, who has tried to assist his beloved mistress to escape, and now suffers for it, and a sturdy Breton peasant, who mutters in his simple, honest, dogged Northern way: "*Vive le roi!*" meet their death at the hands of Monsieur Sanson and his assistants.

Then the man's hand seeks his side, as if to find his sword, as a beautiful young girl, almost swooning, with her hands bound behind her, is carried from the cart and delivered to the shambles—too fair a victim on the altar of liberty.

One of the surrounding crowd of dirty *sans-culottes*, laughing *tricoteuses*, scowling National Guards, jeering

women of the people, ferocious *bonnets rouges*, and spies of Robespierre, jammed in near the scaffold, remarks: " *Morbleu!* They had Mademoiselle Innocence in a convent to save her life. She is but sixteen years of age, this young *citoyenne*, who once dared to call herself La Baronne de Riviere."

"*Diable*, that's a good blow! Justice be praised, there goes the head of *l'aristocrate!*" cries a *bonnet rouge*.

"But who comes next?" jeers another. "*Pardieu!* It is the abbess who tried to save the young baroness, whose head has fallen just now. The girl was committed to her care. But Fouquier Tinville took care *Citoyenne l'Abbesse* didn't escape either."

"Escape! Why should she?" cries a woman of the people. "'Tis said that the abbess refused to say her *Ave Marias* to our grand Goddess of Reason."

At this her sisters give a shriek of laughter, then turn their faces to the scaffold; for a low murmur is coming up from the crowd.

"*Mille tonnerres!* Will the abbess's sanctity, penances, and haircloth save her now? She who flouted the Goddess of Reason, the blasphemer," growls a *sans-culotte*.

Then Marco, looking up with the rest, sees a sight that makes him start.

A white-robed woman, her blue eyes having in them a far-away look, as if she sees not the jeering crowd, not even the guillotine which is before her, is stepping from out the tumbril to mount the scaffold and endure the knife.

The remnants of her hair, cut close by executioner, are soft and golden. Her slight hands are bound by cords behind her. She is attended by an abbé of the Church, who is whispering into her ear the consolations for the dying.

The crowd is silent now.

"Will you accompany me, *Monseigneur*, even to the plank?" she murmurs in a low voice, the tones of which, coming very faintly to Marco's ear, give him another and more awful shudder; for Irene has started astoundedly, and, despite his hand, which would cover her eyes, is looking up, a wild, amazed horror in her face.

Without word one to the other they gaze!

For the abbess, now standing under the guillotine, is speaking, and her voice brings up memories in both their hearts.

"Pray for me, father," she says, "for I have great sins upon my soul."

To this the churchman listens astonished, for this woman has been considered a saint of wondrous holiness and grace.

"Pray for me; a woman's power for good is naught except in Christ crucified. Now, '*give me the Cross!*'"

Her lips seek eagerly the crucifix, and kissing it, she lays herself upon the fatal plank, with the sigh of a tired child.

The gleaming knife has whistled down. The fair head has fallen into the bloody basket! Irene, almost fainting into her husband's arms, is faltering: "O God of heaven, it was Susan—Susan Turnbull!"

"You forgive her?" mutters her husband.

"How can I help it? Her face showed she had repented. Her last words were 'Give me the Cross.'"

"No," answers Marco, "even as her soul fled, she whispered: 'Lucas!' her eyes said she saw him."

But Susan's eyes, even as the flashing blade blotted out this earth, saw only this:

A tossing sea of everglades, a giant lake; surrounded by its swamp-grass sighing sadly in the wind, its gloomy cypress, its moss-covered oaks; upon a little

hummock a rough cross, before which wandering Indians pause and say: "Good medicine!" On it a rude inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Fra Lucas de Alvarado, who lived to save many sinners—who died to live again in the bosom of Christ Jesus."

This is the cross that Susan Turnbull kissed as earth passed from her.

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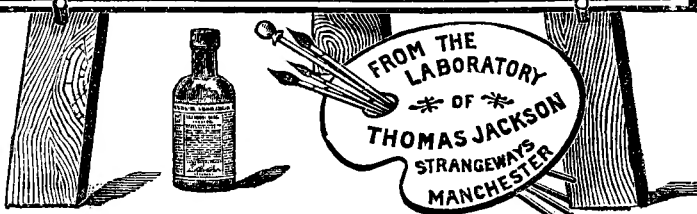
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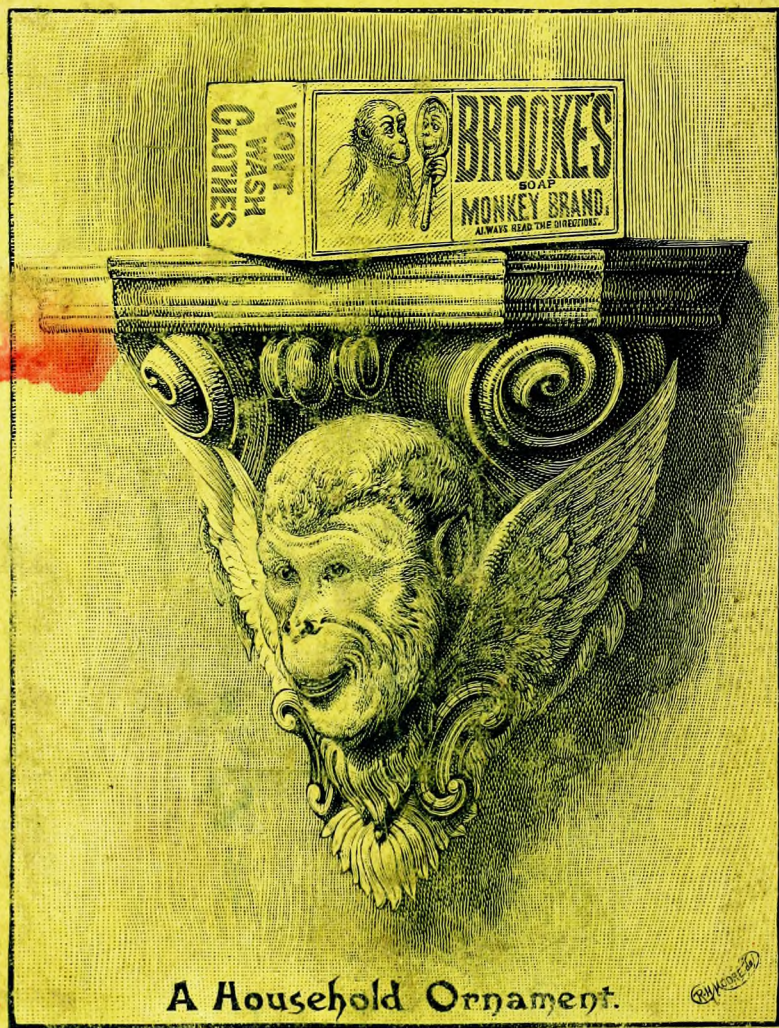
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